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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

November

"I'm No Prude!" —
Jeanette MacDonald



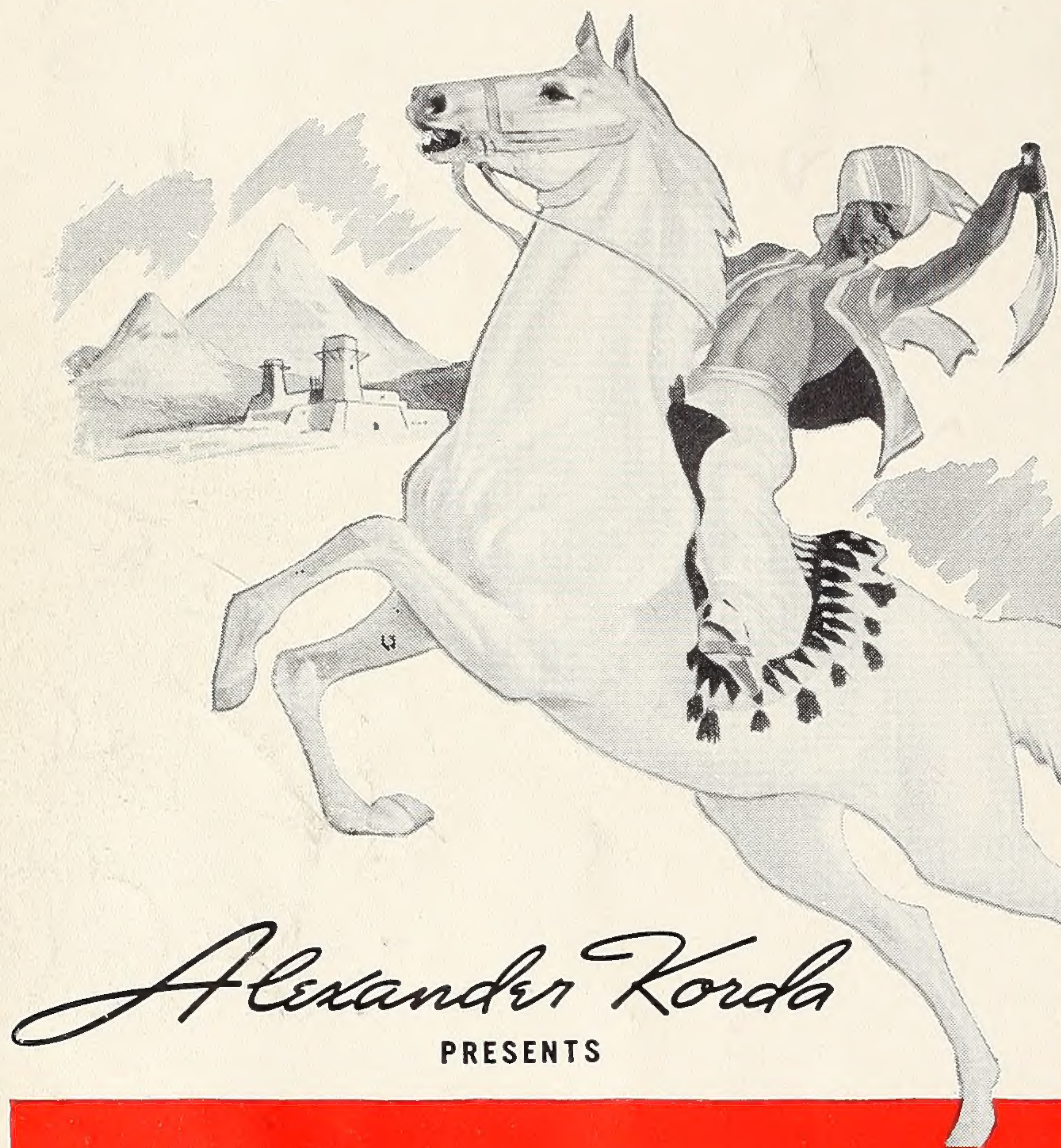
Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald in "Sweethearts"

PN 1993
.535

Brave Men...

AND THE BRAVE WOMEN WHO FOLLOW THEM!

GO WITH THEM...through the Khyber Pass! Watch the bitter struggle between East and West. Thrill to the love story of a brave woman who followed her man among seething tribes. A majestic episode in the historic drama of India.



Alexander Korda
PRESENTS

DRUMS

IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR
with

SABU · RAYMOND MASSEY · DESMOND TESTER
ROGER LIVESEY · VALERIE HOBSON

And a cast of 3,000 · DIRECTED BY ZOLTAN KORDA
FROM A STORY BY A. E. W. MASON

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE—ASK THE MANAGER WHEN!

Thrill to the most majestic scenery on earth...the Himalayas of India...in Technicolor.

See Sabu, native Indian lad, cast as native Indian prince, riding triumphantly his plunging white charger!



See real British Troops fight where they battled long ago to win an Empire.

Go to the feast where dining was only a prelude to betrayal...and fear rose in the hearts of the bravest!



Lovely Smiles win Romance—

Keep your smile lovelier with Ipana and massage!

HOW SWIFTLY masculine eyes and hearts respond to a lovely, attractive smile! And how pitiful the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush," who lets dull teeth and dingy gums cheat her of life's fun.

Don't be foolish — don't risk your smile. If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may not be in for real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Usually, he'll tell you that yours is a case of lazy gums,

deprived of vigorous chewing by modern soft foods. He'll probably suggest that your gums need more work and exercise—and, like so many dentists today, he may advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

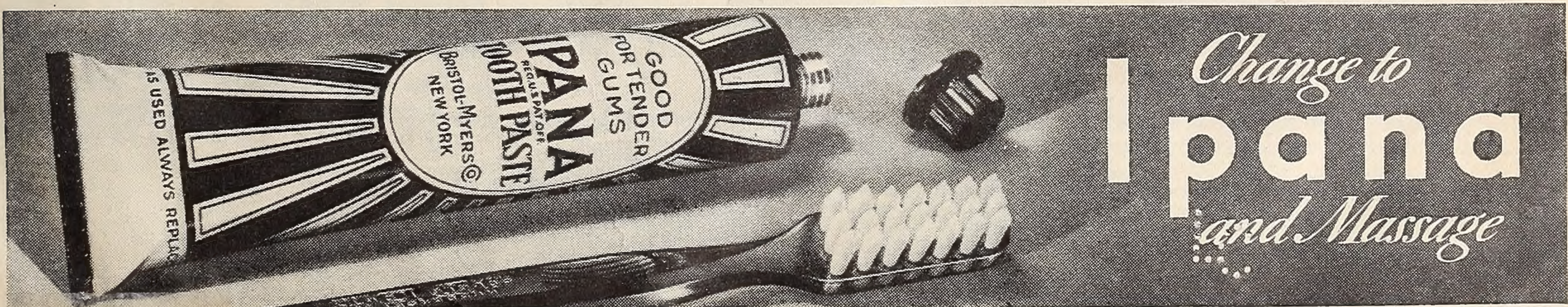
For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but with massage to help the health of your gums as well. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation within the gum tissues is aroused

—lazy gums awaken—tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Buy a famous tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Adopt the common-sense dental routine of Ipana and massage as one helpful way to healthier gums, brighter teeth—a radiant smile.

TRY THE NEW D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

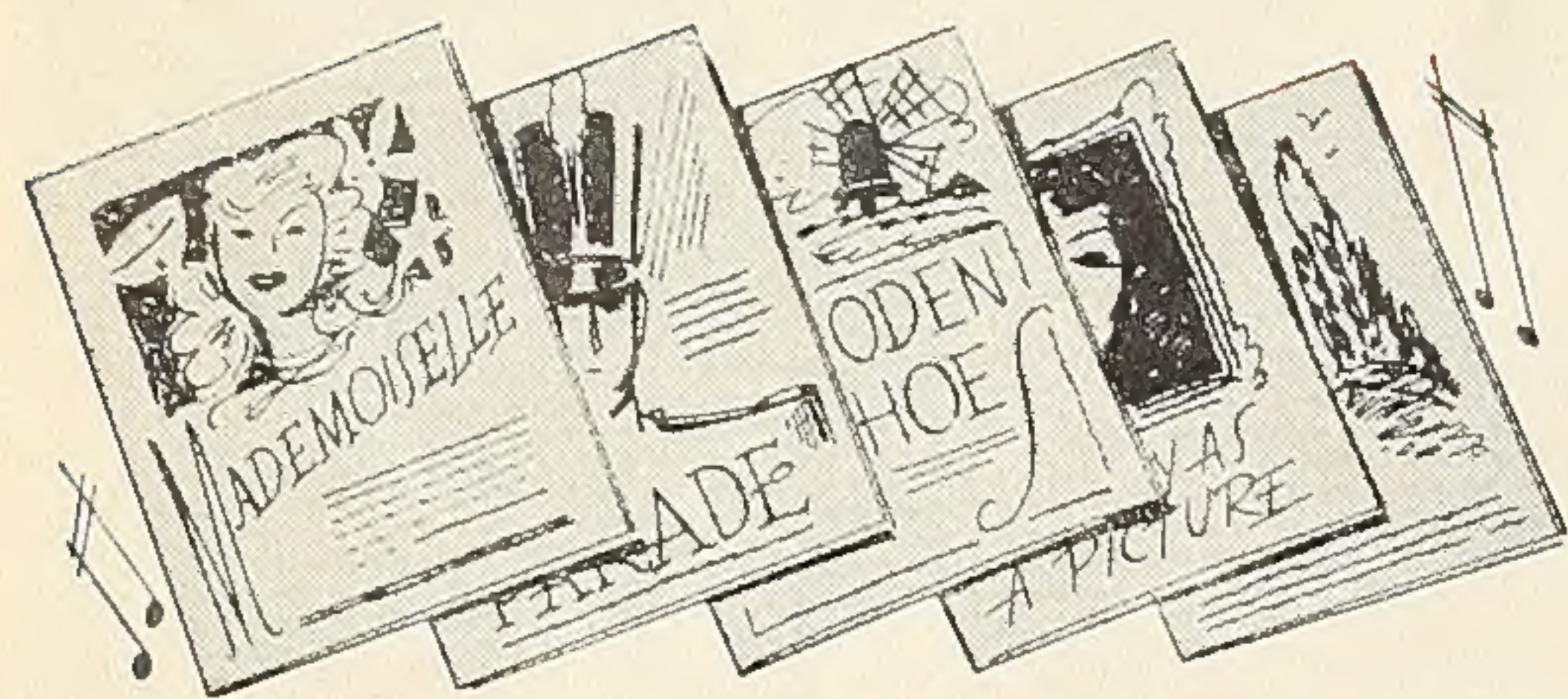
For more effective gum massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.





METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SEASON'S GALA HIT!
EVERYBODY'S RAVING! EVERYBODY'S SINGING! EVERYBODY'S CHEERING!

Jeanette MacDonald Nelson Eddy in **SWEETHEARTS**



VICTOR HERBERT Love-Songs! Thrilling melodies by the composer of "Naughty Marietta"! Hear your singing sweethearts blend their voices in "Mademoiselle", "On Parade", "Wooden Shoes", "Every Lover Must Meet His Fate", "Summer Serenade", "Pretty As A Picture", "Sweethearts". . . (Based on the operetta "Sweethearts". Book and Lyrics by Fred De Gresac, Harry B. Smith and Robt. B. Smith. Music by Victor Herbert)

A CAST OF FUNSTERS!



From left to right—garrulous Herman Bing, hilarious Frank Morgan, nimble-footed Ray Bolger, and Mischa Auer, that straight-faced, merry man . . . plus lovely Florence Rice in the background for extra romance!



HEAVEN MADE THIS MATCH!

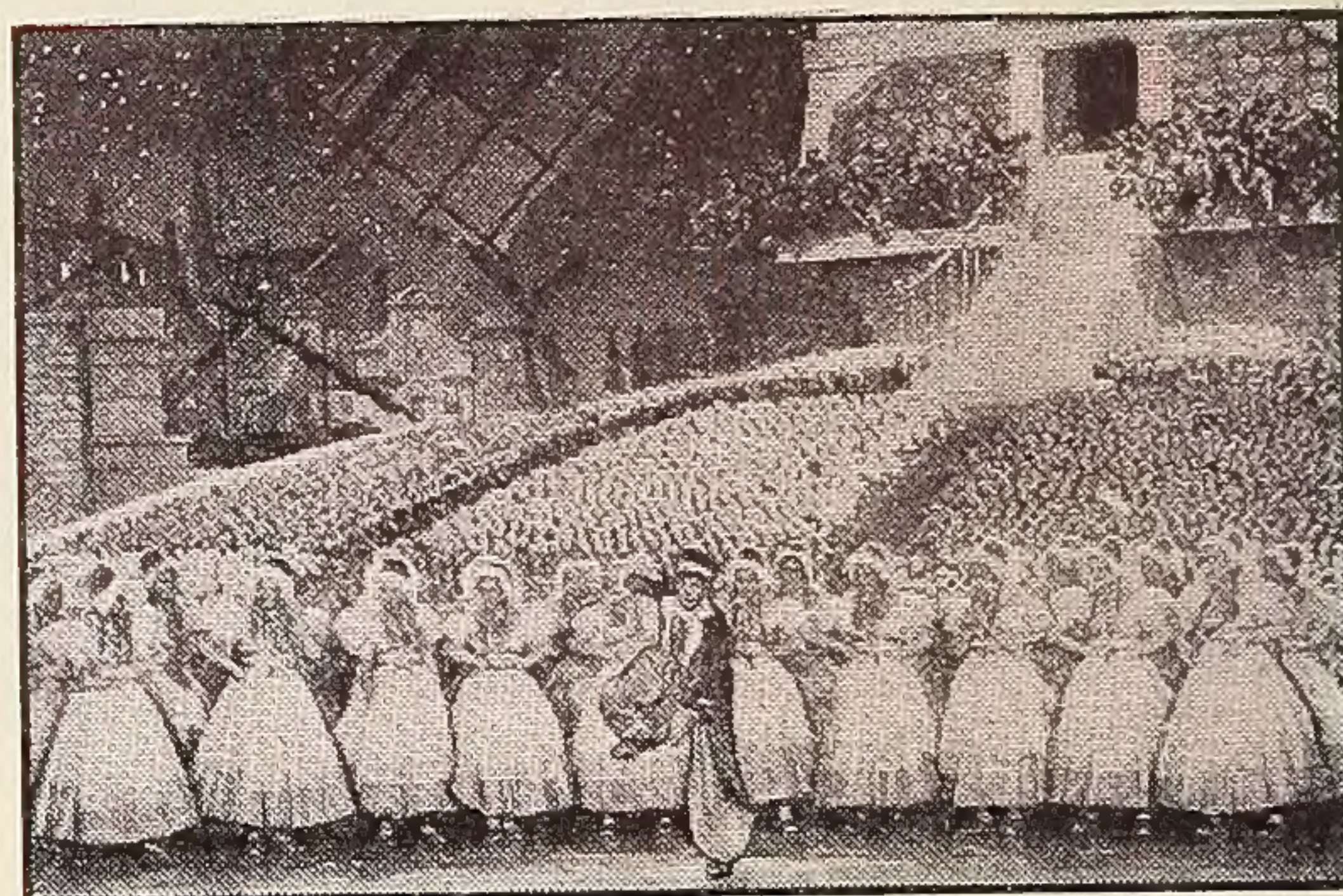
Their greatest musical romance! Thrilling as they were in "Rose Marie" and "Maytime", you've never seen (or heard) Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy so pulse-quickenning! Their love story will wring your heart! Their love-songs will charm you as never before! They're breath-taking in technicolor.



**BRAINS
AT THE
HELM!**

Produced by Hunt Stromberg . . . Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. They're still taking bows for "Marie Antoinette"—and who can forget their "Naughty Marietta" and all their other great hits!

**IT'S ENTIRELY IN BEAUTIFUL
TECHNICOLOR!**



A feast for the eye! Dazzling spectacle becomes even more superb by the magic of Technicolor! Wait until you see the colorful "tulip scene" and other eye-filling spectacles!



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with

**FRANK MORGAN
RAY BOLGER
FLORENCE RICE
MISCHA AUER
HERMAN BING**

**Douglas McPhail • Betty Jaynes
Reginald Gardiner • Gene Lockhart**

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced
by HUNT STROMBERG • Screen Play
by Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

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FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

November, 1938

Vol. XXXVIII, No. 1

At Last— The Real Truth About Those Hollywood Diets

You've read about marvellous Hollywood reducing methods; you've seen before-and-after pictures of famous motion picture stars; maybe you've tried a diet for yourself, or a system of exercises. Perhaps you have just sat on the sidelines and watched the parade of slim, lithe, and lovely figures pass you by. In any case, you're probably diet-minded; most of America is. Whether you're over-weight or under-weight, or just brooding because your figure isn't as lithe as Lombard's or Colbert's or as curvacious as Hedy Lamarr's—you'll want to watch for our feature article in the next issue of The Smart Screen Magazine which for the first time strips the whole question of Hollywood diets of sham and tells the real truth about how the movie-famous actually keep fit. By the way, the article will interest men as well as women—remember Jack Oakie's recent weight-reducing miracle which transformed the chubby comedian into a svelte young man.

Don't miss "The Real Truth about Hollywood Diets" in December issue of SCREENLAND, on sale November 4th.

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Cover Portrait of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy
by Marland Stone

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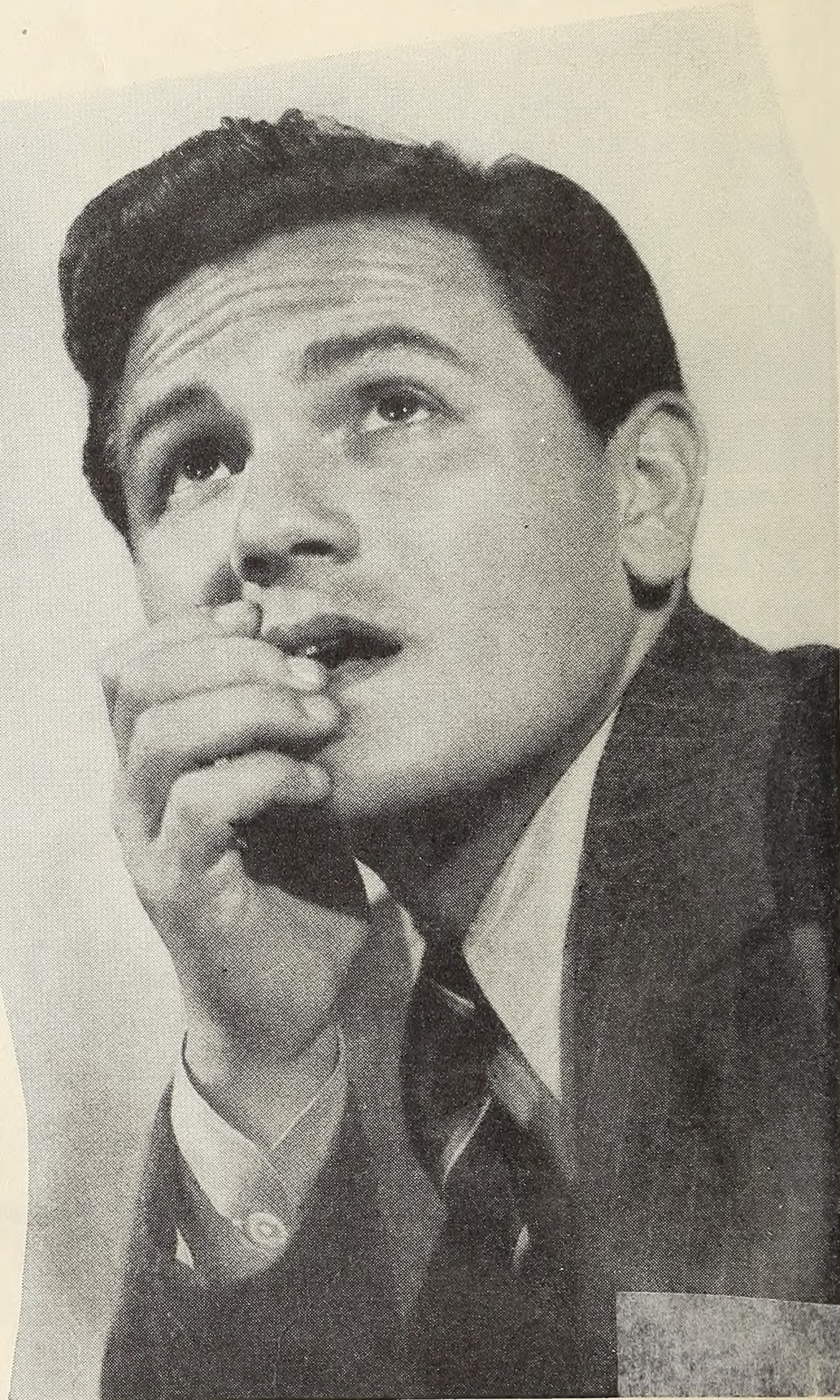
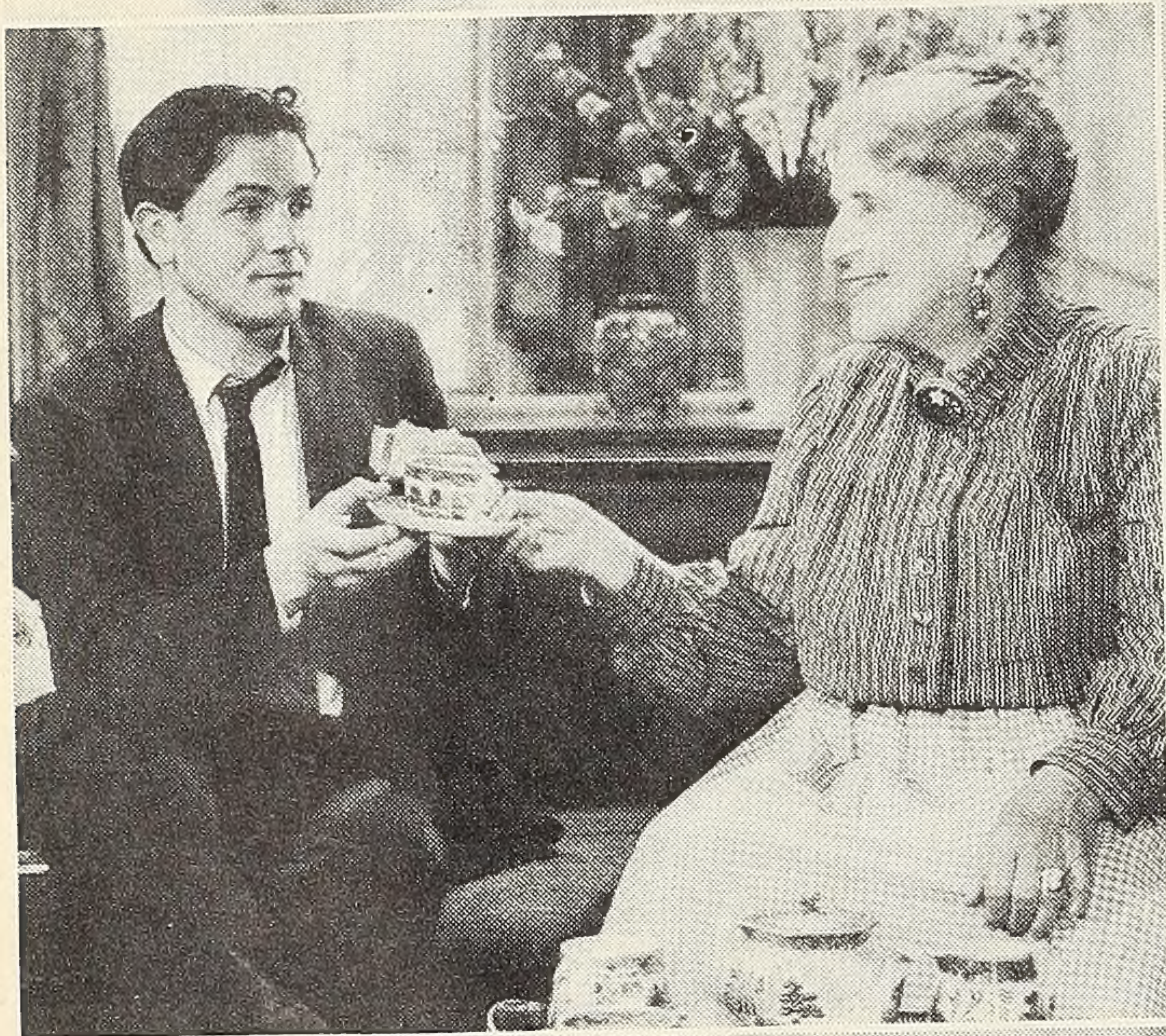
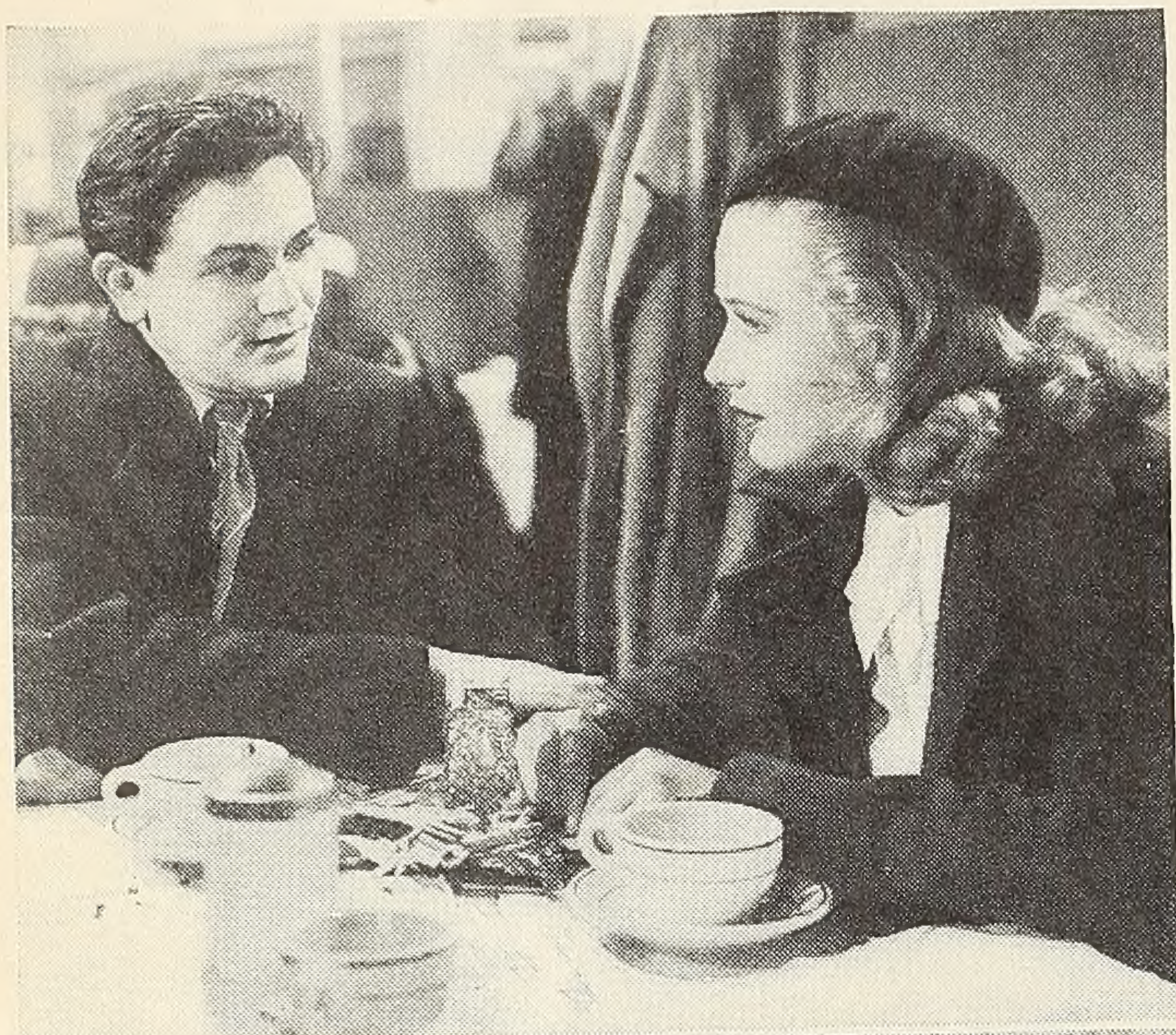
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SCREENLAND Honor Page

Saluting John Garfield, most dynamic screen discovery of the season, who scores in that fine film, "Four Daughters"

"DYNAMIC" is not an adjective to be tossed carelessly about in screen circles. It is rather rarely used, in fact. Players are hailed every other day as glamorous or amazing, terrific or magnificent—and a bemused public accepts them with little or no surprise. But "dynamic"—that's different! So we salute John Garfield, a young actor new to screen audiences, who displays such dynamic drive and photogenic brilliance in the interesting motion picture, "Four Daughters," that he commands more attention than any other player of the month. No male Cinderella is Mr. Garfield, but a serious artist from the Group Theatre to whom acting is no nice, easy road to movie fame and fortune, but important and absorbing work which he performs with integrity and enthusiasm. Facing such expert competition as that provided by screen-wise Claude Rains and May Robson and the charming Lane sisters, John Garfield eclipses them all. SCREENLAND suggests that you watch him.

"Four Daughters," one of the finest dramas ever produced for the screen, has a cast worthy of its theme. John Garfield shines in the difficult rôle of a neurotic musician who fails to make the grade despite the help of Priscilla Lane (left). Below center, Garfield in a memorable scene with May Robson; then a character study of the brilliant young actor.





The Man Who Made The Picture

Talks to the people who are going to see it!

★ It is my business to make pictures, not to advertise them. But I have seen "Four Daughters," one of those rare and perfect things that happen once or twice in a lifetime. Now I want the whole world to see the finest picture that ever came out of the Warner Bros. Studios.

★ I sat at the preview with Fannie Hurst, its author,—the woman who gave you "Humoresque," "Back Street" and "Imitation of Life"—the woman who knows how to reach human hearts and bring life's joys and sorrows to countless millions of readers. She shared with me the thrilled delight of watching "Four Daughters." Now, after seeing her grandest story quicken to life on the screen, she joins me in the enthusiasm I'm trying to pass on to you.

★ Warner Bros. have made many other great pictures. Among them — "Robin Hood," "Pasteur,"

"Anthony Adverse," "The Life of Emile Zola." But here is a picture entirely different. A simple story of today and of people close to you and yours. An intimate story of four young girls in love and of youth's laughter, dreams and heartbreak.

★ Once in a blue moon comes a picture where everything seems to click just right. "Four Daughters" is such a picture. Action, story, direction blend, as if under kindly smiles of the gods, into a natural masterpiece. Especially, the truly inspired acting of three young players — Priscilla Lane, John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn — is sure to raise these three to the topmost heights of stardom.

★ If you could attend but one picture this year, I think "Four Daughters" would give you your happiest hour in the theatre. See it! I sincerely believe it's the best picture Warner Bros. ever made.

Jack L. Warner

JACK L. WARNER, Vice-President
In Charge of Production,
Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.



WARNER BROS. Presents

FANNIE HURST'S Great Story

"FOUR DAUGHTERS"

with

PRISCILLA LANE • ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE • GALE PAGE
CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD
JEFFREY LYNN • DICK FORAN



Famous on the New York stage—John Garfield now takes his place among Hollywood's chosen great.

Frank McHugh

Directed by

MICHAEL CURTIZ

From the Cosmopolitan Magazine Story



May Robson

Screen Play by Julius J. Epstein
and Lenore Coffee

Music by Max Steiner • A First Nat'l Picture



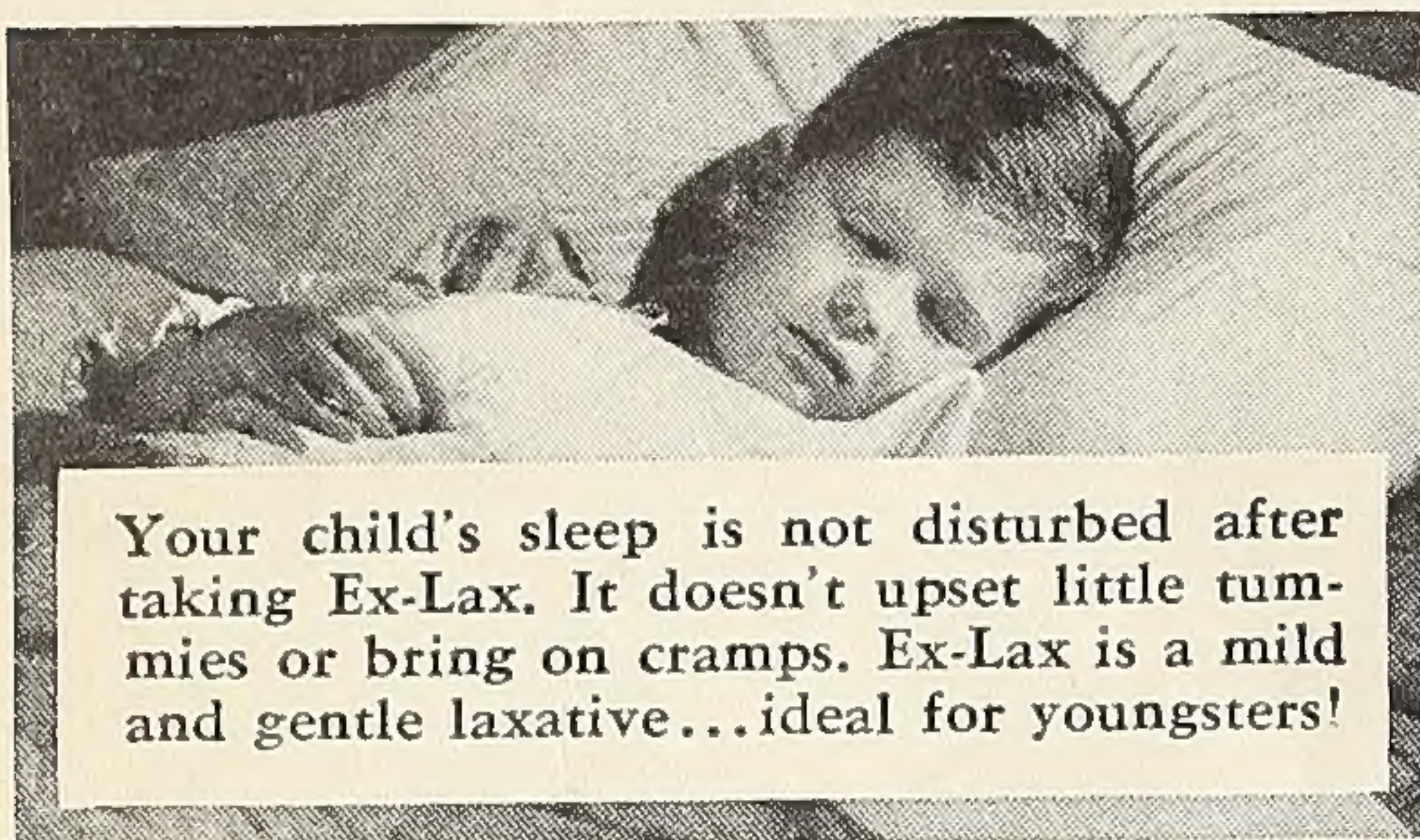
A dashing new personality — Jeffrey Lynn brings the gay romantic glamour that wins all hearts.

CHILDREN CONSTIPATED?

Give them relief this
simple, pleasant way!



Watch your youngster's face brighten when you give him a half-tablet of Ex-Lax. No struggle. No forcing, to get him to take a laxative. Children actually love the delicious all-chocolate taste of Ex-Lax!



Your child's sleep is not disturbed after taking Ex-Lax. It doesn't upset little tummies or bring on cramps. Ex-Lax is a mild and gentle laxative...ideal for youngsters!



In the morning, Ex-Lax acts . . . thoroughly and effectively! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy bowel movement that brings blessed relief.

Ex-Lax is just as effective for grown-ups as it is for the youngsters. You can get a box at any drug store for only 10¢ or 25¢. Try it!

Now improved - better than ever!

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SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC
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Free Examination. Send Your Poems To
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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, instantly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Prevents blisters. Flesh color. Cuts to any size or shape. Drug, Shoe and 10¢ Stores.



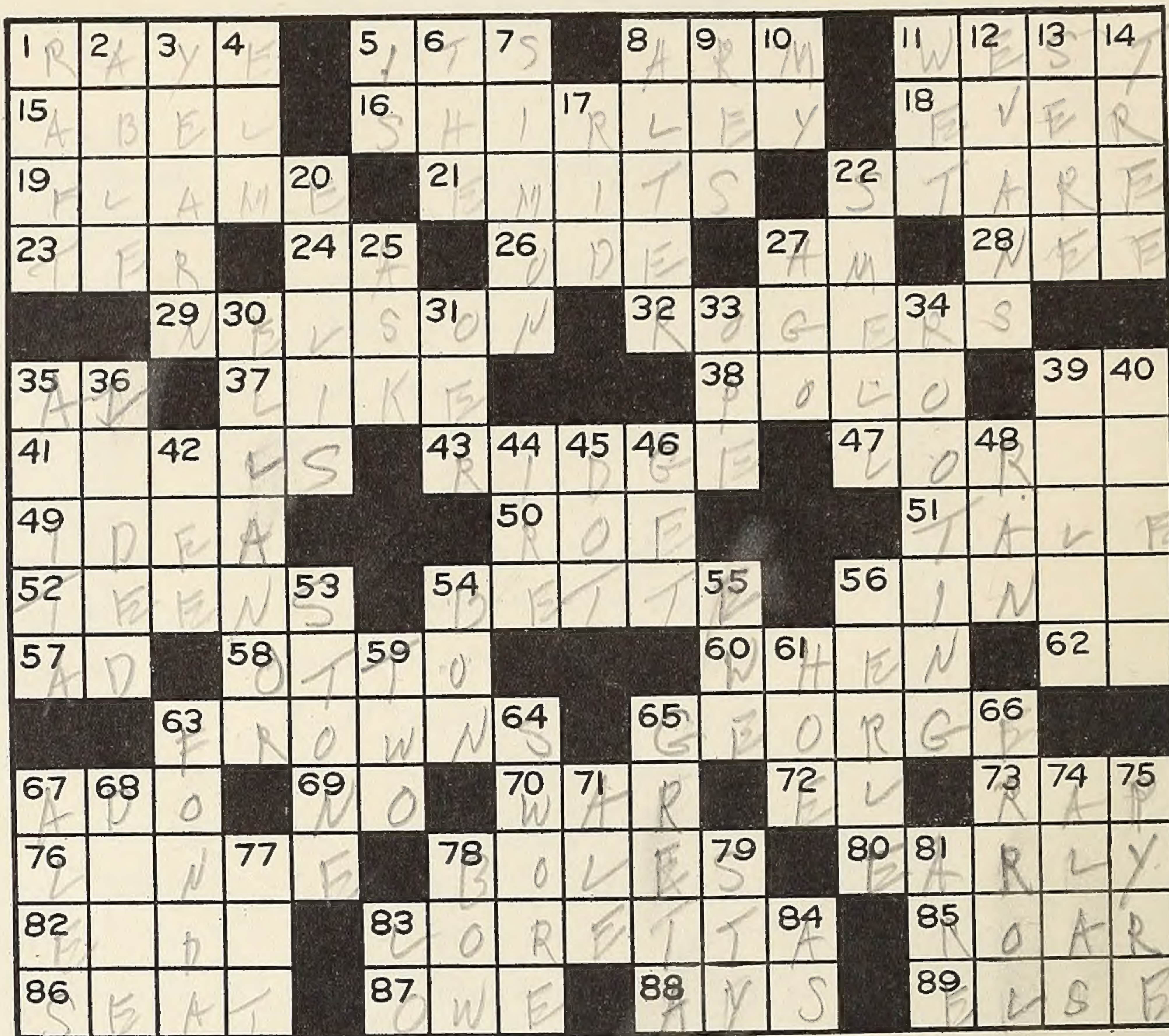
Cuts to any
Size or Shape

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

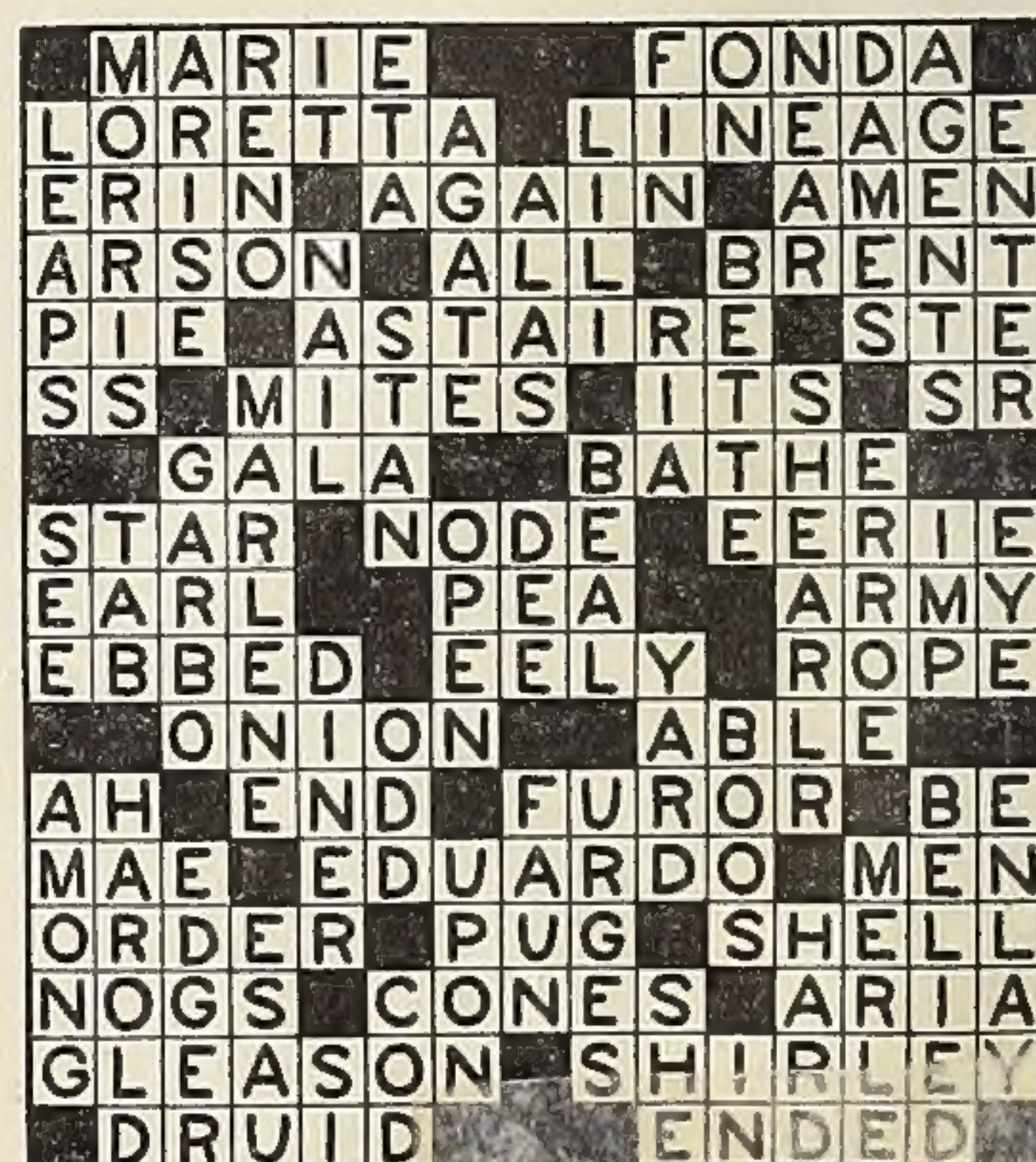
1. Co-star of "Give Me A Sailor"
5. "Love I'm After," a movie
8. Limb
11. Star of "Every Day's A Holiday"
15. He's featured in "Racket Busters"
16. The great box-office baby
18. Always
19. Blaze
21. Gives forth
22. To gaze
23. Prefix meaning three
24. Note of the scale
26. Poem
27. Part of to be
28. Born
29. His new one is "Sweethearts"
32. She stars in "Having Wonderful Time"
35. He's married to Ruby Keeler
37. Similar
38. Game played on horseback
39. One
41. Part of a church (plural)
43. A range of hills
47. He's Mr. Moto
49. Mental conception
50. Fish eggs
51. Story
52. Years of adolescence
54. Her new one is "The Sisters"
56. Dug for minerals
57. Public notice (abbrev.)
58. Man's name
60. "Were You Born?" with Anna May Wong
62. Eastern state (abbrev.)
63. Scowls
65. You see him in "Racket Busters"
67. Fuss
69. Negative
70. Battle
72. Swede Comic in "Little Miss Broadway"
73. Knock
76. Star of "The Joy of Living"
78. One of the "Sinners in Paradise"
80. Ahead of time

DOWN

82. Scandinavian myths
83. She's starred in "Three Blind Mice"
85. A loud noise
86. You hope for a good one in the theatre
87. Possess
88. Affirmative votes
89. Otherwise
1. Co-star in "Spawn of the North"
2. Capable
3. To long for
4. Shade tree
5. Part of to be
6. Article
7. Star of "Josette"
8. To change
9. Of the matter, in law
10. "Bill," with Kay Francis
11. Very damp
12. She's starred in "Army Girl"
13. Withered
14. Large plant
17. Free from
20. Ingenu in "Blockheads"
22. Odor
25. To inquire
27. Past
30. Star of "Born To Dance"
31. Over (contraction)
33. Open (poetic)
34. Cheering (slang)
35. Princess de Lamballe in "Marie Antoinette"
36. Loaded
39. He's married to Jobyna Ralston
40. Poor
42. English letter
44. Anger
45. Point
46. To obtain
48. Moved quickly
53. He plays Judge Hardy
54. Good (French)
55. Female sheep

56. Star of "Divorce of Lady X"
59. A number
61. Garden tool
63. He co-stars in "Spawn of the North"
64. Took an oath
65. The famous Swedish star
66. He played "Robin Hood"
67. Soft drinks
68. A fop
71. Malt drink
74. Woe is me!
75. Funeral pile
77. "Pug" Walsh in "The Crowd Roars"
78. Nod
79. Pigpen
81. "Men — Such Fools"
83. Behold!
84. Since

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



NOW ON THE SCREAM!

... Broadway's most successful comedy hit! ... The biggest laugh show in a generation! ... A two-season sensation! ... The movie rights cost more than any other play ever produced—and, measured in laughs, it was cheap at twice the price! ... ONE LOOK AT WHO'S IN IT—AND YOU WON'T LET ANYTHING KEEP YOU AWAY WHEN IT PLAYS YOUR LOCAL THEATRE!



THE MARK BROS.

madder than ever,
with a million
new gags... in ...

"ROOM SERVICE" WITH LUCILLE BALL ANN MILLER FRANK ALBERTSON

PANDRO S. BERMAN IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION
DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. SEITER
Screen Play by Morrie Ryskind





YOUR SKIN

Becomes Youthfully Soft
Cleansed with Hospital-proved
Albolene Solid

Your skin is safely, thoroughly cleansed with pure, wholesome Albolene Solid—the *hospital-proved* cleansing cream. (Used for 20 years in many leading hospitals to protect babies' skin.)

Contains no adulterants to irritate skin, won't grow hair or harden in pores. Gentle cleansing action clears pores of dirt and make-up, protects natural texture, leaves skin soft, smooth, radiant.

Trial Size, 10¢; Vanity Jar, 50¢; One-pound Tin, \$1. Made by McKesson & Robbins, whose products have been prescribed by doctors for 105 years.



Albolene
SOLID
CLEANSING CREAM

HAVE YOU A SONG IN YOUR HEART?

You may just hit it!

Many amateurs have received big royalties. Why not try it? No experience required. You write the words or melodies—we do the rest. Experts in every branch of song-writing will write, arrange and compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music in professional form. Marketing distribution.

Send for our "Free Instruction Folder" today.

STUDIO SONG SERVICE

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EMBARRASSED BY HORRID PIMPLES?

Help protect your skin against
intestinal waste poisons

Ridiculed and shunned because of ugly, pimple-blemished skin? Get right at a common cause of the trouble—guard against intestinal waste poisons.

Between 13 and 25, the skin is apt to be oversensitive. At the same time, poor digestion and elimination often throw waste poisons into the blood stream . . . that may be carried to the skin and cause repulsive, ugly pimples to break out.

Many young people help solve this problem—simply by eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Each cake of this famous fresh food helps eliminate intestinal waste poisons from your body before they can get into the blood stream . . . and so gives your pimples a chance to clear up. Don't run the risk of permanent scars from neglected pimples. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—3 cakes daily—one cake ½ hour before each meal. Begin now!

Salutes and Snubs

YOUR LETTERS ARE WELCOME

In this department, readers are the writers who tell Hollywood, the stars, and fellow readers, just what they think of pictures and picture people of the moment. Whether it's a Salute or a Snub, your comment is welcome. Address your letters to Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Hearing the good news that SCREENLAND letter writers have named him Top Man for this issue of the Department, Richard Greene grins as he tells you thanks for your applause and good wishes.

ASIDE TO AMECHE

Last night, Don Ameche, I saw "Ramona" again, just to find out if Don Ameche really had been as appealing and fine as I had remembered. You were! But what a contrast to the Don we see now! Then you were restrained and yet expressed deep emotion with eyes and voice. Now you over-act with hands, face, and voice. You have contracted certain tricks of speech which you use on both screen and radio whether you are playing a part or being yourself. In "Ramona" I found you hadn't used any tricks at all. What I'd suggest in all good faith is that you have your studio screen both "Ramona" and "In Old Chicago" for you and then learn a lesson from yourself.

Marjory Kenney,
Baltimore, Md.

RICHARD OF LONDON

I think there really is some competition for Robert Taylor and Clark Gable since they brought Richard Greene from England. He portrayed the character of the brother opposite Loretta Young in "Four Men and a Prayer" splendidly, and his appearance certainly is in his favor for the special favor of feminine fans.

Irene Valentine,
New York, N. Y.

REQUEST PROGRAM

Pictures I'd like to see are: Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Janice Meredith" and "Our Lady of the Beeches," and Shirley Temple with John Boles and Bill Robinson in a story as good as "The Littlest Rebel."

Katherine G. A. Smith,
Reading, Pa.

FLYING THE COLORS FOR FLYNN

I want to add my bit, a most admiring Salute, to the tribute due Hollywood's incomparable actor—the fascinating Errol Flynn, whose utter naturalness and manly good looks set him apart as a personality and actor of the greatest appeal to the greatest number of picture patrons. I hon-



estly believe the public at large would come more quickly to a majority opinion in favor of Flynn as the "King of the Screen" than any other male star now in pictures.

Helen Walters,
Chicago, Ill.

WHO LIKES WHAT!

As a theatre usher I have watched different people and their reactions to films and I believe experience has proved that you can tell people by the type of films that attract them. The "trashies" always draw a crowd of lovesick girls, for instance. It is an entirely different crowd that comes out for the finer type of screen play. But there are two young ladies who pack 'em all in—young and old, highbrows, hoyden, or what have you. They are Shirley Temple and Deanna Durbin. These two are the exceptional exceptions. For the rest every type of picture has its own type of audience.

Perry Shanks,
Granite City, Ill.

STILL THE GREAT KATHARINE

Katharine Hepburn may be "box office poison" to a very vocal minority, but to most of us she's a cinema Sarah Bernhardt. We wonder if this minority has forgotten that it was Hepburn's devastatingly different personality that often glorified a hard-to-believe story? Or forgotten her Jo—the spirited, hoydenish, blunt yet kind Jo of "Little Women"? Or her portrayal of the unhappy daughter of a morose lunatic in "Bill of Divorcement"? Or her *Eva Lovelace*, self-centered, arrogant, stage-struck girl in "Morning Glory"? And what is the minority to say to the indisputable fact that Hepburn's latest film, "Holiday," ran here in Seattle for three weeks?

M. F. Doner,
Seattle, Wash.



put there by **LUSTER-FOAM** *the energizing agent*
(C₁₄ H₂₇ O₅ S Na)

IN THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE!

At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power... consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached... the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent (C₁₄H₂₇O₅S Na), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic "bubble bath." This "bubble bath" freshens, cleans, and polishes in a way you didn't believe possible.

The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter... the very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts.

As the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it does:

1. Sweeps away food deposits. 2. Obliterates dull, stained film. 3. Combats dangerous acid ferments. 4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

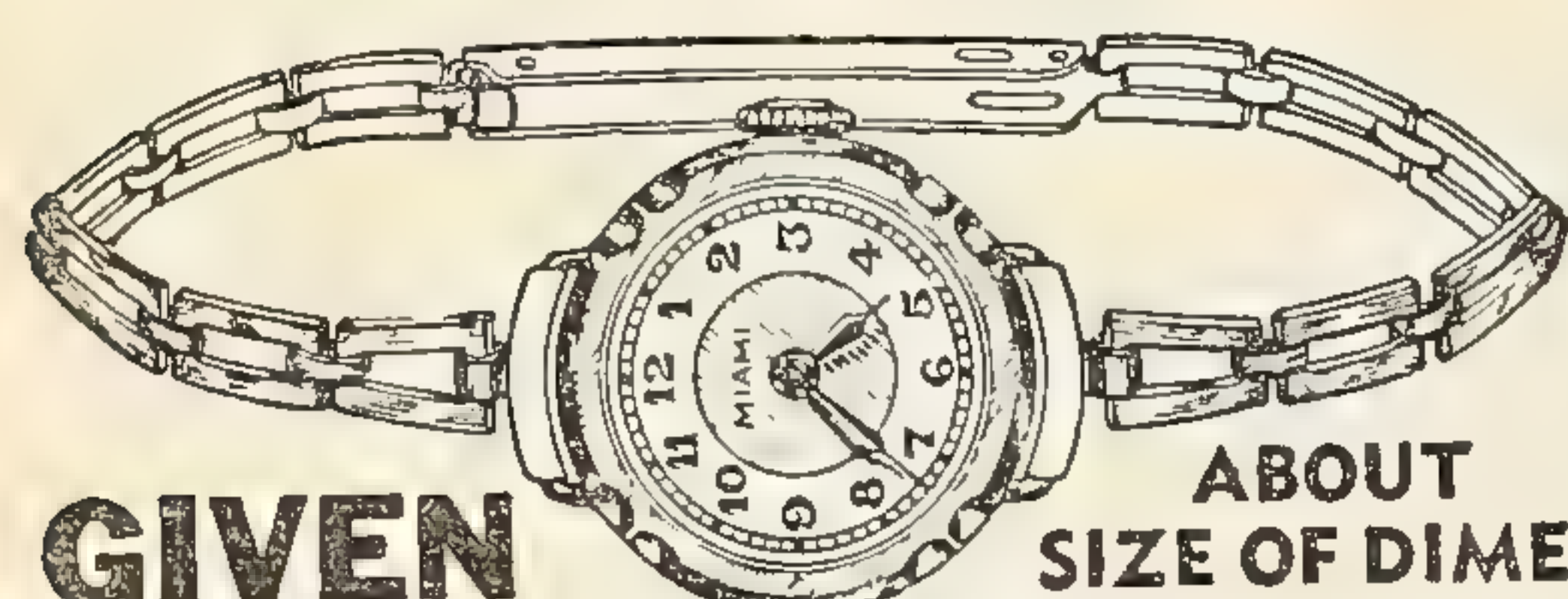
THE NEW FORMULA





● Hair once like straw can become healthy, resilient and pretty. And you can obtain this renewed hair health and loveliness easily at home at no increased cost. You'll notice good results with the first treatment of Admiracion Olive Oil Shampoo. You rub this pleasant oil into your scalp. Then comb it through every hair on your head. A quick water rinse... and all the oil in the shampoo, dust, dirt and dandruff debris are swept out. Your hair fibres and scalp are clean. The natural scalp and hair oils you need for healthy hair are not impaired. Try this new way to care for your hair. For a trial sample send three 3-cent stamps to Dept. 34, Admiracion Laboratories, Harrison, New Jersey.

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Inside the Stars' Homes



THE lantana hedge outside Billie Burke's Mediterranean house in Beverly Hills is of purple and red, henna and yellow, pink and orange, like the tile that frames her doorway. It's a fitting introduction to a colorful home, although the colors inside are all pastels, suiting the fragile loveliness of the owner. The living room, for example, has a peach frieze rug, gold draperies, a wide, deep couch in pale apricot with rose and lemon pillows, set beneath the huge pastel portrait of Miss Burke and daughter Patricia, done by Ben Ali Haggin when Pat was very little.

There are two turquoise brocade chairs and one in palest green. But it doesn't matter which seat the hostess chooses, for each is equally able to set off her red-gold hair and delicate fairness. She wore a tea-time dress of crisp white dotted in as many colors as the lantana outside, with assorted tiny strands of ribbon at the throat. Her fingers fluttered among the tea things, from the blue Wedgwood China to the shining silver, the dainty sandwiches and luscious-looking cake. Thoroughly at ease in the gracious rôle of hostess, Billie smiled engagingly.

"A friend sent me the tea cloth and napkins," she observed. "I'm so glad of an opportunity to use them. Aren't they unusual?" Of starched sheer, they are hand-painted in rose and gold, almost too beautiful to touch.

"Tea is a pleasant interlude, I think," she went on. "In Hollywood, among picture people, all most of us can do is sip the tea and look longingly at the food, but those who needn't watch waistlines should really know about Susan's angelfood cake, and her little almond paste cakes. Today we have chocolate, but I suppose all women know how to make that. Susan will let you have her recipes." (Susan is Miss Burke's housekeeper.)

Billie Burke, one of Hollywood's most gracious hostesses, entertains us with dignity, charm—and fine food!

By Betty Boone



Perfect symbol of the smart American matron, Billie Burke gracefully presides over a sumptuous tea table.

ANGEL FOOD CAKE

1 cup Swansdown flour (sifted 4 times)
 1¼ cups sugar, sifted
 1¼ cup chilled egg whites (about 11)
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
 ½ teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)
 ½ teaspoon almond extract (Burnett's)

The flour is sifted first, measured, then sifted 4 times. Sift half the sugar and all of the flour together with the salt. This makes the flour fold into the whites more easily. Sift the cream of tartar over the egg whites and whip until the whites are stiff, but not dry. Always use a flat whip. Now begins the important folding process. Sift and fold in the remaining sugar gently about 2 tablespoons at a time—and be careful to use the correct folding motion, in which the whip goes down, across, up over and down again, with the whip always parallel to the bowl. Next add gradually the flour and sugar mixture, using the same gentle folding motion, then add the flavoring. Pour the batter into an ungreased angel food pan and bake in a moderately slow oven (300) degrees for an hour. Remove from oven, turn cake upside down on cake rack to cool, and when cold remove from pan. It is well to aid the taking out of the pan with a spatula.

ALMOND PASTE CAKES

Cream 2 tablespoons butter, add ¼ cup of powdered sugar, and work into this ¼ pound of almond paste. Then add the yolks of 4 eggs, which have been beaten until thick and lemon colored, ¼ cup of blanched and finely chopped almonds and 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla. Dissolve ⅛ teaspoon baking soda (Arm and Hammer Brand) in 1 tablespoon milk and add to the first mixture with ¾ cup Swansdown

flour. Chill in the ice box an hour or more. Roll out a small portion at a time, cut into pieces three and one-half to four inches long and one inch wide. Transfer with spatula against the sides. Bake in a moderate oven. When cold, ice with pistachio fondant. Before icing hardens, sprinkle over it blanched and chopped pistachio nuts. This makes 18 cakes.

Speaking of excellent menus for November dinners, my hostess outlined an ideal one. "So many people do not drink these

days—at least in Hollywood—that cocktails are often omitted entirely, and that does away with hors d'oeuvres," she said. "But Mr. Ziegfeld always had them. We used to serve ice-cold shrimps when we were in Florida, with a dressing of mayonnaise and Worcestershire sauce. Everyone
 (Continued on page 94)

Her home is beautiful, her hospitality famous—even her pet dog is a decided thoroughbred! Billie Burke and friend, below, pose for the camera.



**SURE SHE'S THAT PRETTY
 REDHEAD WHO ALWAYS
 GETS STOCKING RUNS**

Then Joan
 learned to guard
S.A.*

SO, I'M
 ALWAYS
 GETTING
 RUNS AND
 LOOKING
 LIKE THE
 DICKENS,
 JILL?

WELL, YOU
 NEEDN'T,
 JOAN. WHY
 DON'T YOU
 CUT DOWN
 ON RUNS
 WITH **LUX**?

LATER

JILL WAS
 CERTAINLY RIGHT!
LUX SAVES ELASTICITY
 —NOW I HARDLY
 EVER HAVE RUNS
 OR HORRID
 WRINKLES. **LUX**
 GUARDS **S.A.***

***S.A.=
 Stocking Appeal**

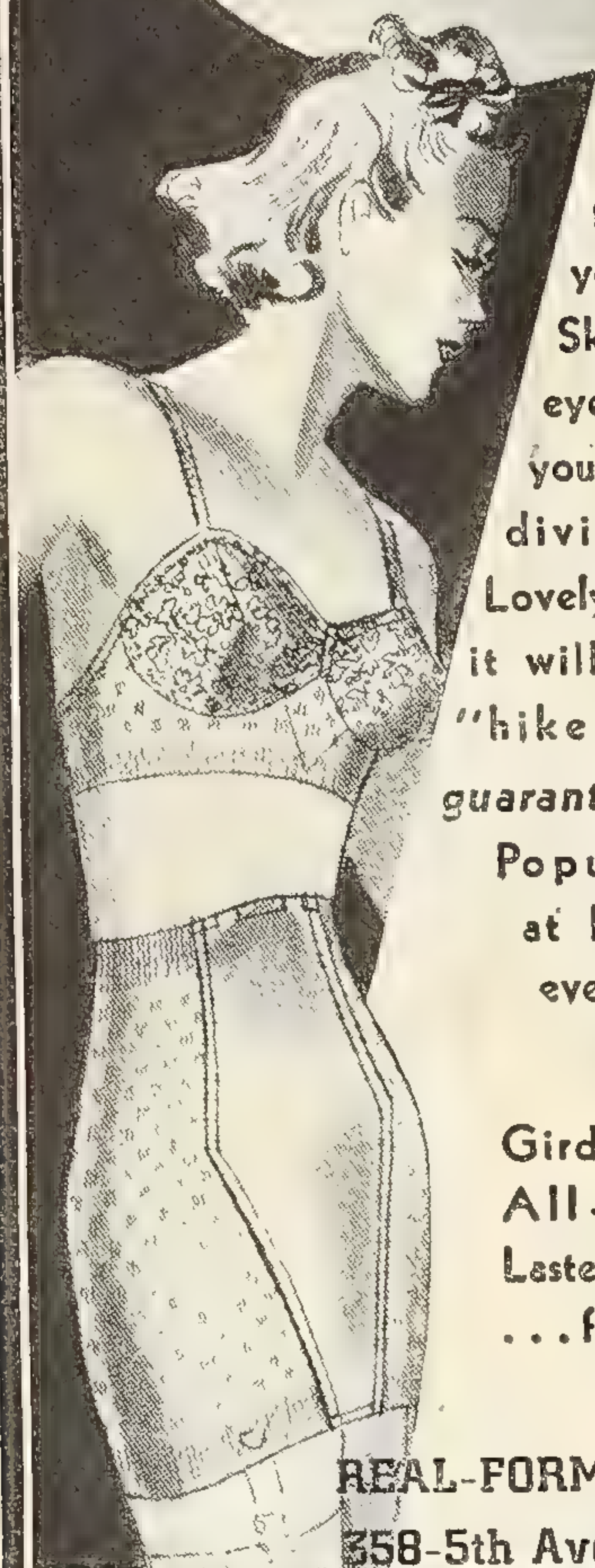
Stocking runs—heel humps—spiral seams kill S.A.* Guard against them with Lux! Gentle Lux saves elasticity, so stockings *stretch*—then spring back into shape without breaking easily into runs.

Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali weaken elasticity. Lux has no harmful alkali. Buy the big box for *extra* economy.

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Without Calomel—
And You'll Jump
Out of Bed in the
Morning Rarin' to Go

**YOUR
LIVER
BILE**

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 52-53

Valley
of the
Giants

Warners



California's magnificent redwoods make a stunning background for red-blooded action in this Technicolor film about lumber barons being fought off by husky Wayne Morris and fellow landowners. All the elements of outdoor epics are here: fights, villainy, heroics, romance, and a spectacular rescue that will make you hold your breath. Wayne Morris, Charles Bickford, and especially Claire Trevor put pulse in it.

Rich
Man,
Poor
Girl

M-G-M



It's amusing—thanks largely to the deft blend of clowning and characterization contributed by Lew Ayres as the chap who doesn't work hard, but worries a lot about the plight of the white collar class. Remake of "The Idle Rich," and based on the play "White Collars," it is here offered as a light comedy about the romance of a rich employer and his poor secretary. Robert Young, Ruth Hussey, Lana Turner good.

The
Garden
of the
Moon

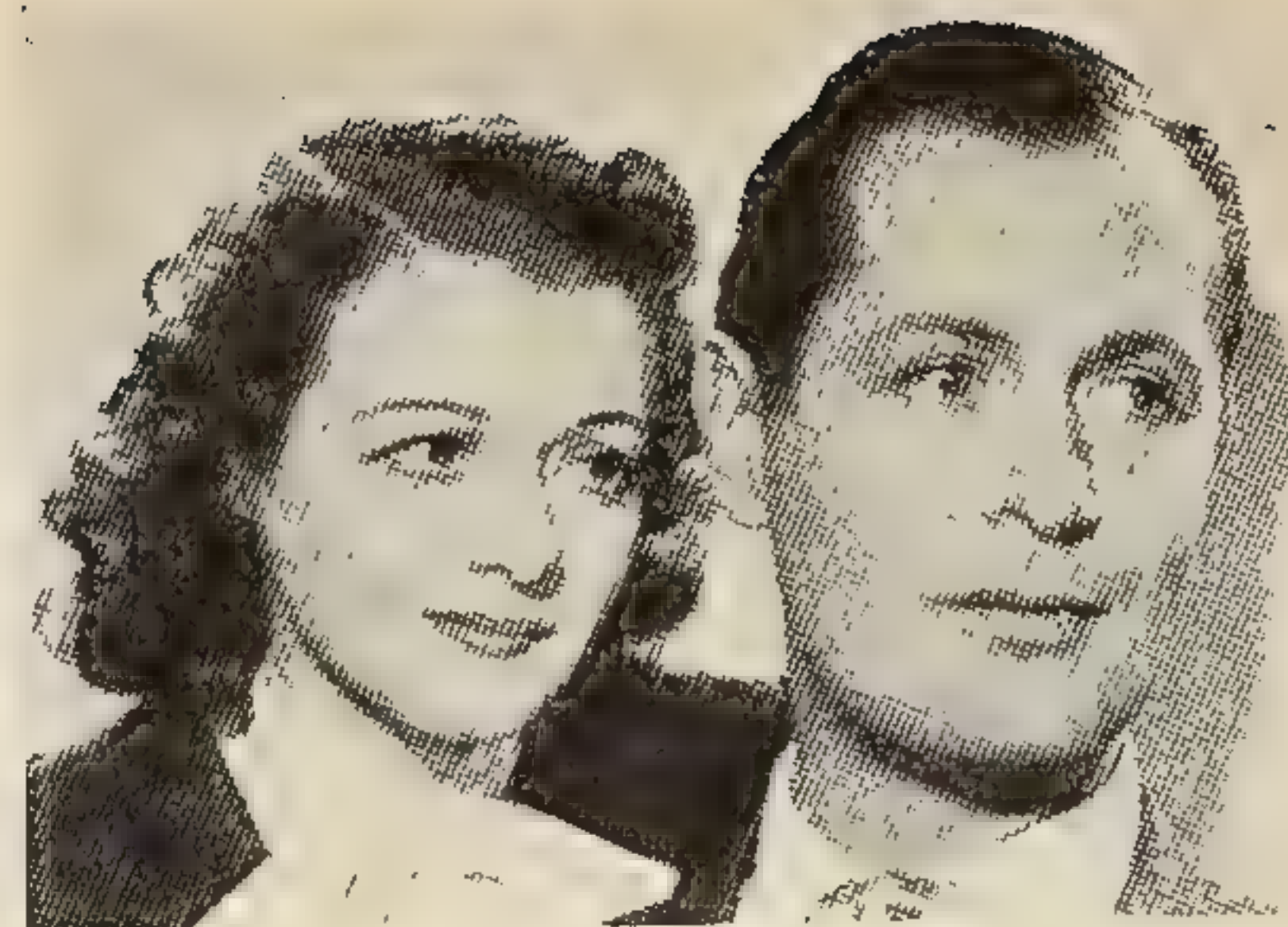
Warners



Pat O'Brien cutting capers as a hard-boiled, chiseling night club owner; John Payne attractively performing as an obscure band leader who makes good in a big way; Margaret Lindsay as appealing love interest, and Hollywood newsman Jimmy Fidler are the attractions. To their credit, they make an over-worked story idea entertaining screen fare—too long but on the whole affable light comedy with music.

Three
Loves
Has
Nancy

M-G-M



A merry romance that zips along with a hop, skip and a load of laughs. Janet Gaynor is a small town girl who comes to the city and makes life more exciting and very romantic for novelist Robert Montgomery and publisher Franchot Tone. It is irresponsible, buoyant fiction played with the utmost skill by Gaynor, Montgomery and Tone; with Claire Dodd, Guy Kibbee, Charles Grapewin and others helping lots.

Breaking
the Ice

RKO-
Radio



Bobby Breen, in addition to doing some songs his many followers will cheer, plays an appealing character as the Mennonite boy striving to make life a little happier for his widowed mother. It's a folksy yarn, greatly enlivened by a skating rink sequence in which five-year-old Irene Dare amazes and delights with her skill and winning personality. Charles Ruggles, Dolores Costello in a splendid cast. Very entertaining.

Bulldog
Drum-
mond
in Africa

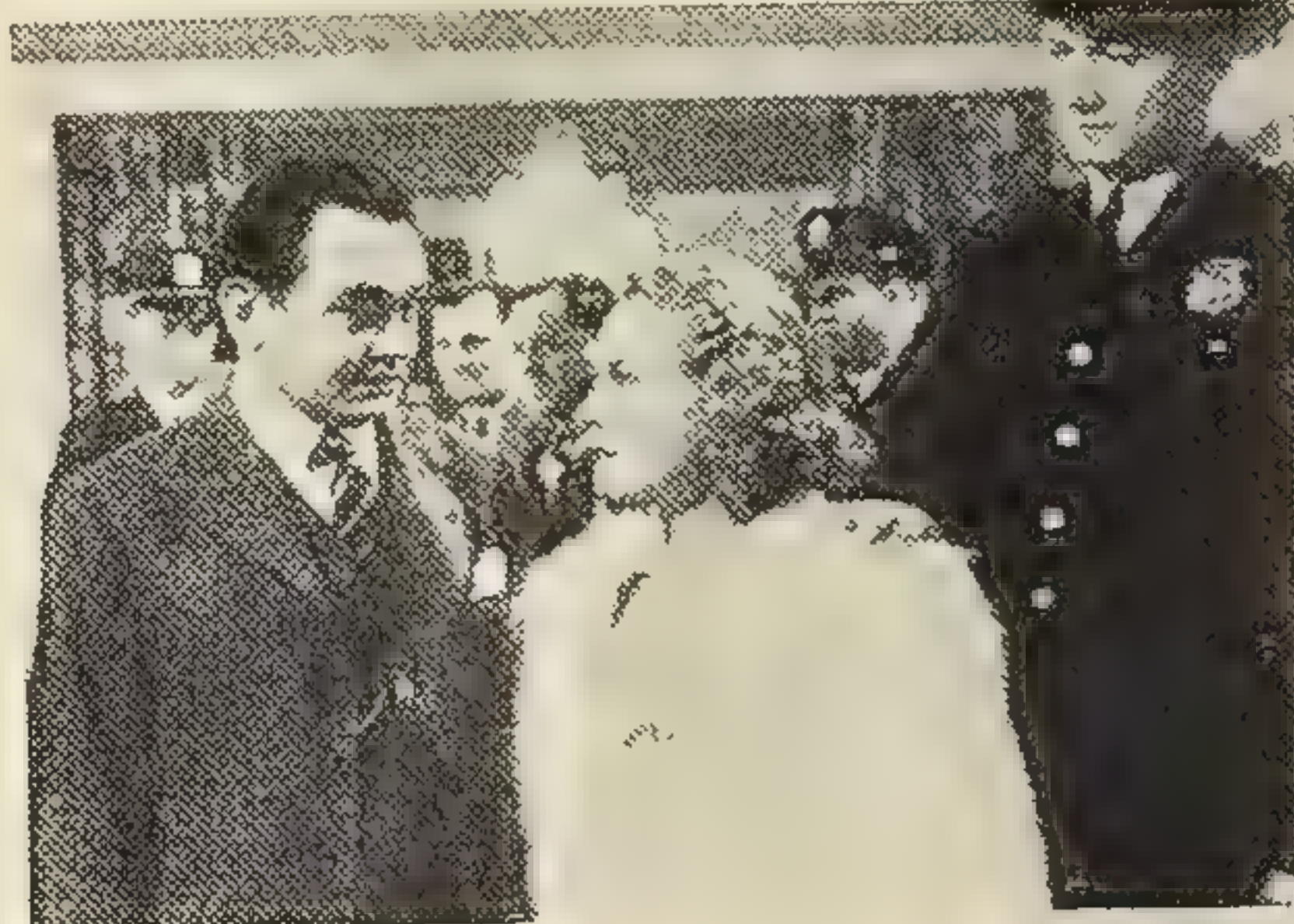
Para-
mount



Based on what's gone on before in the series, you know what to expect—and you get it in a breezy, active and bristling meller in which spies kidnap the head of Scotland Yard, fly him to Africa; are about to feed him to the lions when Bulldog drops out of the skies. John Howard continues to give suitably obvious verve to the name part, and Heather Angel, E. E. Clive and Reginald Denny help greatly.

I Am
the Law

Columbia



Edward G. Robinson goes after gangsters with all the vim and verve you'd want, plus some humorously winning character touches as a law professor turned prosecutor during a sabbatical from the classroom. No tricks are missed in putting over all the sure-fire situations of gangster melodrama, and you're sure of having a good time at this picture. John Beal, Wendy Barrie, Otto Kruger and others in an able cast.

Touch-
down
Army

Para-
mount



Paramount's compliments to the football season. It is the story you'd expect—you know, cantankerous chap who is a whale of a player and finally proves the right stuff by living up to West Point's best traditions of manliness. He saves the game for Army—being rushed by plane from the Point to the stadium in the closing minutes of play. Robert Cummings, Mary Carlisle and John Howard are featured.

Barefoot
Boy

Mono-
gram



The boy story is *Tom Sawyerish* and very good when the phases about the adults with their involvements of false accusations and stolen bonds are not intruding. Jackie Moran romps through his part in the name rôle in a way to give the picture general appeal, and Marcia Mae Jones, 'teen age girl with plenty of dash, walks off with the show as his tomboy friend. Homespun, active, especially appealing to youngsters.

The
Gladi-
ator

Columbia



Joe E. Brown gets right down to the business of making you laugh the hearty way in a real slam-bang slapstick film. He's a meek who becomes a bruiser thanks to a shot of serum invented by a screw-ball professor at the college Joe attends with money won on bank night. No use trying to tell what it's all about—it's good for roars and you should see it. June Travis and others give Joe fine support.

Strange
Boarders

Gaumont-
British



A mystery thriller based on an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel, here is a moderately absorbing melodrama involving spies and engaging the talents of Tom Walls as the British investigator who solves the crime between humorous interludes the English comedian handles so well. Renee Saint-Cyr, French actress, is the bride Walls walks out on because duty calls, and who catches up with him, for a happy reunion.

ANN IS PRETTY—ANN'S EFFICIENT WHY CAN'T SHE KEEP A JOB?



Mum would have saved her charm and her job. Mum prevents underarm odor

IT'S a miserable thing to know you're intelligent, efficient, attractive — yet never to *win*! Ann's jobs, like her dates, always came to grief, and she never knew why. She never thought it could be *underarm odor*—didn't she bathe each day?

So many girls make Ann's mistake of thinking a bath keeps them fresh and charming all day long. Remember, no bath can! A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*!

Girls who are *really* smart play safe with their jobs—and their friends. In one quick half minute they take an all-day-long precaution. They *prevent* odor

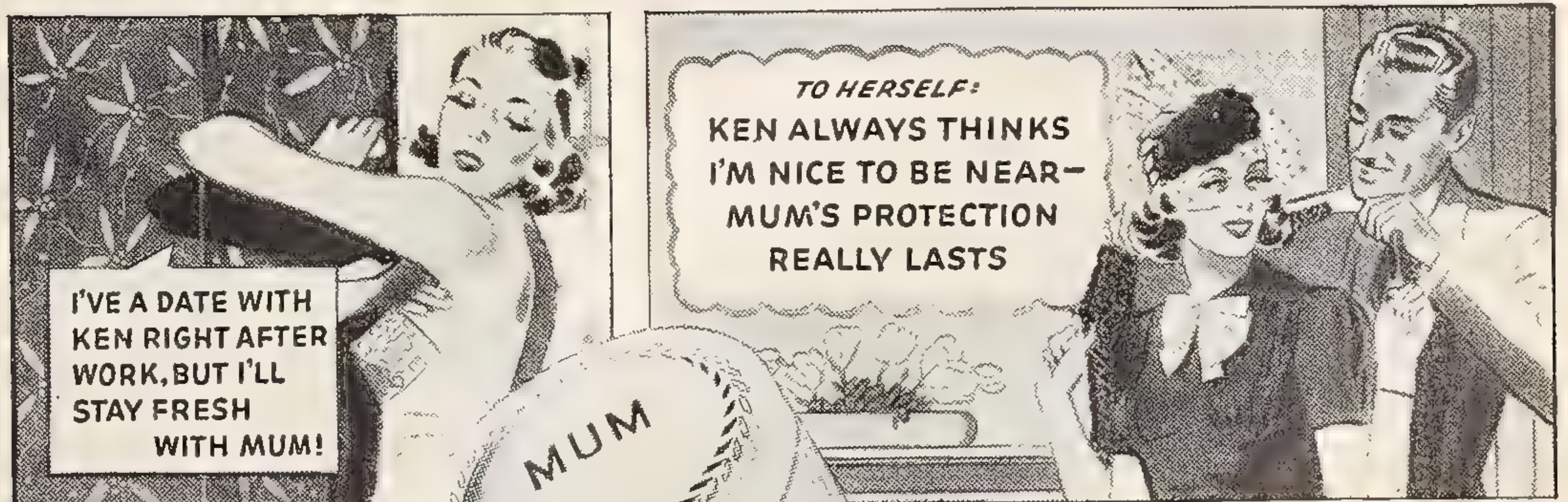
—with Mum. They *like* Mum—it's so pleasant, so quick, so dependable.

MUM SAVES TIME! A touch of Mum under each arm and you're through. Keep a jar in your desk to use even *after* you're dressed. Mum is harmless to fabrics!

MUM IS SAFE! Try this pleasant cream deodorant even after underarm shaving. See how it actually soothes your skin.

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Buy Mum from your druggist *today* and on your job, on your dates, you can be *sure* of your charm.

IN BUSINESS OR IN LOVE—MUM GUARDS YOUR CHARM




For Sanitary Napkins—
Thousands of women use Mum for napkins because it's so safe, sure. Avoid worry, with Mum.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Youth...EAGER, VITAL...OFFERS ITS LIFE...GLORIFIES ITS ARDENT
LOVE . . . IN THE GREATEST ADVENTURE OF THE GREAT WAR!

A picture dramatically presenting two
young stars destined for instant fame
...in the heroic story of the wooden
cockleshells that won the Navy's
greatest honors! Produced on a
spectacular scale by Darryl F. Zanuck!
Masterfully directed by John Ford!



SUBMARINE PATROL

A 20th Century-Fox Picture with

RICHARD GREENE • NANCY KELLY
PRESTON FOSTER • GEORGE BANCROFT

and

SLIM SUMMERVILLE • JOHN CARRADINE
JOAN VALERIE • HENRY ARMETTA
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • WARREN HYMER
MAXIE ROSENBLOOM • ELISHA COOK, JR.
J. FARRELL MacDONALD • ROBERT LOWERY

Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Screen Play by Rian James, Darrell
Ware and Jack Yellen • From a story by Ray Milholland and Charles B. Milholland

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



The Editor's Page



An Open Letter To Hedy Lamarr

DEAR HEADY:

It may be I should be addressing this letter to Leo the M-G-M Lion instead of to you—in which case excuse it, please—but listen in anyway, will you?

Then say it's not so that you're going into the silence for the big mystery build-up. That would be terrible. Out of the subway into the silence—no, we can't let that happen. After "Algiers" we like you as you were. If you re-

She's a siren in the sun! This Open Letter is a plea to M-G-M to let lovely Hedy Lamarr remain herself, and to put her in another picture soon.



member, in that fine film none other than Charles Boyer remarked that you reminded him of the Paris subway—just a clever line of dialogue by the script writers but somehow it told the story of your effect upon American movie audiences. You see, all previous cinema sirens since Theda Bara had been so darned silly or aloof or grand or mysterious that they were Beings Apart—and as it turned out, so far apart as to be practically separated from their audiences after a while. Garbo scared us into a reverent coma—but we're emerging gradually. Dietrich dazzled us with her "Don't-touch" glamor and—by the way, where is Marlene, anyway? Then you, Hedy Lamarr, came along to tell us the true definition of glamor—to prove a siren can be human, as down-to-earth, as vital as the subway. It was a discovery, I can tell you. Or motion picture theater exhibitors can tell you. All I know is that we, the long-suffering American public who can stand a lot, but only for so long, turned on all the old chi-chi charmers and decided that you, the Lamarr, were the real thing. And you are, aren't you?

With all your exoticism, allure, etc., etc., you're alive. You actually like swimming and swing. Slacks suit you as well as silver fox. You don't need a synthetic setting. Even the candid camera holds no terrors for you—whether you're caught squinting into the sun at the polo, or pointing your splendid profile toward the Trocadero, you're photographically perfect, but seemingly not aware of it. Poise, not pose. It's such a refreshing novelty that I hope you won't let it be spoiled. Keep right on swinging and sitting in the sun, instead of slipping into the silly shadows of manufactured "mystery" where you can walk only in the rain—alone. That's no fun. It's no longer even box-office. For believe it or not, Miss Lamarr, a sirenic girl with a sense of humor and a good disposition instead of a set of complexes is just what American audiences want right now. And you're the girl for the job. Report to work, just as you are, any time.

Delight Swann

Hollywood Whirl

The cream of the candid! Catch your pet celebrities off-guard through the keen camera eye of Len Weissman, demon photographer who stalks the stars



Reunion! Remember Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou in "Stage Door"? They meet again, socially this time, at a party at the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel. Note Ginger's outdoor-girl make-up.

Yoo-Hoo! Which of you three girls will really play SCARLETT O'HARA? Oh, so none of you wants the job, eh? That's the truth, folks—the three glamorous actresses above, Bette Davis, Norma Shearer, Miriam Hopkins, politely decline the honor of playing the most-discussed rôle of all time—but a little bird says Bette may have to play in "Gone with the Wind" whether she wants to or not. Scene, the Tail-Waggers' Ball, sponsored by *La* Davis. Below, Norma and her escort, Jimmy Stewart, chat with cute little Jane Bryan.





Still a-sparkin': Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks, above, at the Friday night prizefights at the new Hollywood Legion Stadium. Phyllis, suspended by her studio for refusing a rôle, has been reinstated and is back at work—in another film.



What's this, Andrea "Lovely" Leeds with Ken Murray? Well, Ken is one of Hollywood's most popular beaux-about-town—the girls like that Ken sense of humor. Ken and Andrea were camera-snatched dining in the Cocoanut Grove.

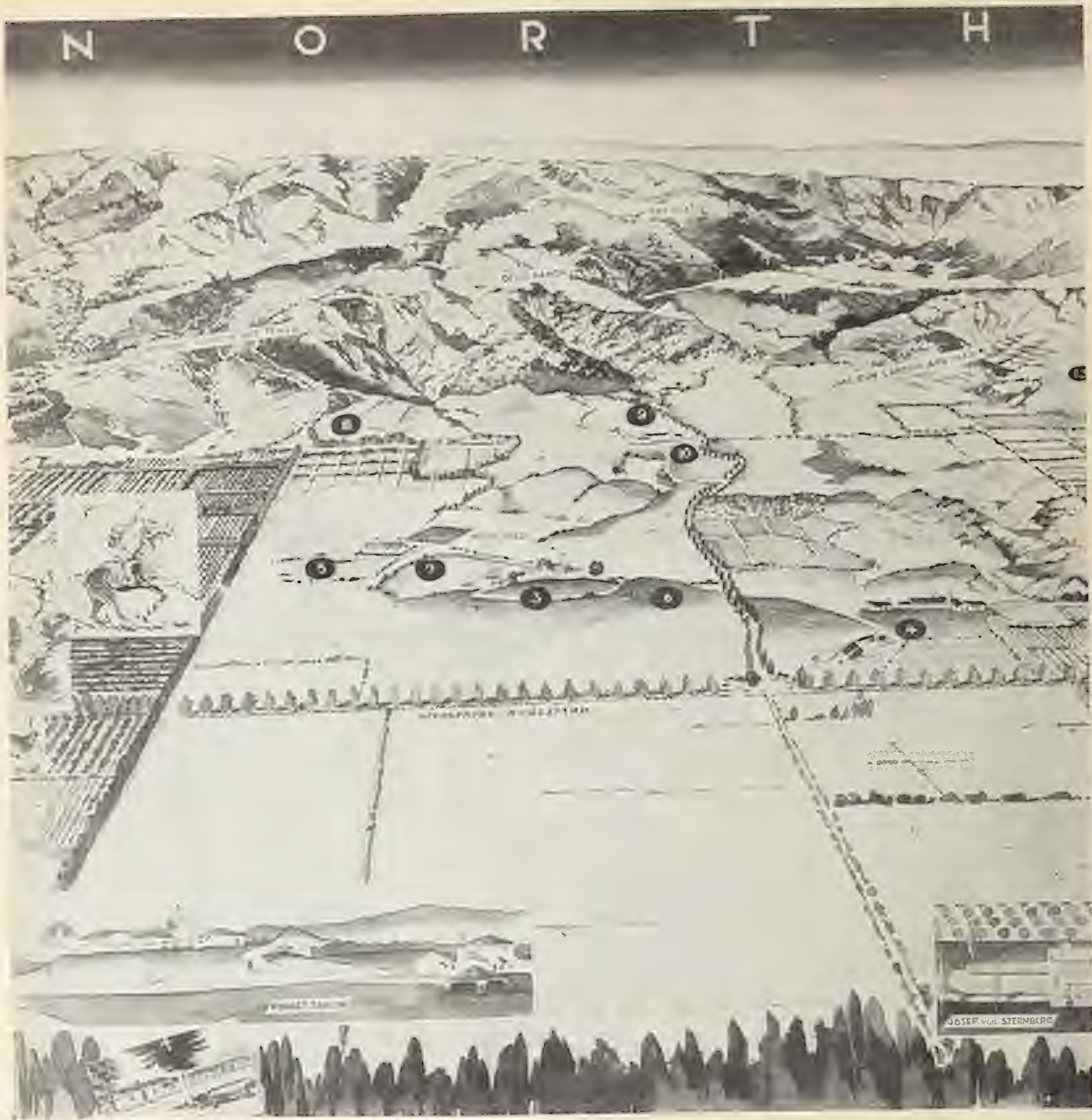


If Warner Baxter and Pat O'Brien, above, at the fights, were any closer to the ring-side they'd be right in the ring. Both are fight fanatics. Al Jolson is another who never misses the Friday night boxing bouts—with Ruby along; see them below.



That swell guy, Joe E. Brown, is seen above with Arthur "Jeeves" Treacher and Mrs. Brown, watching the fights with the boyish enthusiasm that has made and kept him a popular screen figure. Below, George Raft and William Powell.





The New Dons of California

By
Mary Bartol

They're screen stars, who live their private lives in homes built on lands once ruled by the Conquistadores

THEY call them "The New Dons of California," and the name is not inappropriate. At least there is an analogy in the fact that these modern "Dons" came to California with no more intention of remaining than did the Conquistadores! But gregarious Hollywood is going back to the soil to establish homes that are permanent—modern evidence of the age-old desire to rear families on land that belongs to the head of the house.

Gold lured the early explorers way back in the 16th century. Gold lured the '49ers. And gold—in the form of salaries—has lured the present generation to "try its luck" in California. However, it may be said to the everlasting credit of the present-day "Don" that it is not precious metal from the hills, "black gold" from oil wells, nor even wealth from



Northridge, shown in the panorama above, is a settlement noted for its famous residents, whose ranches you may locate precisely by the numerals on the drawing and the following key: 1. Barbara Stanwyck. 2. Zeppo Marx. 3. Robert Taylor. 4. Paul Kelly. 5. Chester Lauck (Lum of 'Radio's Lum 'n' Abner'). 6. Sam Harris. 7. Pinky Tomlin. 8. Roy Hagen. 9. Dr. Rex Duncan. 10. Lake Lodge. 11. Richard Arlen. 12. David Johnston. 13. Location where "Good Earth" was filmed. 14. Carole Lombard. 15. Ted Fio Rito. 16. David Brown. 17. J. M. Richardson. 18. Albert Beahurst. 19. Frederick Schuess'ler. 20. Josef von Sternberg. 21. R. A. Davidson. 22. Frank Forker. 23. David Stuart. 24. Dr. John McCoy. 25. Roland Dressel. 26. L. E. Hadley.

the silver screen that has awakened long-dormant desires for a lasting home. Rather, it is the cumulative fascination of California's own golden sunshine.

Hollywood's newest settlement is at Northridge. Not more than twenty-five minutes by motor from the studios, this area is fast becoming to Flickerville what Oyster Bay and Westchester are to New York; what Lansdowne and Swarthmore are to Philadelphia; and what exclusive Green Spring Valley and "My Lady's Manor" are to old Baltimore. Northridge lies in the rolling foothills of the Santa Susana Mountains, high up on the northwestern edge of fertile San Fernando Valley. Already, it boasts a healthy list of "ranchos," varying in

size from ten to two-hundred acres, owned by notables of screen, stage and radio.

For in large estates (generally known as ranches) those of the present generation are proving themselves traditional Californians. True, there is a vast difference between holdings of forty, sixty, or even a hundred acres and the tens of thousands owned by the early Dons! But, after all, this is 1938 *not* 1838, and a century of so-called progress must be taken into account before any comparisons are made. Certainly, these country places surrounded by fields and orchards are sufficiently rural for persons who must make their livelihood as actors and actresses, going back and forth to their work in the



Robert Taylor's ranch at Northridge, above, with his house at left, and the roof of his stables, as large as the house Bob built for himself, visible above the knoll in center foreground. Beyond these roofs, on the light-colored, flat-topped hill, is the site for Clark Gable's house, for which ground has been broken. Not far from here is the land Carole Lombard obtained in a trade for her original acreage in Northridge. Left, Paul Kelly runs across his lawn after turning on the sprinklers. Lower left, "Breezy Top," Richard Arlen's home. Bottom left, Mrs. Chester Lauck and her husband ("Lum") with favorite mounts in front of their stables.

studios of Hollywood every day for weeks at a stretch.

Perhaps Northridge is the first definite general step that picture people have taken to insure their much-publicized desire for "privacy." To the world at large, actors and actresses, clustering their homes in cramped areas, have seemed to adopt the doctrine of the well-known gold-fish bowl! For example, a few years ago much was written about Malibu Beach, a strip of land on the Pacific where the telephones were prohibited. Anyone wishing to "get away from it all" promptly built a home at Malibu and as a result houses sprang up so close together that, though until recently telephone calls never interrupted the vaunted "peace and quiet," dinner conversations were frequently overheard by neighbors on either side!

Another spot upon which Hollywood has wrought its influence is Palm Springs. Ten years ago a dreamy desert village boasting but one small inn and a few tiny shops, it is now completely popularized. Although some hundred miles from Los Angeles, its highway teems with traffic; airplanes buzz overhead; and, from November to April, Palm Springs offers the same chance of "remoteness" as would a desert Coney Island.

But in California even as in all other parts of the world, there are those who sincerely long for freedom when their day's work is done and who have the innate desire to escape from the fetters of urban life. They become landowners, and for such persons Northridge has proven a haven. Four years ago, Devonshire Street, which divides this historic 10,000 acre tract, was merely a paved road bordered by Canary Island pines, cork oaks, and eucalyptus trees. Miles of grain fields, interspersed with an occasional orange grove, lay on either side. Except for a few small ranch houses, buildings were conspicuous by their absence. But Guinn ("Big Boy")

☐ "Hollywood Fashion is Spinach!" said Elizabeth Hawes in last issue of SCREENLAND

☐ "Fashion is a Vegetable Plate!" retorts Orry-Kelly here

☐ Don't miss this wickedly witty blast from Hollywood's famous designer



Rosalind Russell wears an Orry-Kelly outfit, left.



Hollywood Fashion Defended!

"HOLLYWOOD fashion is spinach," says Elizabeth Hawes who not long ago wrote the same thing about fashion in other parts of the world, cleverly and at great length.

What Miss Hawes needs is a new metaphor.

As long as she wants to call her own work "Spinach" no one can object. When she tries to pull the Hollywood designers into the same garden she might at least choose a different vegetable to use as a comparison. She could have said, "Hollywood fashion is kohlrabi," or "Hollywood styles are broccoli."

We would have been hurt, of course, but at least



Well, is Hollywood Fashion Spinach, as Hawes said?

Here are noteworthy examples of Hollywood design in dress, selected by Orry-Kelly to refute Miss Hawes. Left: the lovely gown worn by Kay Francis is an Orry-Kelly creation; the outdoor ensemble posed by Phyllis Brooks, below, is by Gwen Wakeling of 20th Century-Fox.

Much of the fine detail of good dresses is lost on the screen, just as nearly all color values are lost. Certainly I agree with Miss Hawes that line is more important than trim, but when it comes to line the camera is much more scrutinizing than any individual customer. Naturally we can't always be right in our work any more than Miss Hawes is always right in hers, but we have to please more people.

Oh yes, many famous designers of great reputation have been brought to Hollywood "at tremendous expense" as the publicists say, and have been given their chance to set us right. Even Chanel,



we would have been left our individuality. As it is, Miss Hawes lumps our work with hers and calls it all "Spinach."

Miss Hawes, I wish to say first of all, has done some excellent things, even though she dubs them spinach. I have admired her as one of the outstanding American designers and as one of my own favorites. But she, too, has made mistakes and she has made them without the Hollywood handicap of working (so far as the results on the screen are concerned) with only blacks, whites and greys.

She has only the purchaser to please yet I have seen recent dresses of her design in which so much material was used about the waist that the unfortunate purchaser appeared to be in serious trouble. Few audiences want to see their favorite feminine star when she looks like a prospective mother.

Or is Fashion a Vegetable Plate, as Orry-Kelly tells us?

In selecting examples of good Hollywood design Orry-Kelly chose the two-piece suit worn by Virginia Bruce, below—designed not by him, but by a designer for a rival film studio—Dolly Tree of M-G-M. For Olivia de Havilland Orry-Kelly designed the gown at right.



who has done much greater things than Miss Hawes, I believe, found that the screen has a technique all its own. I still remember the black velvet evening gown Chanel designed for Gloria Swanson. She packed it solidly with rhinestones over the bust and as a result, when Miss Swanson appeared in it on the screen the effect was that of a blazing fire truck about to run over the audience. Chanel also had Ina Claire to dress for a picture. Miss Claire and Miss Swanson were two of our smartest women, but Chanel went back after these two attempts to dress Hollywood in Miss Hawes' type of "spinach."

Does Miss Hawes, by any chance, feel that she is now the one person who could make the change she seems to feel Hollywood should make? I have great respect for Miss Hawes as a designer, perhaps because she has always been individual in her work, but I am losing some

of my respect for her because of her attempts at sensationalism. Can't she make her clothes sufficiently outstanding to merit attention without resorting to vitriolic attacks on Hollywood?

When I first came to Warner Bros. Studio seven years ago, the wardrobe was a mass of beads. It was a bead season and Hollywood was, admittedly, out-beading itself. I deliberately tried to under-dress our players hoping to gain favorable attention that way. I am still working at Warners and during this time have designed clothes for Kay Francis, Ruth Chatterton, Rosalind Russell, Olivia de Havilland and many others. These women are as normal, as intelligent, well bred and down to earth as Miss Hawes. They are wearing many of their screen clothes as a part of their personal wardrobes.

Miss Russell, recently acclaimed the screen's best dressed woman, bought her entire wardrobe from the picture "Four's A Crowd" to take with her on her European trip. She could have bought her wardrobe anywhere but chose instead one designed in Hollywood. Miss Francis, who has never (*Please turn to page 93*)



YAH!

Lookit the Dead End Kids

"Are those Dead End-Crime School boys as tough as they look?" you ask. Here's your answer, in a powerfully human story revealing the kids as they really are

By Ida Zeitlin

ARE they as tough as they seem to be?" Out of a hundred who want to hear about the Dead End kids, a hundred start with that query. They themselves say: "We're no worse than other kids." "We're not tough, we're just active." "On the screen we act like we're told to. Off the screen we go along and mind our own business." "It's good publicity to build us up tough. Even the directors believe it—" This last from Gabriel Dell, the humorist of the bunch.

Viewed objectively, it depends on what you mean by tough. If you mean, do they resemble in background and attitude, the young hooligans they portray, the answer is no. They're hardworking, ambitious youngsters, some of whom trained for acting, some of whom happened into it. Leo Gorcey, the only one whose father was an actor, is the only one who got his job through sheer accident. Their families range from well-to-do

down. Gorcey and Bobby Jordan have known the pinch of poverty. None of them has ever lived in the slums, nor traveled with a gang comparable to the one they've made famous. How, then, did they make such a realistic job of the Dead End boys? First, because they're good natural actors. Second, because they're citybred, city-wise, familiar with the tricks and manners of the New York pavements. Or as Huntz Hall puts it: "Everybody meets a tough guy in their life." If they're not rowdies, neither are they ninnies. Take your own boy, send him to a school where he mingles with all breeds, give him some latitude to roam the streets. Granted talent, observation, alertness and a gift for mimicry—which is granting a lot, I admit—and you could probably throw him in among the Dead Enders and never know the difference.

Generalizing about them doesn't get one very far. They're all under contract to Warner Brothers. They all agree that they "pull a few fast ones the first day on a picture, then settle down, maybe break out again on the last day just for laughs." They insist it's all in the



spirit of good clean fun. If one gets into trouble, he yells, "Crew!" and the rest come running.

Humphrey Bogart is their favorite actor because he plays ball with them. Mike Curtiz, director of "Angels with Dirty Faces," is variously a "whiz, a right guy, and the best in the business." "Because he's regular." "Because he talks to us and tells us things." "Because he gets sore, then he says: 'All right, boys, you're O.K.'" "Because he calls ya sumpn, then he says, 'Aw, I'm sorry,' where other guys call ya sumpn, an' they mean it." At the close of the picture, the boys presented him with a scroll. In their own language they told him what they thought of him, and signed their names in lip rouge, the nearest thing they could get to blood. Curtiz blinked, growled, "All right, boys, you're O.K.," and turned the scroll carefully over to a prop-man to be framed.

Off the stage and screen they're six individuals, going their separate ways. Their ages now range from 15 to 19. Gabriel Dell and Huntz Hall, both 17, are the only two who pal round together on the outside. Dell was originally Del Vecchio, Huntz was originally Henry. He doesn't know who changed it or why, only that he likes Huntz, "just because it ain't Henry." Gabriel changed his name because "Del Vecchio was too long for the marquee," he'll tell you with a leer. Then: "You wanna know why I really changed it? Because people never say it right, an' I get mad when people don't say my name right." Gabriel looks severe, but plays for comedy. His father is a New York physician who wanted his son to be a doctor too. But a younger sister with stage ambitions got a job in "Good Earth" "an' through some foolin' around she got me in. Then I heard they were lookin' for kids for 'Dead End,' so I went up, not knowin' if I'd get a job or a kick in the pants. I was skinny, that's why Mr. Kingsley gave me the job of T.B. Natchally, if I was a bum actor, they wouldn't have given it to me, no matter if I was skinny as a thread. No use playin' yourself up, no use playin' yourself down either."

His mother and sister are in Hollywood with him now. He didn't much like California till he got a car. "But you know how it is. No matter what you got, you want somethin' else. Now I want an airplane. Do I get it? Wanna do me a favor? Ask my mother. I didn't get around to broachin' the subject with her yet."

He plays tennis and swims with Huntz. He is also, you may be startled to hear, an enthusiastic cook. "Sure it's no gag. We moved to Jersey one summer. I had

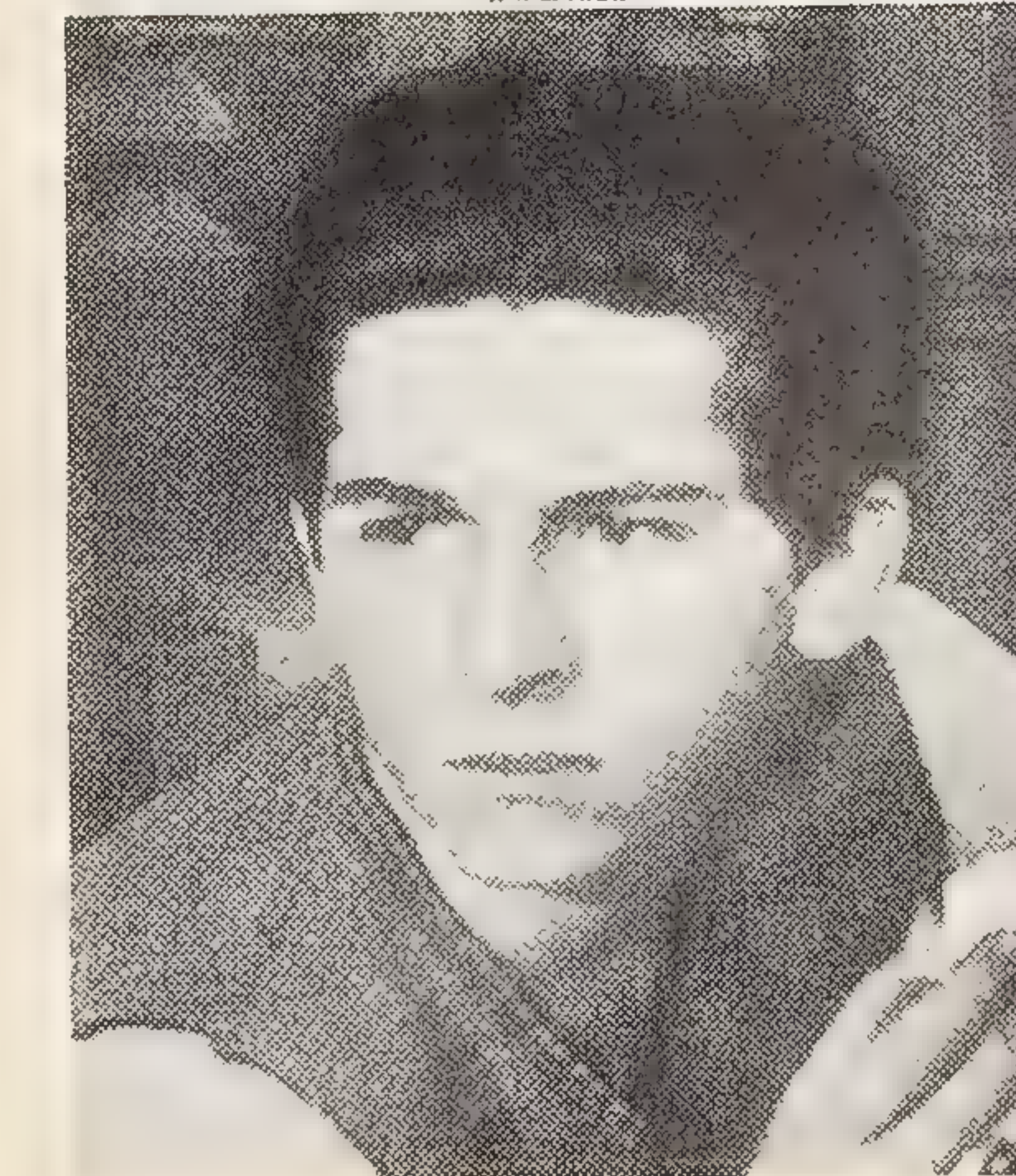
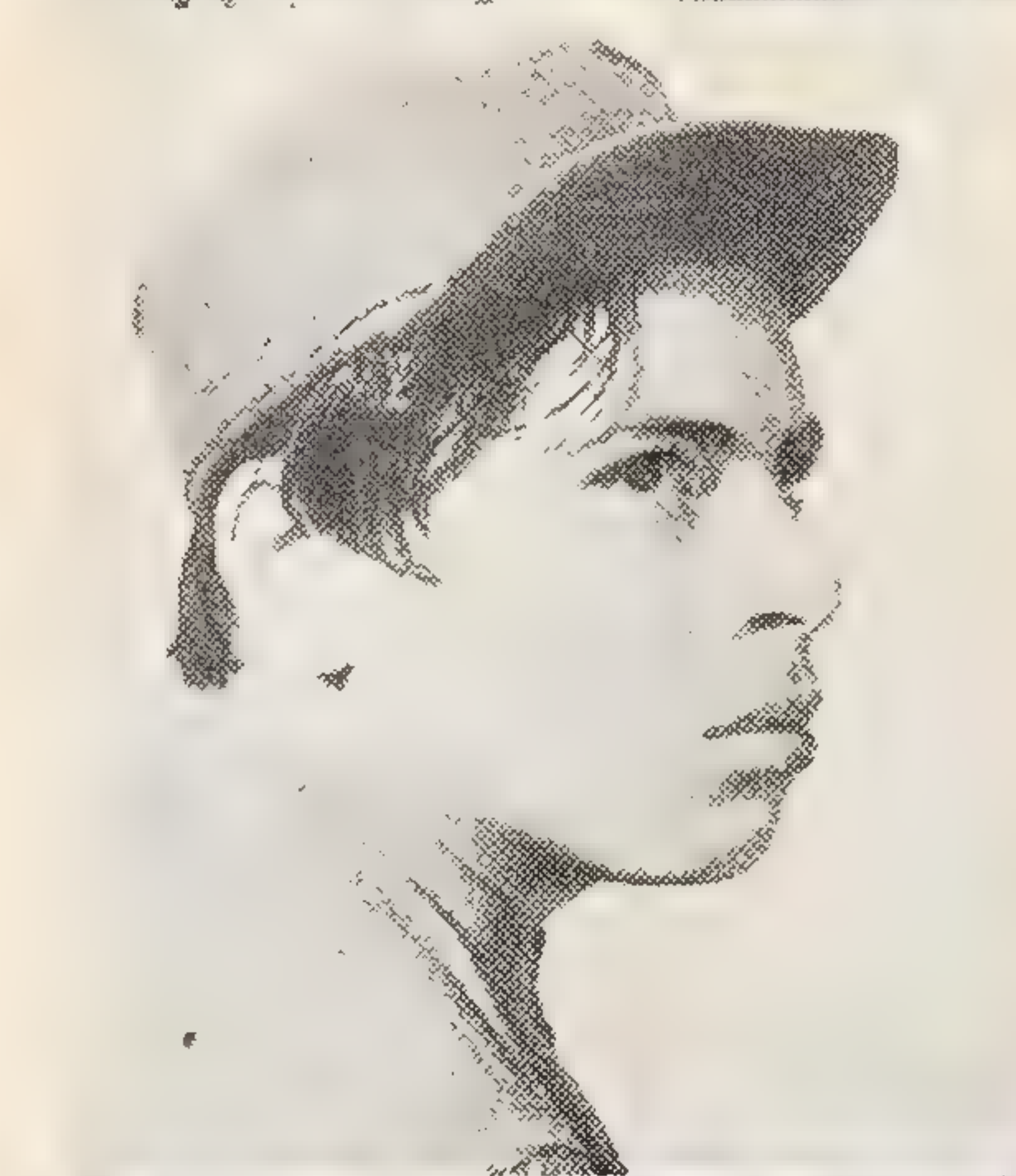
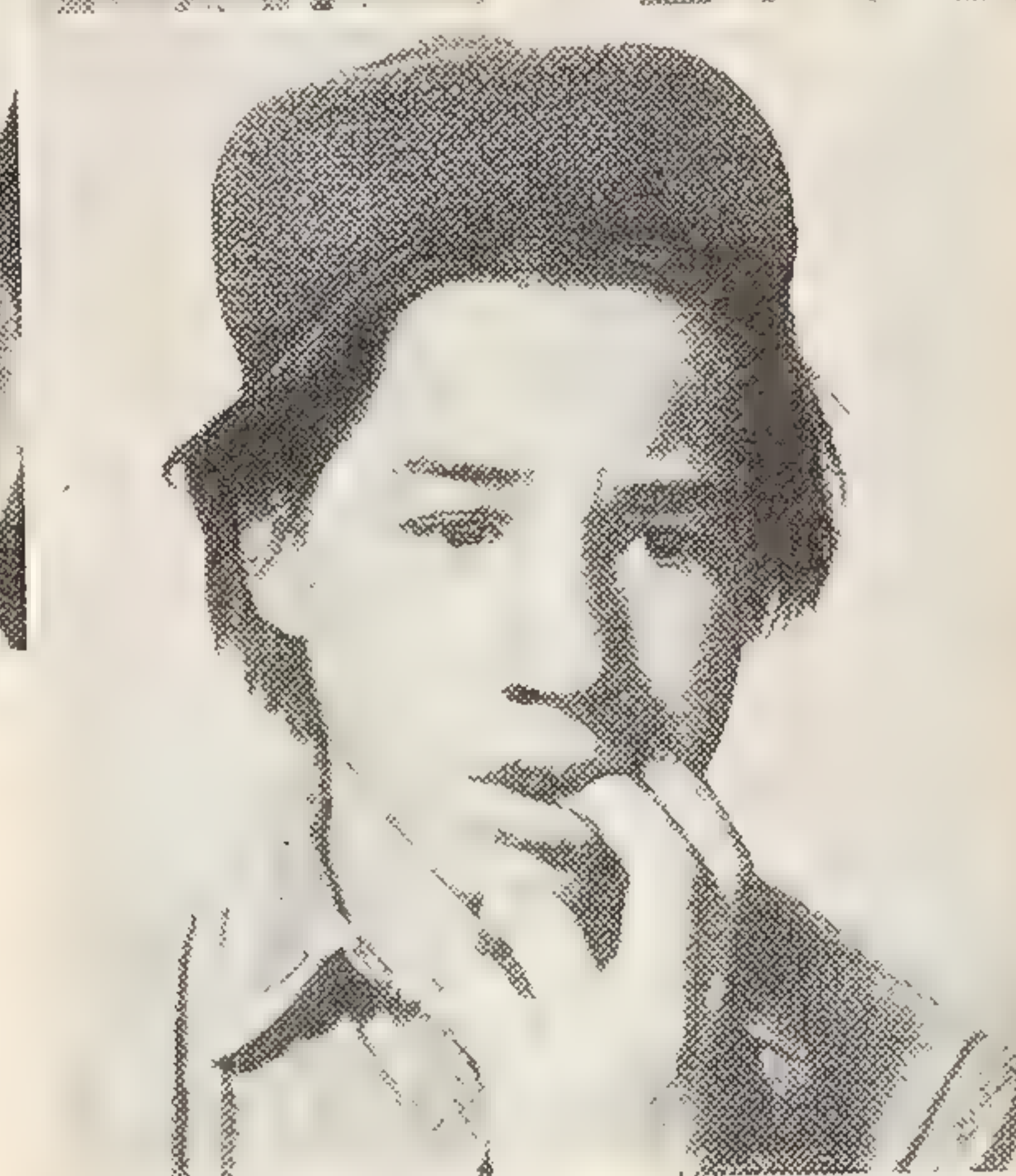


The six tough but ambitious boys who scored in "Dead End" and "Crime School" are now shocking the celluloid with Jimmy Cagney in "Angels with Dirty Faces"—see scene at top of page opposite. Above, close-up of the kids. At top left, with Pat O'Brien. Now for character studies of 'em all, from top center reading down: Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Leo Gorcey, Bobby Jordan, Bernard Punsley, Gabriel Dell.

nothin' to do, so I took a cookbook and started battin' out some cakes an' pies.—Sa-a-y, I can make spaghetti too. *Make it*, not just take it out of a box. With one of these rollers. You do this way, that way, hang 'em up, little oil, little garlic, little tomato sauce—good, am I right, Huntz?"

"You're right Gabe."

He spends considerable time taking his car apart, to see if he can hop it up. He admits between pride and sheepishness that he's had five tickets, two courses in traffic school, and a warning that next time he'd be sent to "the Bastille." (Please turn to page 84)



"I'm No Prude!"

says

Jeanette
MacDonald

By Ida Zeitlin

¶ "You've got lots to learn!" they told her in her chorus days.

¶ "Singing governess!" a Hollywood power later called her to her face.

¶ How did Jeanette MacDonald prove that she's no prude, but a warmly human girl? You'll find the answer in this exclusive interview



"I KNOW I'm no prude! I'm not just guessing or hoping. I looked it up in the dictionary. It says: 'Prude: a woman who makes an affected display of modesty or propriety.' I've been accused of modesty and propriety," said Jeanette MacDonald gravely while her eyes danced. "But my sharpest critics never hinted at any 'affected display.' So by dictionary standards, anyway, I'm cleared.

"Of course," she continued thoughtfully, "they used the word priss more often than prude, and my dictionary doesn't give priss. However, I won't quarrel over terms. I'll admit the charges. I don't smoke or drink, I don't like to be pawed, I don't like risqué stories. If all that makes me a prude, then I'm a prude, and my story has no value. Just the same—just the same, I'm *not* a prude," she brought out with a triumphant disregard of logic. When the laughs had subsided, "All right, I'll prove it," said Jeanette.

Your first thought when you see her off-screen is, what a pity to reduce her to black and white. Her coloring is that of the traditional fairy princess, rose and blue and gold. In the technicolor of "Sweethearts," you'll see her for the first time as she really looks. She's come a long way since "The Love Parade." In the process she's met and faced down a problem rare in Hollywood—the problem of fitting herself with her Scotch Presbyterian training into the atmosphere of the movie capital—of

adjusting herself, without doing violence to her own standards of taste and behavior. Which is not to say that Hollywood's a Babylon. Only it's hardly necessary at this stage to point out that it *does* take for granted certain lines of conduct which were not taken for granted in the Philadelphia home where Jeanette was brought up.

She suffered from no tyrannical discipline. She lived the normal life of her community and was happy in it. The fact that she wasn't allowed to play cards or to dance on Sunday wrought no hardship on her. Neither were any of the other children she knew. The Sabbath ritual didn't bore her—church in the morning, with Jeanette singing in the choir, Sunday school in the afternoon, then a walk and an ice cream soda at the corner drugstore; after dinner, Christian Endeavor and church again. At twelve Jeanette was herself teaching the baby class in Sunday school. As a matter of fact, all this *wasn't* ritual to Jeanette. God and the worship of God were as real and important to her as any of her other preoccupations. She was taught not only the letter but the spirit of the law, not only the outward forms but the principles of good conduct. She was taught by example as well as by precept. She respected her parents not only because of the fifth commandment but because they were people who won her respect. She took obedience, modesty and fidelity as a matter of course, because she'd never known anything else.

Though it was a godfearing, it wasn't a stodgy household. When her father and mother discovered that Jeanette's talents might earn her a place on the stage, they made no objection. They didn't regard the theatre as a hydra-headed monster that would destroy their girl. Their faith in the girl was too implicit. Jeanette as an actress would still be the Jeanette they'd guided from babyhood.

She suffered her first shock when she met her sisters of the chorus at the Capitol Theatre in New York. This was a period of transition in the chorus lineup. Producers were just beginning to emphasize youth and freshness. Many of those in the room where Jeanette dressed for her first professional appearance were ladies of experience. They whooped at her cotton underwear. They asked how old she was. When she told them timidly, they whooped again. "You've got lots to learn, dearie." It was too late to remedy that mistake. But she took three dollars and a half of her first week's salary, and bought herself as glamorous a teddy as she could find—all chiffon and lace. "And *what* lace!" she groans now. But it was a lifesaver then, destined to help her live down the crime of cotton panties. A second shock struck more deeply. She was going to high school by day and dancing by night. She grew chummy at school with a girl who seemed to her all that a girl should be. During class hours they were inseparable.

"My mother wants you to come and have dinner with us," her friend said one day.

"I'd love to, but Sunday's the only night I can come."

"Why?"

Jeanette's radiant beauty really comes into its own for the first time on the screen in "Sweethearts," all in technicolor. Right, in costume for her rôle. Below, with husband Gene Raymond at a premiere; and at her desk, at home.

"Because I work at the Capitol Theatre," said Jeanette a little reluctantly. After all, her friend didn't *have* to work.

"Really? Are you an usher?"

"Oh, no." This time there was pride in her voice. "I'm on the stage. I'm a dancer."

The other plied her with a million excited questions. She was too thrilled for words. But when Jeanette ran up to her next day, the erstwhile bosom friend looked straight through her and walked away. She never spoke to Jeanette again.

"Her mother must have said, 'On the stage! Have nothing to do with her. She can't be a nice girl!'" The Jeanette of today can afford to laugh. But to a sensitive child of fourteen the experience was near-tragedy. Apart from the anguish of being ostracized, it was brought home to her for the first time that there were people who considered her profession something to be ashamed of. Not

that *she* was ashamed, she told herself fiercely. "I'll show them—I'll show them you can be on the stage and a nice girl too."

The effect was to sharpen her natural sense of fastidiousness. Where formerly she might have winced at a vulgarity and forgotten it, now she became abnormally conscious of such things. Where formerly her rejection of bad taste was instinctive, it now became deliberate as well. Her friend's mother had put a chip on her shoulder.

The college boys used to come courting in their raccoon coats, and Jeanette went to her first dance with one of them. He told her a story that he thought was pretty funny. She didn't. He found himself faced by a blazing-eyed young fury of sixteen. "Just because I'm on the stage doesn't give you any liberties with me, and don't (Please turn to page 78)



Kay Francis' Last Interview



Now it can be told!
Why Kay is quit-
ting the screen, and
what she really thinks
of Hollywood—a
SCREENLAND Exclusive!

By
Ben Maddox

an expensive favorite. Novices can be signed for pin money, built skilfully. Kay's been earning \$5,000 a week. New heroines can be secured for \$100 a week and glowing promises. The profit margin leaps! What if millions of faithful fans would prefer to see their accomplished favorite? Let 'em take what they can get! That's business. And on second thought, give the high-priced favorite "the works." Most once-big stars faded because of "the works." If you are a beginner a mediocre assignment is no handicap particularly; you simply don't start rising until you are given the breaks. Every genuine favorite has progressed by appearing in the fine productions. But if you are tossed from away up into comparative quickies—well, there's but one possible result. You are a conspicuous disappointment. And if you go on being a disappoint-

ment, steadily, those out front begin to think you're not so hot after all. Catch on?

Of course you can sometimes escape your fate. Being married to a producer, or having some kind of an "in" is a great help. Kay never played politics, though. If you are temperamental you loudly demand to be free of your "ruinous" contract. That has been Hepburn's attitude. She settled when she was threatened with demotion, left the studio that launched her. Kay hasn't been susceptible to jabs at her vanity, however. Humiliated at being rushed into a series of "B's"? Furiously indignant? Not so you can notice it!

No woman has more pride than Kay Francis, and she even can be most successfully angry when the spirit moves her. But she didn't fly off the handle in any way. She acted in whatever they selected for her, as seriously as though each script was a potential Academy Award winner. She cooperated to the very last, seemingly was oblivious to all discouragement. (Please turn to page 81)

HAS Kay Francis really quit Hollywood cold? "My career is over," she says. It's no gag, either. No subtle maneuver to somehow land another contract. Kay is washed up with being a star. Soon she'll be only a memory. More than a beautiful one, however. When you discover just why she has stepped out of the spotlight you'll remember her as the wisest woman who ever mixed with Hollywood.

Now the reaction of the uninformed to the "B" films Kay's been in recently is "Whoo—is *she* slipping!" They presume she's picked those pictures. Actually, she's had no say whatsoever about what she's appeared in. But then why would the highest-paid star of a major studio be cast in second-string dramas if she didn't deserve them? Follow that thought through and you'll get to something. To one of the extraordinary facts of Hollywood.

All is not fairness and glamor in Hollywood, you see. It's a pretty hard-boiled town. Because when a studio wants to cut corners one of the best tricks is to eliminate

*Screenland
Salutes*

*THE STREAMLINED SPIRIT
OF HOLLYWOOD*

Personified on this page by
Frances Dee, to be seen with
Ronald Colman in "If I Were King"



William Walling,
Paramount

*Screenland
Salutes*

GOOD
FELLOWSHIP:
DON AMECHE

BEAUTY:
JUINE LANG





Screenland Salutes

"LEGS"
RAYE
AND OTHERS



William Walling

No longer to be called "Moutha Roar" and other unfunny names is the girl above. She's Martha "Legs" Raye from now on. In Hollywood, where shapely stems, outdoor sports and sunbathing are always in season, Miss Raye has a few rivals—glance at the page opposite. You'll see Marie Wilson and Ellen Drew and, at far right, Ginger Rogers, Virginia Bruce, Hope Hampton.



Screenland Salutes

A GREAT CLOWN:
JACK BENNY

THE CO-STAR:
BENNETT

Miss Bennett are
her in Paramount's
Models Abroad"





Mack Elliott



"Muky"

Elmer Fryer



Screenland
Salutes

YOUTH!



Typical of gay young America at its best are "Patsy," youngest of the Lane sisters, and Wayne Morris, husky he-boy who is making femme hearts—including Patsy's—beat a little faster. The kids are co-starred in new movie version of the hilarious Broadway stage hit, "Brother Rat," which deals with the dashing lads at Virginia Military Institute—and their dates. Look at picture sequence at top of our pages, and directly above, to see how director William Keighley coaches Wayne for a mad love scene. Priscilla, at far left on page opposite, proves she is one of the few Hollywood beauties to dare the new "up" hair-do. The Morris grin, at left, and the Lane allure would seem to insure bright success for "Brother Rat" and his girl-friend.

Priscilla Lane and Wayne Morris are screen's sprightliest current co-stars in "Brother Rat."

genuine-registered
Keepsake



June Travis and Robert Livingston appearing in "The Nighthawk," a photo play of Republic Productions, Inc.



Keepsake FAIRFIELD
Matched set \$157.50
Engagement ring only \$125



Keepsake MONTEREY
Charming matched set in natural gold
with white gold settings \$237.50
Engagement ring only \$200



Keepsake WINDSOR
Matched set \$100
Engagement ring only \$75



Keepsake HERMOSA
Platinum set \$412.50
Engagement ring only \$350



Keepsake FONTANA
Matched set \$300
Engagement ring only \$250



Keepsake BARONNE
Matched set \$75
Engagement ring only \$50

*Delight
Your Sweetheart*

WITH A KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RING

FEMININE eyes light up when they see the sparkling beauty and exquisite design of a Keepsake Diamond Ring. Your thoughtfulness in selecting this superb engagement symbol wins praise and appreciation. Through five decades the world-famous Keepsake Diamond Rings have been pridefully worn by America's most particular women. The name Keepsake in a diamond ring is your guarantee of satisfaction built on a long history of craftsmanship and skilled diamond knowledge. Ask to see Keepsakes at smart jewelry stores.

genuine-registered
Keepsake
DIAMOND RINGS

Screenland Salutes

STEELE
LOVELINESS:
VIRGINIA
BRUCE



AND

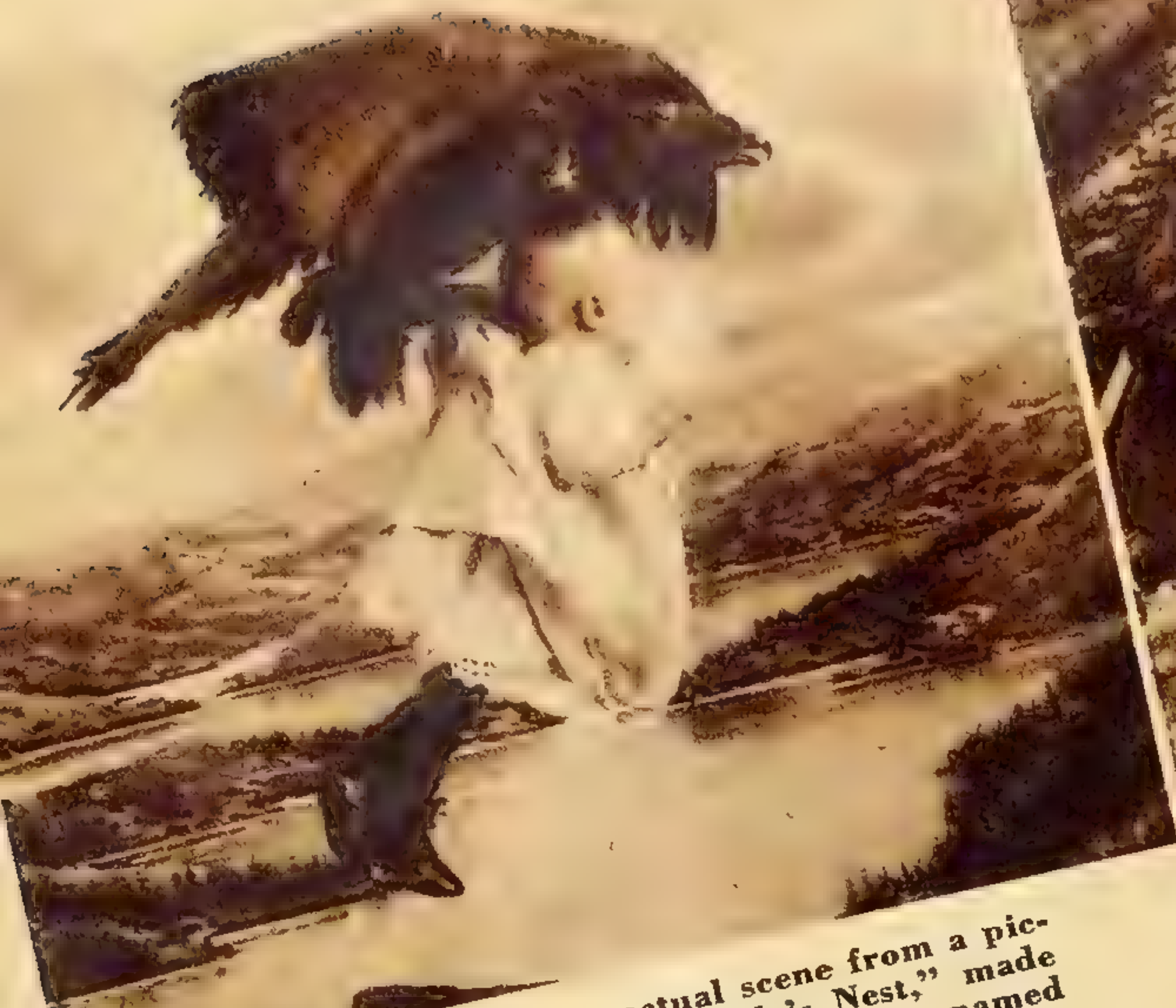
*THE SCREEN RETURN
OF A FINE ACTOR:*

FREDRIC MARCH



March has no match in Hollywood for versatility, Miss Bruce for real beauty. You'll see them together in a new comedy romance, "There Goes My Heart," produced for United Artists by Hal Roach who made the memorable "Topper," and celebrating the come-back of Fredric March from his sabbatical in the theatre. We'd like to believe that Freddie rejoices at being back in pictures but the sad truth seems to be that he plans a return to Broadway as soon as he can find a new play. We hope he can't find one until he has made some more films for us.





Believe it or not, this is an actual scene from a picture called "Rescued from an Eagle's Nest," made in 1907. In its cast was an obscure actor named D. W. Griffith, who later directed "The Birth of a Nation."



Mabel Normand's comic genius made the world laugh in the days of Mack Sennett's Keystone cops. The still shown above was from an early slapstick epic called "Barney Oldfield's Race for Life."



Mary Pickford and Ernest Truex are not disturbed by strange goings-on in this scene from "A Good Little Devil," a Pickford triumph of 1914. Ernest, here the young lover, is today's comedian of "Marco Polo."



The root of all evil in early movies was Theda Bara, the first screen vampire. Born in Ohio, she was publicized as an Arabian siren of incredible wickedness. In this publicity still she has somehow got mixed up with China.



Most sensational Hollywood figure of all time, Rudolph Valentino, seen here as Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," 1921. His erratic career, frenzied following and early death have left a legend behind.



A new art of the cinema came into being after Robert J. Flaherty's "Nanook of the North" (1921), which used real people and real backgrounds to tell the story of the fight for food and warmth in frozen wastes.



One of the finest scenes in the history of the movies is this from "The Torrent" (1926), the picture which made Greta Garbo famous. Opposite her was youthful Ricardo Cortez—beneath the make-up of an aging lawyer.



Dangerous Lupe Velez was discovered by Douglas Fairbanks, then the personification of screen athleticism. Lupe's first picture was "The Gaucho" (1927), above. Fairbanks has retired from acting.



No one noticed Myrna Loy in the days when she played small parts such as this in "Pay As You Enter" (1928). All the attention was focussed on Louise Fazenda, who still gets plenty. And look at Myrna now!

This is motion pictures' greatest year! You, the Public which has supported the screen through the years to its present greatness, may emphasize your interest by going to see more motion pictures than ever before—and entering the \$250,000.00 Movie Quiz Contest, sponsored by the leading motion picture exhibitors, distributors, and producers of the U. S. and Canada. For contest details visit your nearest theatre.

Screenland Salutes

MILESTONES THAT HAVE MADE MOTION PICTURES YOUR BEST ENTERTAINMENT



Will Lillian Gish escape or will Ronald Colman succeed in forcing his unwelcome attentions upon her? That was the question in this scene from "The White Sister" (1923). Ronald's love-making is much subtler these days.



Norma Shearer's long career found her a dirty-faced ingénue in 1924, when she played in support of Jack Pickford in "Waking Up The Town." Miss Shearer first came to the screen in 1921, is now its famed First Lady.



Perennially youthful, Harold Lloyd looks and acts differently today than when he was "The Freshman" in 1925. Lloyd's wholesome sincerity both on and off the screen have made him a credit to the motion picture industry.



Saint and sinner, and the story of how they changed places, gave Gloria Swanson and Lionel Barrymore chance for superb acting in "Sadie Thompson" (1928), still remembered for Swanson's and Barrymore's fine performances.



Jean Harlow began her blazing career by wrecking the homes of Ben Lyon and James Hall in "Hell's Angels" (1930)—remember? Who would have believed that Jean was to develop into one of the movies' great comediennesses?



Dignity, not glamor, was Grace Moore's screen trademark when she co-starred with Lawrence Tibbett in "The New Moon" in 1930. But dignity didn't go over, and Miss Moore later gave us glamor with her good voice.



"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" was not the first time that Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert romanced and fought on the screen. There they are (far left) and out their difficulties in "His Woman" (1931).



Violence and lawlessness in gangster pictures hit the screens about 1931, and "The Public Enemy" was the most brutal of them all. In scene at left center Cagney watches the machine-gunning of Edward Woods.



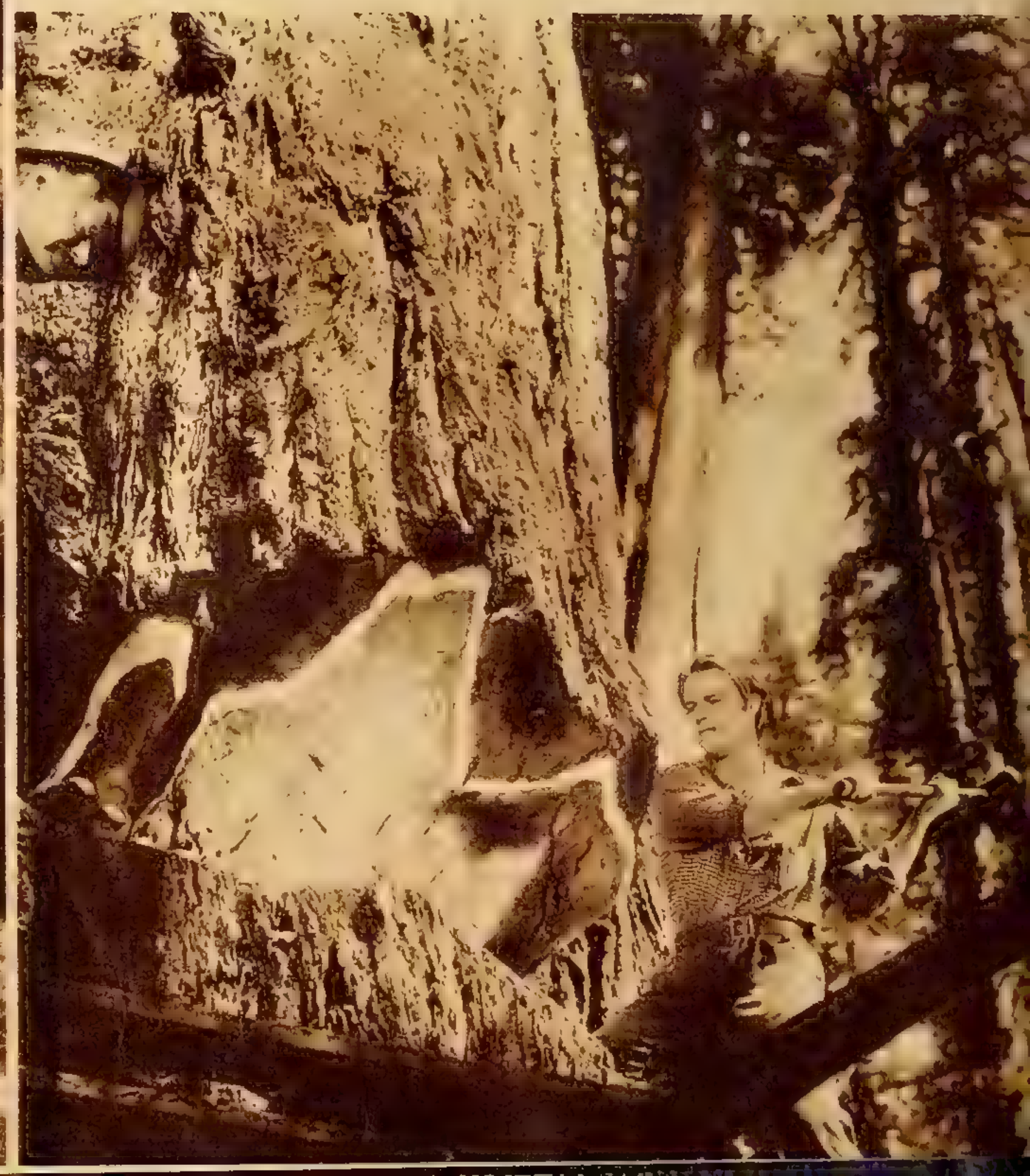
Imitating John Barrymore in "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1931), brought Fredric March his first screen hit after a slow start. The scene at right above shows Mary Brian, Henrietta Crosman, March, and

MODERN MOVIE MILESTONES

NEW FILMS
TO PROVE
Motion Pictures
Are Your Best
Entertainment



To illustrate the lavish trend in cinema production today we show you above one of the handsome indoor settings from Warner Bros.' new comedy romance starring Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland, "The Hot Heiress." All-star casts are in demand—you'll see Victor McLaglen, Joan Fontaine, and Cary Grant, right, in RKO-Radio's "Gunga Din." A beautiful scene from "The Great Waltz" with Fernand Gravet and Miliza Korjus is shown below. At lower right, outdoor action in Warners' "Valley of the Giants" with Wayne Morris.



Dazzling, opulent, star-studded, the motion pictures of the new season are well worth your time and money. We give you proof here: "Sweethearts," left, M-G-M's big all-color musical. Paramount's "Paris Honeymoon," below, with Bing Crosby, Franciska Gaal, Shirley Ross. Samuel Goldwyn's "Lady and the Cowboy" for United Artists, with Gary Cooper and Merle Oberon (left center). 20th Century-Fox presents "Suez," spectacular drama with Tyrone Power (left below) and Shirley Temple in "Just Around the Corner," right below.





Photographed for SCREENLAND on location by Malcolm Bulloch

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Henry Fonda and Louise Platt in Paramount's "Spawn of the North"

"It's true what SCREENLAND'S Open Letter said about me," admits Loretta Young, "but it isn't fair!"—and she tells why



By
Elizabeth Wilson

A Beauty Rebels!

Loretta wants a chance to act again. She's tired of being just a beautiful puppet. Above, a vision of loveliness in "Suez." Right, the real Young grin.



MOVIE stars should never be taught to read. It's all right if they are allowed to wear shoes. But they should never be taught to read. Because reading invariably upsets them. Whenever I see a movie star coming out from under the dryer, her aura of curls standing on end, her eyes flashing bloody murder, and her lips quivering with rage I know she has been reading. I run to cover behind a mud-pack until the hysterics blow over. I don't know why it is but a movie star always reads the worst about herself in a beauty shop.

This devastating fury, in which she compares things that write with things that crawl, and always smears a nail, quickly wears itself out and by dinner time has given away to a period of intense brooding. After a sleepless night brooding ends up in a deep hurt. And that was the state in which I found Loretta Young in her dressing room on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot on a recent afternoon. One look at Loretta and I was

completely convinced that she had been reading again.

Loretta has come in for a fine bit of panning this past year by the editors and critics of the country who seem to think that the most glamorous of the Young girls has been so busy lately flaunting her glamor that she has entirely forgotten her acting. They say that in her effort to attain pictorial perfection she has lost all reality. "Read this," said Loretta handing me a copy of the Open Letter recently written to her by Editor Evans of this magazine. "Read it out loud. I've read it to myself dozens of times. I want to hear how it sounds."

"Reading," I said, "is a bad habit. It only makes you think and thinking makes you have wrinkles. But here goes!" So I started to read:

"Lovely Loretta: I remember a very young girl in a picture called 'Life Begins.' She was a most poignant little person with wonderfully expressive eyes and a pathos that made even strong (*Please turn to page 83*)



SPAWN OF THE NORTH—Paramount



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



BEST movie melodrama of the season! Step right up and see this gigantic thriller with thundering icebergs, fighting fish pirates, Akim Tamiroff, gorgeous scenery, George Raft in his best rôle, Dorothy Lamour in a sweater, John Barrymore—and the cleverest trained seal in captivity, who almost steals the picture. Honestly, you'll enjoy it if you like a real, red-blooded movie—and no nonsense about montage and subtle dialogue. For my money, "Spawn of the North" is a thoroughly exciting show, handsomely produced, expertly directed, and acted to the hilt by a high-priced and hard-working cast. Naturally, I expected a grand performance by Raft, in a rôle tailored to his tense talents and by Tamiroff, and by Barrymore—not to mention Henry Fonda and Louise Platt, excellent as the young lovers. But to see Lamour, exchanging not only the sarong for the sweater but her usual lethargic performance for a vivid and penetrating portrayal of an Alaskan I'm-no-lady, was something for Mr. Ripley. For excitement and grand performances, beautiful scenery and smashing suspense, and particularly for Miss D. Lamour and for Slicker the seal, cheers!



FOUR DAUGHTERS—Warners



SIMPLE, warm, true and human, "Four Daughters" will move you to tears and laughter—unless, of course, you have got so you demand a Dead End Kid in every picture. Here is a straightforward story of an American family, told in such tender terms that you will fall in love with every member of that family, share their joys and sorrows, and want to meet them again sometime. It's a family affair throughout, with the three Lane sisters, Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla, sharing title honors with Gale Page; Claude Rains as the lovable father, May Robson as the delightful old aunt—and then the interesting intruders, handsome Jeffry Lynn whom all the sisters love but only one wins, and the moody misfit, played by the brilliant John Garfield, who touches the happy household with tragedy before he moves along, to right the wrong he has done in his own wilful way. If Garfield steals the picture it is only a tribute to his unique talents and no reflection on the other players, particularly the littlest Lane, Priscilla, who is enchanting and surprisingly touching as the youngest sister. You'll like the new Mr. Lynn, and enjoy Gale Page's hauntingly poignant playing.



YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—Columbia



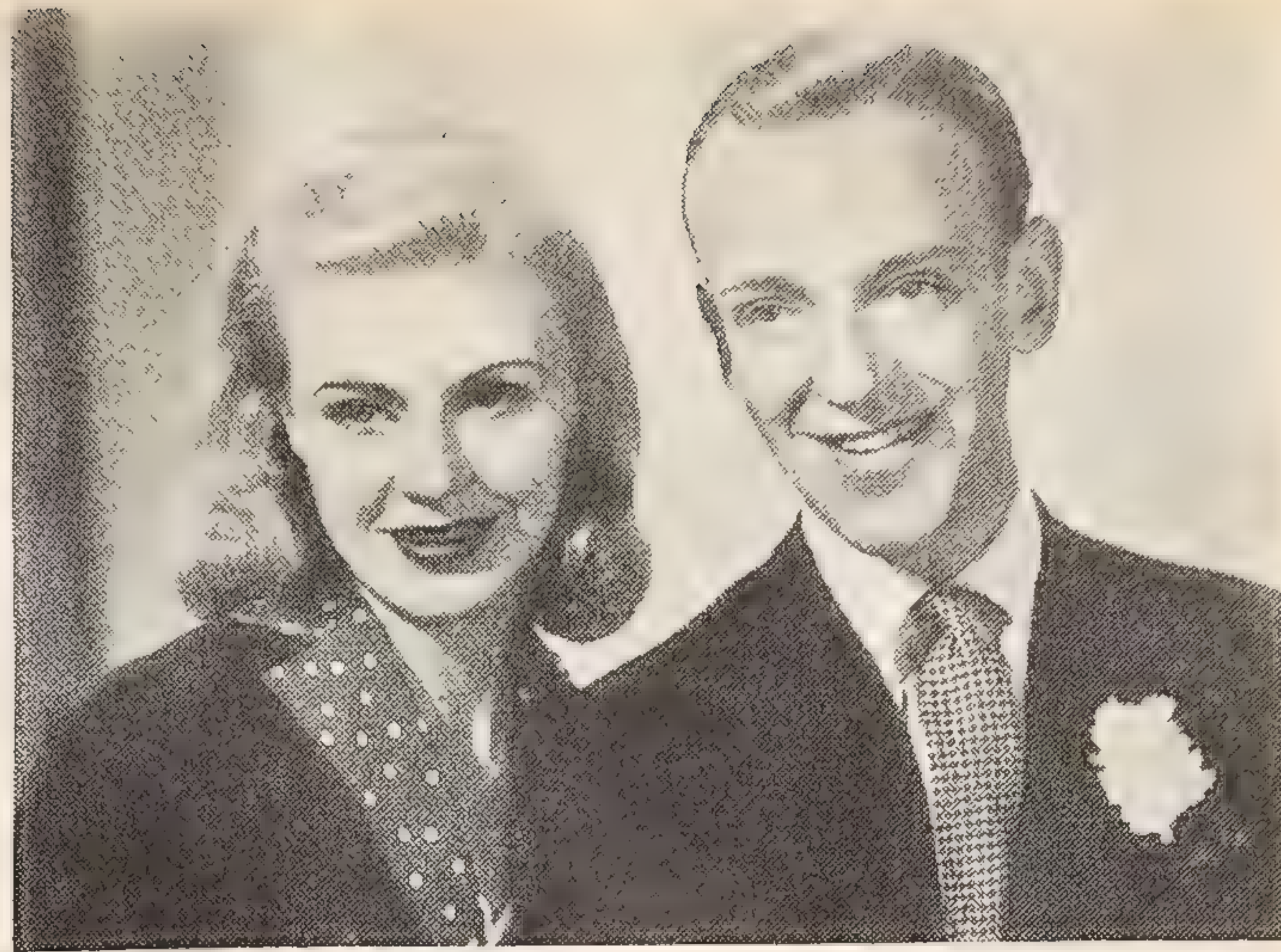
TRANSFORMING a Pulitzer Prize-winning play into a potential Academy Award-winning motion picture is no light task—but the result must look as if it is. And that takes a very special sort of magic. Fortunately, it's just the sort of sleight-of-hand that director Frank "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" Capra is famous for, so that "You Can't Take It With You" emerges as even more engaging entertainment on the screen than it was on the stage. If you missed the original version, you will doubtless be more enchanted with the completely zany *Sycamore* family than if you had already met them; as a stunning surprise they will bowl you over, to say nothing of the contrasting Kirby tribe whose fortunes become entangled with the crazy *Sycamores*. The mad menage presided over by *Grandpa Vanderhof* and his bemused daughter, *Mrs. Penny Sycamore*, so charmingly complicated by assorted relatives and haphazard houseguests, will appeal to some audiences so much that I foresee a lot of escapist households sprouting happily throughout America, and that will be all right, too. You'll get grand performances by Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, James Stewart, Jean Arthur.



SING YOU SINNERS—Paramount



IF THIS is my favorite among the month's many grand screen-shows, blame Bing Crosby. You can have Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power—just so you give them back—but give me Mr. Crosby, with his lazy ways, his soothing voice, his nonchalance—whatever it is, just give me Bing. I have always seen red—you know, that violent red we used to get in the first all-color films—when I have heard Mr. Henry Lillis Crosby called "The Crooner." I have probably resented this much more than Mr. Crosby himself ever did. But Bing has always seemed to me much more than a mere husky voice. Others can croon, and do, so help us; but only Professor Crosby can croon and stay human, nay humorous—and retain his respect and ours. Yes, folks, I like Our Bing, and never so much as in "Sing, You Sinners"—as the lovable ne'er-do-well of the Beebe family, third movie household to win our hearts this month, and the one I'd soonest marry into. Other swell members of the family are Fred MacMurray, *Brother Beebe*, the priceless Elizabeth Patterson as *Mother Beebe*, and small Donald O'Connor as *Mike*. Ellen Drew is charming as Fred's romantic interest. Four good songs, too.



CAREFREE—RKO-Radio



I'M SO glad to see Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing together again that I can't preserve any critical calm in judging "Carefree." I just live up to the title when I see these two and hear four of Irving Berlin's best new songs—I'm a carefree fool for this picture. Maybe I don't like all the business about psycho-analysis that pervades the plot, but I can't worry about it, and I advise you to skip it, too. The main thing is, we're watching that wonderful team whirling through *The Yam* and other grand numbers; we're dizzy with Astaire's fast golfing dance, one of the finest things this great stepper has ever given us; we're moony with the dream sequence, a clever idea if ever we saw one on the screen. In short, we're slightly hysterical over "Carefree," and want to start a movement right now not to be deprived so long again, ever, of Rogers-Astaire festivals. They owe it to a troubled world to keep on dancing until they drop—and pick themselves right up again. The best Berlins in this show are *Color Blind* and *The Night Is Filled with Music*, I think; but you'll probably whistle your own choice. Additional attractions are Ralph Bellamy and Luella Gear.



BOY MEETS GIRL—Warners



HOLLYWOOD producers, the entertainment world's very best sports, make fun of themselves, their expensive studios and working methods once again in "Boy Meets Girl," to give us all a great big laugh at their expense. Maybe the joke is on us, though—we're all beating a path to the nearest theatre where we're paying, and liking it, to see this very funny picture. It's a good joke no matter how you look at it, with the Spewacks' own adaptation of their stage play even gayer than it seemed on Broadway, enacted by one of the most sparkling casts ever assembled on the screen: James Cagney comes back to his home studio and sparkles, Pat O'Brien sparkles right along with Jim, and Marie Wilson outsparkles them both as *Susie*, little studio waitress whose unconventional motherhood is sponsored by Pat and Jim, as high-priced scenario writers in search of a story idea for that diamond in the rough, Dick Foran, simply hilarious as an uncouth cowboy star of the old school. Ralph Bellamy is good, too, as a frenzied supervisor, and Bruce Lester, newcomer, adds a touch of dignity to the proceedings. But it is Marie Wilson you will remember—quaint and charming.



DRUMS—Korda-United Artists



QUITE the finest film ever made by Alexander Korda, the English producer, "Drums" is well worthy of your attention and respect. When I say it is worthy I don't mean it is dull. "Drums" is one of the most exciting cinema exhibits you have ever seen—in fact, it goes Hollywood one better in its elaborate and spectacular representation of the trials and terrors of the doughty British in India; and you will find yourselves clutching the arms of your orchestra chairs and even giving forth faint shrieks at times—or I'm disappointed in your reactions to good, honest, thrilling celluloid. It seems to have taken the English filmers a long time to make a mammoth Indian adventure but once they started they calmly eclipsed all previous efforts, in their grand show of the East Indian princeling, beautifully played by that stunning boy actor, Sabu, who saves the garrison from thundering hordes to pay a debt of friendship to kind English friends. It is Sabu's picture, but the accompanying cast, particularly Raymond Massey, Roger Livesey, and lovely Valerie Hobson, is superb. A completely satisfying film-show, splendid for the family in search of rousing entertainment.

SCREENLAND GLAMOR SCHOOL

EDITED BY

Joan Crawford



Still Screen's Number One Glamor Girl, Crawford Gives Us Pre-view of her New Clothes, Make-Up, and Coiffures

A Scoop for SCREENLAND: Joan shows us the best of her bright new personal wardrobe, hair-dos, and make-up with eyes accented and lips subdued—no more exaggerated mouths for Crawford! And of course you'll consider her smart silhouette—softly rounded but with slim, slim waist. Now for the clothes! On page opposite, and full-length at left, dinner gown with striking contrast in lines. The knife-pleated skirt, of white crepe, is topped by a finger-tip length fitted blouse of matching material. Her coiffure, exciting compromise between Hollywood's pet long bob and the current emphasis on "up," flaunts huge white gardenias smack on top. Below, two views of a dramatic dinner gown—two pieces, in black crepe, with skirt fitted through the hips, then flaring, and jacket with feather design of heavily clustered pink paillettes. Here, Joan's hair curls soft and high brushed back from her lovely brow and then piquantly adapts the page-boy bob.



Ever-Colorful Crawford Dares the New Coiffure that Most Hollywood Girls Avoid—and, As Always, Joan Gets Away with It! SCREENLAND's Glamor School Shows You Crawford's Personality Experiments in Preparation for her New Film, "The Shining Hour"



SCREENLAND Glamor School Portraits of
Joan Crawford by Willinger, M-G-M

Practically the first important Hollywood actress to experiment with the current "up" coiffure is always-alert Joan Crawford. The first hoop-skirt evening gown in Hollywood is also hers. Joan dares to be different—first. On this page, she poses with her hair brushed up in a gracious version of the high hair-do, with many careful curls crowning her handsome head—and she wears Hattie Carnegie's white silk gown with quilted skirt worn over a flexible hoop. The bodice, backless, is draped with over-shoulder bow. On page opposite, Joan's loveliest hostess gown, of chiffon shaded from pale to dark blue, with bodice half-and-half, as is the tie belt; and great fullness in the skirt. You will have to watch for the new Crawford picture, "The Shining Hour," to see which one of these coiffures Joan finally adopts. She's always new and exciting!





But mad, Shirley Ross' new hats! She adores them, and so will you—at least, for a while. Shirley sometimes wears the current "up" coiffure, as below, but secretly prefers, as do most Hollywood girls, the flattering long bob. At left, Shirley tops her luxurious mink with a burgundy felt midget beret. Above, front view. Her bag and gloves match. Below, "the lady look" with a romantic chapeau of black velvet with black and white ostrich tips tilted forward from the turned-up brim in back. Good, but grown-up!

THE NEW HATS

are going
right to
Hollywood's
HEAD!



*Photographs of Shirley Ross
by William Walling, Paramount*

Fashion can be fun—hats, supremely silly; effects, fascinatingly feminine, as we prove pictorially here



Cross fox cape over a black crepe daytime frock, right, is topped with a perky blue felt hat with orange ostrich trimming. The medieval hat is spotlighted in Hollywood's millinery circles in tribute to the headdresses worn in Ronald Colman's picture, "If I Were King"—and Shirley Ross models, above, a black velvet hat with floating veil, inspired by a headdress worn in the film by Frances Dee. At top, right, the doll hat, destined for furious, and perhaps brief popularity. Shirley's is black velvet with the inevitable curled ostrich tips accenting a shirred crown, held in place by a broad velvet band.



Crazy idea, to introduce Olivia to Jimmy and make them talk to each other! But it worked out all right—see our story. Olivia, above, with Dick Powell, her screen-mate in "The Hot Heiress," new Warner film.



When Stars are Strangers

JIMMY STEWART rose abruptly. His eyes seemed to stare right through me. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "I won't talk on *that*!"

"But Jimmy," I returned, "you've *got* to talk about it. I've an assignment."

"Can't be done! I wouldn't know what to say about that!"

Suddenly I thought of the solution. "Well, incidentally," I said nonchalantly, "Olivia de Havilland is going to be interviewed with you!"

Jimmy resumed his seat. For several moments he said nothing. He put his hand over his face and just thought. What seemed hours later he said, "Well, in that case, I might do it, but only if Olivia is there to talk with me!"

Now to get Olivia sold on the idea. So off to Warner Bros. When I walked on the set of her newest picture, she was just finishing a scene with Dick Powell. When it was over, I hailed her. "Hello, Olivia! How's the picture going?"

"Ok." Pause. Then—"Going to do a story on me?"

I had to talk now. "Yes!"

"What's the angle?"

"It's a rather complex one. What you learned about women from men!"

Olivia, too, rose immediately. And again I was stared at. "Oh, no! Not on *that*!"

Well, it worked with Jimmy, so I'd try it on Olivia.

"Too bad, because Jimmy Stewart is going to be interviewed with you."

Olivia, likewise, sat down. Again the silence. Then: "Well, in that case, I might do it!"

It was all set! Very likely, I'd get the story under my belt and in the mail by the end of the week. After all, it just meant waiting for them to get a day off together, and that was easy enough!

Yeah! Easy! Days passed. Weeks passed. Both working steadily. No day off at same time. "You Can't Take It With You" put to bed. Jimmy ready to go to New York. "The Hot Heiress" on location. Olivia out of the city. Then one morning, days later, out of the blue as it were, Marge Decker, Columbia's magazine publicity contact, called me.

"You can see Jimmy at the studio at 11:30,"

"How about Olivia?"

"I don't know."

"Ok, I'll interview *him*, anyway."

A few minutes later, a call came from Virginia Wood, Warner's magazine contact. "Olivia has some time off this morning, and she can see you and Jimmy any time until eleven o'clock."

What was the use! "But I can't see Jimmy until 11:30," I retorted.

"Oh!" was the reply. Then: "We'll see what we can do!"



The way Jimmy Stewart, left, is looking at Olivia de Havilland, on the opposite page, makes us wonder if he really minded our Strange Interview. Above, Jim admires Jean Arthur in Columbia's "You Can't Take It With You."

We bring together two stars who never met before this Strange Interview—Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart

By Jack Holland

A few minutes later. Marge Decker calling. "It's all set! Lunch with Jimmy and Olivia at noon!"

At about 11:45, although I was having difficulty believing it, Jimmy and I were actually cruising along to Warner Bros. Studio. We just talked about this and that. About previews in projection rooms. About the six pictures he's made since last September. About his contemplated vacation trip to New York. By now, we were almost at Warner Bros. and I hadn't asked him a question. I knew I'd better get out of him what I could, for there wouldn't be too much time at the interview. He had to be at a radio rehearsal in about an hour, and Olivia was due on the set in an hour. "Mind if I ask you a few questions, Jimmy?"

"'Course not. Fire away!"

"I'm warning you beforehand that I'm going to ask you one of the silliest questions I know of. But it all ties in with the story."

"Ok. Let's have it."

"Did you ever have any childhood romance that has stayed in your memory?"

Jimmy thought a while. "Yeah," he began suddenly. "A red-head with pig tails."

"What did you think of her?"

"Oh, I liked her pretty much," returned Jimmy in his appealing shy manner. "She was bright in school, but I was about as dumb as they came." He grinned. "I even used to carry her books home for her."

"Did she like you?"

"Oh—oh, I suppose so. But she liked all the boys. That was the trouble. I was interested only in her, but she didn't quite give me her undivided attention, if you know what I mean."

As we turned the corner by Warner Bros., I threw one more question at him. "What did you think of the girls at that tender age?"

"Oh, they just scared me."

Jimmy parked his car, and we both walked in to meet Olivia. We found her with a mild case of stage fright, trying to type a letter. And you should have seen her typing!

Between Virginia Wood and Marge Decker, everybody was introduced properly. Jimmy, Olivia, and I went into one of the comfortable lounge rooms at the studio. Olivia had ordered lunch for us, and while we waited for it to arrive, she and Jimmy indulged in one of those delightful formal-informal bits of conversation. Olivia, charming and personable. Jimmy, shy at first, and then giving out with a great brand of humor.

"I hear you've been rather busy," Olivia.

"Yeah, guess so. Six in a row," Jimmy.

"About time for a vacation, isn't it?" Olivia.

"Sure is. Thought I'd go to New York. Sort of pass through it."

"Just to—to sort of pass through it!" Olivia laughed.

"That's all I'll have time to do," Jimmy.

"You mean you're starting another picture right away?" Olivia.

"Guess so. But I can't find out from Selznick exactly when I'm supposed to start or what my part is like," Jimmy.

"What is your next picture?" Olivia.

"'Made For Each Other,' or something like that. With Carole Lombard. I sure wish I knew when I was going to start work so I can tell how many hours I'll have in New York." Jimmy.

(Please turn to page 96)

Hollywood Wedding

(Please Turn to Page 98 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapters)

CHAPTER III

DICK RAMSEY turned into his driveway and said, "Damn!" when he saw the yellow roadster parked near the garage. He recognized it in a flash and his brows knit in perplexity. He used his key, but Toto had heard the car and was at the door, bowing and stuttering. "Missy Lloyd, she here—"

"Yes, I know," snapped Dick. "I saw her car. Where is she?"

"In study, sir. She say she wait—I tell her—"

"Okay! Never mind the rest of it." Dick strode off.

Toto followed, undecidedly. "Missy, she telephone—she say she come—"

"Yes, yes, I know!" said Dick, completely misunderstanding. "Save it, Toto. I'll see what she wants."

Before the befuddled Toto could explain about Jean's call, Dick had turned his back and walked rapidly toward the study. The Jap shrugged and licked his lips. Well, maybe the master knew what it was all about, and maybe it was all right.

Dick took one look at the girl lounging on a divan in his study and hastily shut the door, for he didn't want Toto, close behind,

"No, darling," she answered sweetly. "I came to see you, and I thought I'd make myself comfortable. Warm night."

"But, good Lord, Ruby! You must be crazy—"

"Please don't be so belligerent, darling!" she mocked him. "You might invite me to have a drink."

A faint wash of disgust flowed on his mobile lips, and something of pity for this girl, in her startling attire, offering all she had. She gave a surfeit of herself, without request, and it seemed valueless. There was a knock on the door and he barked savagely,

"Yes, Toto? What do you want?"

Toto mumbled something indistinctly: "Missy come to see you—I tell her—"

"You told me

Illustrated by
Georgia Warren



to see her. Ruby looked up and smiled. "Hello!" she said, imperturbably. "Welcome home, Dick!"

He said, with utter astonishment: "What's the idea?" Her presence and her semi-nudity were both totally unexpected. He had, however, seen Ruby with less on to cover her, singing at the Swan's Pond. "What are you doing here, on the half shell?" He looked around, sharply. "What is it, a gag?"

The dramatic story of a glamor girl and a screen lover whose engagement was for publicity, but whose secret marriage was dictated by true romance

By S. Gordon Gurwit

Dick took one look at the girl lounging on a divan in his study and hastily shut the door, for he didn't want Toto, following close behind, to see her. Ruby looked up and smiled.



all that before!" snapped Dick, annoyed. "Get out! Don't come in here!" He didn't want the servant to see Ruby, sitting there like an amorous sickness!

Ruby's eye flashed mistily. She arose to her slim height, her two lacy garments revealing rather than concealing the white symmetry of her youthful body. An amused smile plucked at her sulky red mouth, but there was craft deep in her black eyes. She had interpreted the import of Toto's message, if Dick had not. "Darling!" she murmured. She walked to his side and threw her arms around his neck. He tried to free himself, almost violently.

"Ruby, stop it!" he said, testily. He was queerly ashamed and shocked, and he knew a curious revulsion and horror as her tight arms tried to draw him down to her.

"You Eskimo," cooed Ruby, sweetly, "come out of the refrigerator!"

Toto, unable to make himself understood to his master, knowing nothing of the scene in the study, went back to face a pallid Jean, stampeded and on the verge of

tears. "He no answer—" Toto blurted helplessly.

"He's in the study, isn't he?" interrupted Jean, swiftly. "Never mind—I'll go in, Toto."

She swept past the irresolute Jap to the study door and flung it open without any misgivings. After all, Dick was her husband, and she needed the reassurance of his presence tonight. For a heartbeat as long as eternity, she stood frozen, seeing the white-limbed Ruby Lloyd close in Dick's arms, his hands on the white shoulders, his head inclined. The tan on his face whitened as he turned angrily to face her, and Ruby's arms relaxed and fell to her side. She stared at Jean, her eyes wide with simulated surprise and a mocking amusement.

No one spoke. A gust of horror and incredulity blew through Jean. She was too startled, too bewildered, too hurt to utter a word. Dick stared at her with frowning surprise. This, thought Jean, is why he didn't want to see me—why he didn't answer Toto. Something stung her savagely and slashed at her pride. Ruby's shimmering body drew her eyes, and bitterness flooded her. There was, then, more basis than she had thought for Dick's reputation as a Casanova; and she, like a little fool . . . She shivered, inwardly, without movement. This was something unforgettable and unforgivable. This would always be between them.

"Jean!" Dick's voice was savage. "What are you doing—"

Her stricken eyes silenced him. "Sorry," she said, icily. "I had no idea what I was barging into!" She stepped out, slammed the door and ran to her car, blinding tears in her eyes. The two in the room stood as if frozen, hearing the whir of Jean's car as she raced away. It was only then that the man emerged from his blank amazement and whirled on Ruby.

"That was it, was it?" he said. "Did you know that she was coming here?"

"How could I, darling?" she asked. "Did you?"

"No," he growled. "I wonder—say, what are you doing here, like this, Ruby? Come clean, what's the idea? Maybe you'd better tell me, or I might forget you're a woman—"

"Oh, no, you won't, darling!" she smiled.

"Sorry if I spoiled something for you, but how was I to know? You might ask Jean why she gives money to a man, meets him on the sly. You'll find him in 312, at the Wolcott." Her eyes narrowed. He wasn't listening. "Dick," she said, "I was lonely, darling, I missed you!"

A thousand questions were bulleting through his mind—why was Ruby here, why had Jean come, so suddenly, so unexpectedly? Ruby looked ridiculous in her lace trappings; her sparring, her absurd preliminaries, which said that all the barriers were down. Well, he wasn't having any! There was an honesty in his flesh which refused this offering. The only woman he wanted that way was Jean. He said, with a slow anger: "You make me sick! Get your clothes on and get out of here. You've put me in a swell fix, damn you!" A cold fury was whipping through his soul. He didn't know what this was all about, but his anger centered on Ruby. "Toto!" he called, maliciously. "Come into the study and help the lady get ready. She's going!"

Toto bobbed his head and opened the door, just as promptly shut it again and waited outside, impervious to the lyric hissing of profanity that showered his befuddled head. These mad Americans!

Dick went to the phone. He tried to talk to Jean. Her mother finally came to the phone and said that Jean was ill and would not be able to (*Please turn to page 98*)

Are Stars' Children Spoiled



I HAVE known Gary Crosby and Ricky Arlen since they were born. They've known me almost as long, and well do they know that when stern parents and disciplinarian nurses balk their plans they have only to wheedle me a little to get anything they want. Thus, one day recently Ricky approached me. "I think I have one hug left for you," he volunteered, throwing his arms around my neck and giving me a "bear hug"—which almost floored me, because Ricky is not the demonstrative type. "Mookie," he whispered hurriedly, as he saw his mother coming through the garden, "will you take me on a picnic? Nobody else around here will because they say I'm too little."

My blood boiled at the thought of poor little Ricky being deprived of the joys of picnics. "You bet I will," I rejoined warmly. "Just as soon as I get back from this trip."

"Let's not say anything to anyone about it," Ricky continued hastily. "We'll just keep it for a surprise secret for ourselves." With that he fled.

"Why don't you ever take Ricky on a picnic?" I began hotly to Joby.

"I did take him—yesterday," she replied, surprised.

"Well, I'll be—!" I exploded.

Six weeks later I returned from my trip. "When are we going on that picnic?" was Ricky's greeting.

"But you went on a picnic," I protested.

"Not really," he replied brazenly. "They took me out

Here's "Mookie," above, otherwise Mr. S. R. Mook, popular Hollywood writer and friend of stars—and stars' children, and author of this entertaining story. Center above, Gary Crosby, eldest son and heir of Bing. Left, Ricky Arlen, formally known as Richard Arlen, Jr. Across page to right, Bing, his twin sons, and, in foreground, the indefatigable Gary. Far right, Dixie Lee Crosby with her three happy sons. (Gary again, on the left).

to the park and took some lunch along but they brought me home right after lunch and made me take my nap. *That's* no picnic. Besides, they wouldn't let me wade in the pond and when we went down to the beach they wouldn't let me ride on anything but that ole merry-go-round and every time anybody has a party they always have the merry-go-round there. And, anyhow," he finished triumphantly, "you promised!"

We—or rather, Ricky—finally agreed on the next day. No sooner was the time set than he sprang another on me. "We better take Gary Crosby with us because he never gets to go anywhere, either," he suggested.

Next day I picked up Ricky, magnificent in an admiral's uniform, which he promptly peeled off as soon as we were out of sight of the house, revealing nothing underneath except his swimming trunks.

While waiting at the Crosbys for Gary to get ready, his mother—Dixie, cautioned me, "Now, don't you give in to him! We're having enough trouble with him as it is. Day before yesterday when the nurse went to get him out of bed he wouldn't get up and said he guessed he'd

—or Are They Just Kids?

have his breakfast in bed. Bing finally had to go in and spank him. As Bing left, the nurse said, 'I guess you'll get up now, all right' and our Mr. Gary said, 'I don't know whether I will or not.' Bing heard him and came back into the room. Gary jumped out of bed like he'd been shot but he's been sulking ever since."

About this time Gary, eldest son and heir of Bing, made his appearance, resplendent in white flannels and a white reefer with a red anchor on the sleeve. As we left the house and approached my jalopy he drew his sleeve across the fender.

"Don't do that, Gary," I cautioned him. "I haven't a chauffeur like Ted to keep my car clean, and you'll get dirty."

"I know," he conceded, giving it a closer inspection.



"It's as dirty as my Aunt Kata's."

I hadn't seen him in sometime so, as we started off, he regaled me with an account of his domestic difficulties.

"Have you been able to swing that breakfast-in-bed business yet?" I inquired sympathetically.

"No," he retorted bluntly, "and I don't think I ever will, either. It's a shame, too," he went on gloomily, "because I don't sleep very well at night."

"That's bad," I encouraged him. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Oh," disgustedly, "Eve (his nurse) keeps waking me up all night long going through my room after light bulbs and things. The other day I accidentally hid her handkerchiefs in my drawer and in the middle of the night when her nose started running she had to wake me up looking for the ole things. I guess," he finished aggrievedly, "she couldn't

You'll find a clue in this ingratiating article, which portrays stellar off-spring as real youngsters rather than miniature celebrities on parade

By S. R. Mook

("Mookie")

have used her ole sleeve 'til morning. Had to wake me up!"

We drove along in preoccupied silence for a few minutes. As we swung out of the drive from the Lakeside Golf Club on to Dark Canyon road, Gary cast a speculative eye at the mountains. "Hey, Rick," he observed, "we ought to climb those hills some day. Mookie can come, too, and we'll take our lunch and have a picnic. Then we won't have to take a nap, either."

Ricky turned to me. "Are there snakes up there?" he asked cautiously.

"I'm afraid so," I tried to discourage them. "Big ones."

"Oh!" There was silence for a minute and then he brightened. "Well, I can take my gun along and—"

"I'll take my tommyhawk," Gary amended.

"No!" Ricky bellowed. "I'll take *my* tommyhawk. We can take Sam (the Arlen (*Please turn to page 88*))



London

Latest news and views
of English picture
people—our exclusive
and authentic report

By
Hettie
Grimstead



Sonja Henie visits Jessie Matthews on the set, left. Vivien Leigh, whom you liked in "A Yank at Oxford," in new film, above. Greet Clive Brook, right above, and, right, Carl Brisson—good old friends.

LOTS of your long-lost English friends will be back on the screen this winter. You'll see Clive Brook once again as the titled hero of "The Ware Case," divorce story of London's high social circles, with Anna Lee also returning as the heroine. She left the studios over a year ago for the happiest of reasons and now baby Venetia can be safely left at home—an old stone manor house with a cobbled courtyard and a blue nursery Anna painted herself and an exquisite white Georgian drawing-room in which husband and adoring father Director Robert Stevenson keeps his collection of antique jades. Anna is no longer the curly blonde you remember. She has let her hair go back to its natural light auburn and adopted a new make-up which gives her a different and far more dignified personality.

Jessie Matthews is at work again too, making her thrice-postponed musical film called "Climbing High" with locations in London and Switzerland. (Yes, Jessie skates nearly as beautifully as she dances! It's been her recreation for years and she swears by the "half-hour on the ice" for slimming.) Noel Madison is doing a little spot of his usual suave menacing among the Alpine crags and romance is provided by handsome Michael Redgrave, Director Alfred Hitchcock's recent discovery. "Hitch" often comes over to the set to see how the lad is getting on, his idea of breathing-space between scenes of "Jamaica Inn" in which he is directing Charles Laughton as the mysterious parson-smuggler wrecking unsuspecting sailing ships off the Cornish coast for the profitable job of

looting their cargo. Hitch says he's feeling positively seasick with it all because in his so-called leisure he is occupied with research work for "Titanic" which is to be his first picture in Hollywood for David Selznick. His office is piled high with books and photos and drawings showing the famous Atlantic disaster and the Captain who chose to go down with his ship.

Your old heart-throb, blond Carl Brisson, will soon be bidding for your fan letters again, appearing as the gallant highwayman hero of an historical film in color called "Claude Duval." Flora Robson has signed for a new picture too, playing a rich woman who refuses to grow old gracefully and strives desperately to take a young man from the girl of his own age he loves. Did I ever tell you that Flora is a great cook as well as a great character actress? Experts come from far and near to admire the scarlet and white kitchen of her Hampstead house with all its clever gadgets she designed herself.

Talking of food, I went to a sausage-supper at Roger Livesey's old-world country cottage and sat in a genuine old rocking chair which Roger found in Boston last year. (It may have gone over in the *Mayflower* but it came back in the *Queen Mary*!) Roger is now hard at work filming in "The Four Feathers" with most of Korda's other male stars. This thrilling color picture of military adventure in Africa also has (*Please turn to page 94*)

THERE was no ice on which Sonja Henie could whirl into Paris, so she did the next best thing by swooping down into our village in a plane. The smiling, dimpled skating star was greeted by a huge mob of admirers at Le Bourget, for even before she ever thought of going to Hollywood she was an idol of Paris and always packed the Palace of Sports when she appeared here. So it was more as an old friend than as a new star from Hollywood that she drew us out to the airport to give her a rousing welcome. Sonja lingered in town only a few days—time enough to give a cocktail party at the Plaza-Athenée; watch the King and Queen of England arrive for their state visit, and pose for a few pictures while making a tour of the town, which she hadn't seen in two and a half long years. We found Sonja a little plumper, a little more pleasing. In fact her old adorable self, only more so. She was most enthusiastic about her film work and delighted at the critics' praises of her progress and improvement as an actress. In all Sonja's chatter about her latest film she took great pleasure in talking of the charms of Richard Greene, the young Englishman 20th Century-Fox imported from London. Her eyes shone to such an extent that methinks Richard has replaced Tyrone Power in the fair Sonja's affections. It's only an idea, mind you! Sonja flew off to Cannes to bask in the sun and forget ice surfaces for a spell before going to Norway to visit her family.

With all the characteristic "ooh la, la las" and "cherries" the long-absent Danielle Darrieux returned to her beloved Paris. I must say that Paris did well by her prodigal daughter. A big delegation of journalists met the "Normandie" in Le Havre and then more awaited the boat train at the Gare St. Lazare in Paris augmented by friends and admirers. The little

Darrieux seemed dazed at the magnitude and loudness of her welcome. Greetings to mama, brother, and sister amid tears and laughter and the usual inane things were gurgled into the microphone. A few days later when La Darrieux had recovered her breath a cocktail party was given for her when we could talk with her more quietly and see what that *beeg* America had done to and for her. Imagine our surprise and delight at seeing her calmly enjoying chewing gum! That, to me, was going American with a bang. On being teased about it she protested firmly that it is a habit she has had since childhood—as she looks little more than a child, I thought to myself it could easily have been acquired in Hollywood, at that. I was (*Please turn to page 90*)

Two young French discoveries whom you may soon see in Hollywood films. Below, Monique Rolland, gifted comedienne. Right, Michele Morgan, chosen by Charles Boyer as a leading lady in his new French film.



Newsreel presenting close-ups of Hollywood stars in the gay European capital—and news about new raves of Paris picture-goers

By Stiles Dickenson

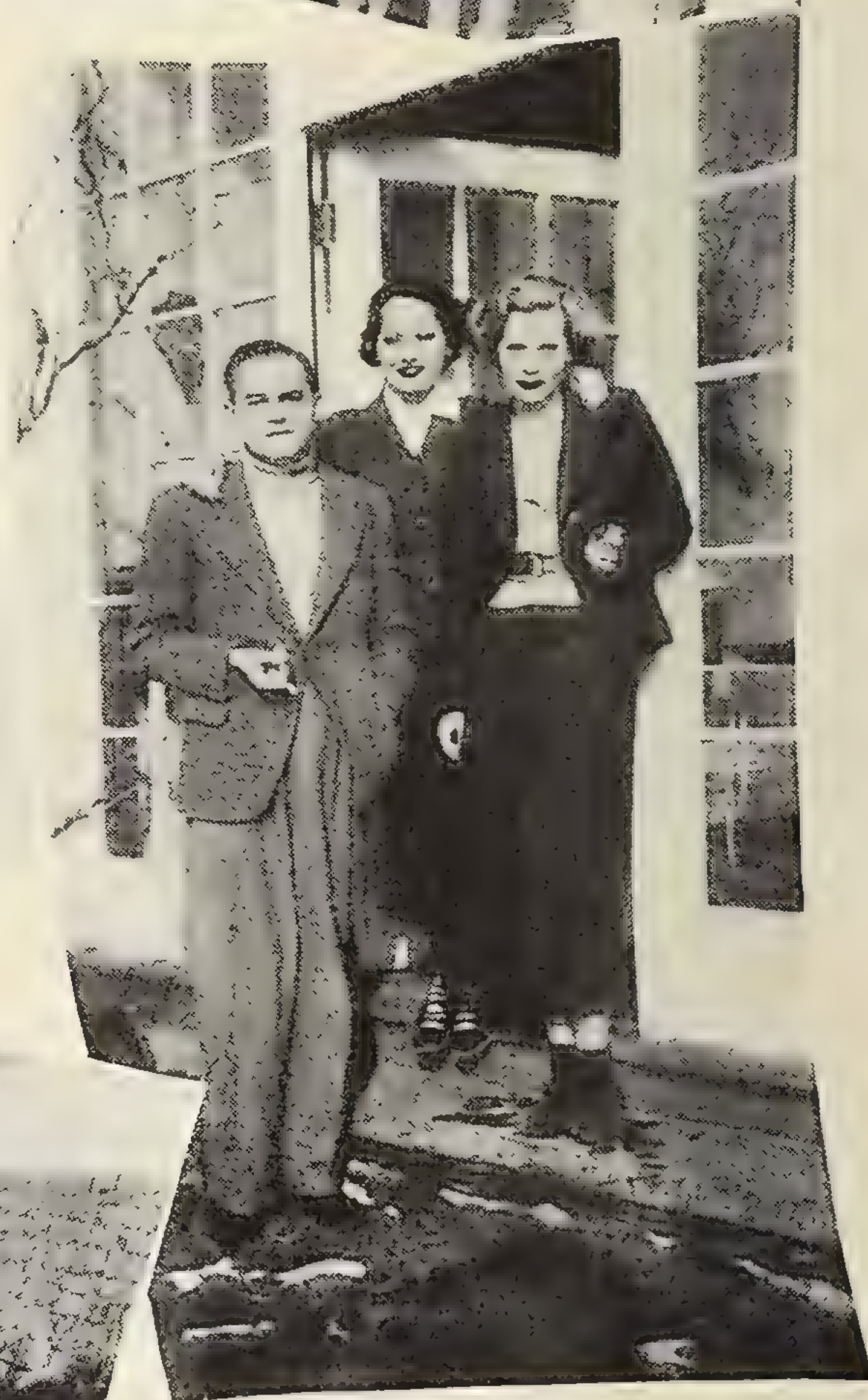
A Hollywood charmer in a true Parisian setting. Far right, Sonja Henie on the terrace of the Trocadero, with the Eiffel Tower in distance. Below, Danielle Darrieux received cheers; so did Madeleine Carroll, right.



Merle, the Demon Photographer

By
Ruth
Tildesley

Meet Miss Oberon in a new rôle,
that of amateur camera fiend



"**H**OLD everything! Quiet, please! Kill that back light!" Orders like firecrackers popping came from the crew of "The Lady and the Cowboy," followed by a chorus of: "Here comes that demon photographer!"

A laughing girl with a camera hesitated at the entrance to the stage. "You *know* I never shoot pictures on the set," she protested. "I thought we were to go on location."

The crew kept kidding. "Don't spoil the mood, boys!" "Watch your profiles!" "How's the background, Merle?"

She waved them away, still laughing. "Dreadful, aren't they? They like to pretend I'm one of these arty photographers, taking myself seriously. I do it for fun. All I want is to snap something for my book—sort of souvenir of good times. I never know what I'm doing. I don't stop to look for correct lighting, fine background, contrasts and all that. I couldn't bother. I use the same old Brownie I've had since I was a kid. No trouble about focus, timing, any of the real artist stuff. If my pictures are good, it's luck. Some are, some aren't. But on the whole

Merle snapped these nice shots. Right, ride 'em, cowboy; above, sleigh ride; top right, gay group of David Niven, Paulette Goddard, Heather Thatcher, Sylvia and Douglas Fairbanks, Eddie Goulding. Merle stars in the other candids: above center, at St. Moritz, tobogganing with Mr. Fairbanks; top left, with Doug and Sylvia; right center, with Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson.



I'm a bit ahead. Marvelous little cameras, Brownies."

Merle has two excellent shots from her current film—Gary Cooper, outside the stage, playing his harmonica, and director H. C. Potter riding the troupe's prop horse mascot. "But the lighting was perfect in each case," she demurred, upon praise. "All I did was stand there and click!"

These shots may be all very well, but they don't give Merle the thrill she gets from her fish pictures. "I'm mad about fishing!" she confessed, searching through her album for the prized shots. "A group of us—Norma Shearer, Nigel Bruce, David Niven, Ronnie Colman, Bart Marshall and so on—go out for big fish whenever we can manage it. I've had quite marvelous luck, but for a long time I used to forget to bring my camera on the boat, or pier, or wherever we were, and when I'd talk about my fish, people would laugh and look wise. Another fish story, they thought.

"So one day, I remembered and brought the Brownie. And *that* day, what should happen but I caught a 265-pound shark, all by myself! We were off Balboa at the time. I don't believe I was ever so excited! When we brought it in, I made them hold everything while I shot it, but we were all so wrought up that everyone crowded in and you can see all the shadows below the thing.

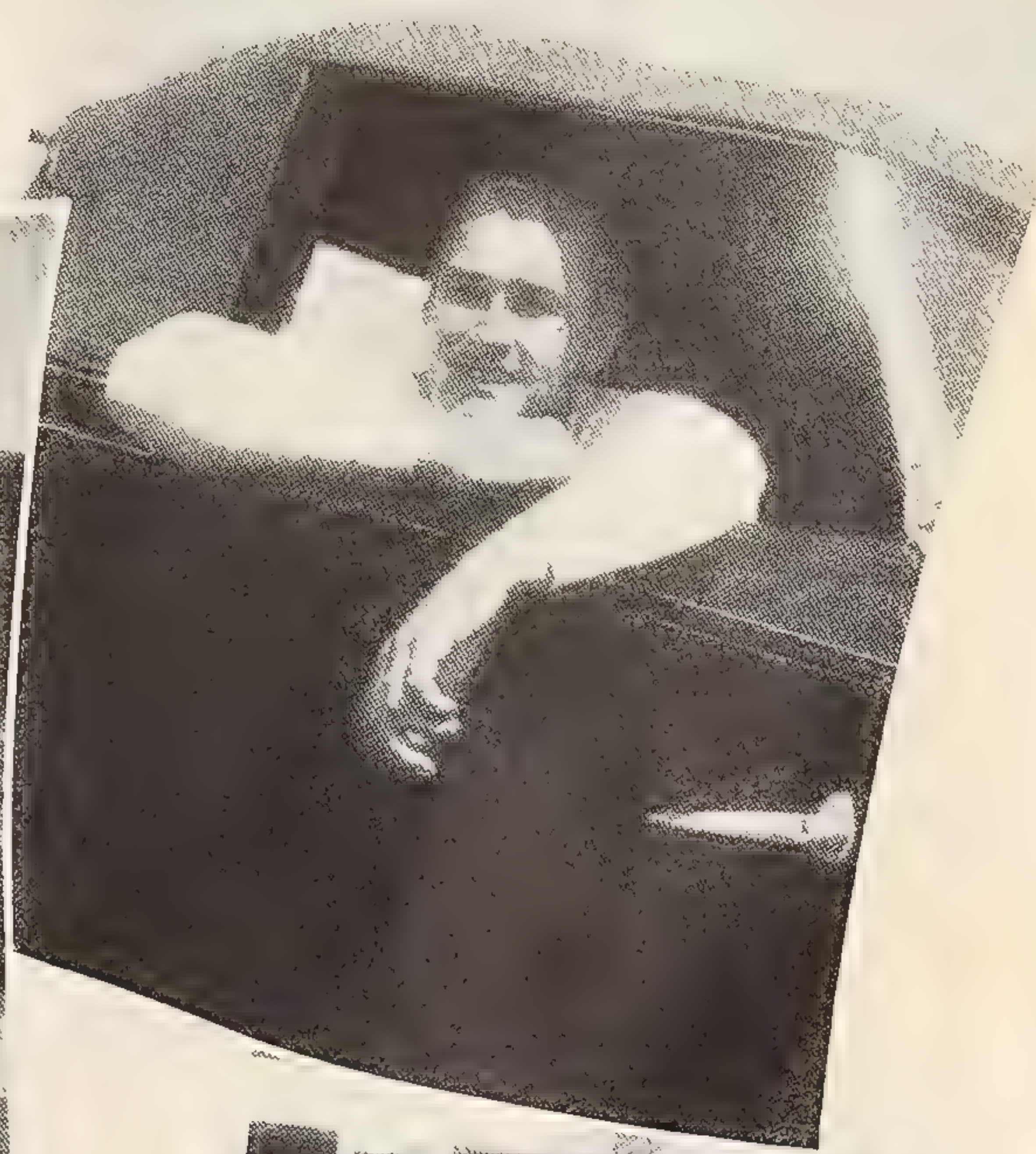
"Another day, when we were off Malibu, I landed a swordfish. This is it, hanging up with all the children

around it. I was in a frightful hurry to get the picture, so the light's wrong and you can't see much of the fish. But I like the little backs of the children."

Taking informal shots may be more than a moment's pleasure, according to Merle. Among her most prized possessions are half a dozen pictures she took of the Thalberg family a few days before Irving died. "No one could have those," she said. "They are precious. They're not good of the baby, but nothing could do justice to that baby. She's the most adorable child! It's shots like these that justify the hobby. I wouldn't take anything for them. And I wouldn't part with these shots of Lord and Lady Plunkett, taken just before they came over here on that last trip."

Merle is not a "wait-a-minute" photographer. She dashes in with her Brownie, snaps whatever it is, with no fuss, no trouble to anyone. She wouldn't inconvenience anyone for the world. She could hardly bear it because the women who were waiting to give her a fitting hadn't had their lunch. "It's too terrible," she worried. "They haven't had a bite since breakfast. And they work so hard. Let's hurry, shall we?"

She ruffled the pages of her album, with crimson-tipped fingers. "These are rather nice," she pointed out. "They are snaps of Douglas Fairbanks' house party at St. Moritz. See, here's the sleigh that brought us up from the station. That was a lucky shot because I was in a frightful rush to get it, but *(Please turn to page 93)*



All of these pictures were made by Merle except that at lower center, showing la Oberon with Kay Francis and Sylvia Fairbanks. Above, Gary Cooper practicing his harmonica on the "Lady and the Cowboy" set. Left above, English country scene. Above center, the one that didn't get away. Above right, Errol Flynn. Far right, the Fairbankses again, with Kay Francis and Delmar Daves.



Brown Bros.

The spirit of the West that inspired such noble sculptures as Frederic Remington's "The Bronco Buster," left, flames for screen patrons in the manly figures and dashing personalities of Gene Autry, Bill Boyd, Buck Jones, Jack Holt, George O'Brien, whom you see in these close-ups at right.



They're Still Ridin' High

Men of action off as well as on screen, the cowboys' glamor outlasts that of other Hollywood stars, yet there's nothing Hollywoodish about them

By Dick Pine

FAR be it from me to wail about the passing of the "good old days" of early motion pictures. But, just the same, when I first came to Hollywood, the place distinctly resembled the pictures I had seen of villages of the early West. Feathered and blanketed Indians were common sights on Hollywood Boulevard, and men in ten-gallon hats drove ornate cars at breakneck speed between Vine Street and Highland Avenue. Then they drove back. Sometimes you even saw a horse.

The first time I went to Cocoanut Grove Tom Mix was there, wearing the famous white dinner clothes with the silver "T.M." over the breast pocket. That was the occasion I arrived just in time to see Tom catch a dignified matron in the revolving doors, and twirl her round and round. Prankish, these original cowboy stars!

When I had been here only a few days, my friend, J. P. McGowan, who has probably directed more Westerns than any other man in Hollywood, invited me to his apartment at lunch time for sandwiches and beer. He let me in, and I looked around. The place was a shambles. Chairs had been smashed, windows broken. Shattered glass littered the floor, and the chandelier had been torn out by the roots. "What the—?" I gasped. "Oh, that's nothing," said McGowan nonchalantly. "Sit on the floor. Had some Western stars in last night, and they got to arguing about who was the best actor, that's all! Doesn't amount to anything."

It occurred to me recently, with something of a jolt, that the chap and sombrero boys didn't appear to be brightening our lives with the same old verve. You scarcely ever see or hear of them in Hollywood today; yet exhibitors and producers will still tell you eagerly that the outdoor numbers are still the backbone of the industry. Children cry for them, and grown men applaud them. The Hays office never has to worry about them. The heroes are so noble, and the villains always get what all villains should get. I set myself to finding out where they are, and I found out. They're all over the place. But they don't haunt the Boulevard any more. They're all serious-minded business men.

I found Gene Autry out at Republic Studios, having himself a shoe-shine. I suppose I should have said boot-shine, for Gene's boots were wonderful to behold. They

were red, inlaid with green, or *vice versa*. He put out a large hand and grasped mine. "Be with you in a minute, and we'll go and have some chili and beans!" I stood by, while the negro artist was finishing his work. Autry looked a most friendly guy. I liked him at sight. Personally, I couldn't imagine this singing cowboy squabbling with anybody about anything, even though I already knew that he had conducted a profitable squabble with his studio for more money. Well, he's been box office tops in his field for a couple of years; so why not?

His drawl is amiable, his chuckle infectious. Before he stepped down from the shoe-shine seat he expertly rolled a cigarette, and invited me "inside" to chili and beans. Over two of the most prodigious chili and bean bowls I've ever seen, Gene told me about himself.

He never was a real cowboy, it seems. His father was an Oklahoma preacher who did a bit of horse trading on the side. Gene learned to ride when he was young, and found, at about the same time, that it was pleasant to lift his quavering young voice in song. He drifted into pictures by a casual route which included a job as telegraph operator, a session with a traveling medicine show, and some few and far between radio engagements. When he found himself in Hollywood, wearing that town's idea of the perfect cowboy outfit, equipped with horse, guitar, and contract, he felt that he was home at last. He took



to the angora chaps, the silver mounted saddles, the spotted ponies, as though he had known nothing else. He rode, he sang his songs, and his fan mail mounted until it surpassed that of any other western star (and more than a heap of other type stars).

He doesn't own an ordinary business suit, much less a suit of dinner clothes. He and his pretty wife live on a ranch. "It's a real, ranch-like ranch," he told me. He breeds and trains fine horses for the show business. But he never goes near the local race tracks, and he has yet to see the inside of one of the really swagger night clubs. "I like what I'm doin', and I'll stay where I belong," he told me. He thinks that Western pictures are popular, "because I reckon nearly every kid in America would like to do what I did—get some experience as a cowhand, even if he had to wait until he's grown, and then just play at it, as I did. They like the clothes, too, like I do."

That dean of bronc-busters, Buck Jones, agrees with Gene for the most part. Buck has been making Westerns successfully since 1917. Before that, he was a stunt rider with the Ringling circus, and before that, he broke wild horses for your Uncle Sam's Army. Buck practically grew (*Please turn to page 92*)



Stout fellows, proud of their work and their favorite mounts, such as the steed Buck Jones rides at left, are the cowboy stars. Far left and center above, typical "sure-fire" Western thrills: rescue of the heroine, and the encounter with bad men and "injuns."

News flashes of stars and the gay glamor parade

By
Weston
East

HERE'S HOLLYWOOD

Hollywood hints for more glamor in the colorful sport of the gridiron! Here's the idea at left—the all alluring eleven in "Hold That Co-Ed."



YOU wouldn't think that Claudette Colbert would be a feminine Paul Muni when it comes to characterizing, but she is. When she is doing a picture she can snap out of her rôle at noon all right, yet by the middle of the afternoon—if it's a dramatic assignment—she is so wrapt up in her screen self that she's quite unconscious of the real Colbert. When she's finally finished at the studio for the day she steps into her car—fortunately for the rest of the people on the streets she has a chauffeur—and when she gets home she literally wanders in. For at least ten minutes she's appallingly absent-minded. Gradually she snaps out of it, and into herself. This emphatically isn't an act, either.

IT'S All Off Dep't: Tyrone Power is the cleverest gal's man now, because Janet Gaynor is telling friends to tell Tyrone that when they saw her she was looking good. This pair finaled with a bang, but the explosion was a silent one for both were too proud to let folks in on the actual

Absorbed in the program, Hollywood husbands ignore the news camera, but their wives smile graciously for the photographer. Left, Charles Boyer and wife Pat Patterson; right, Dr. Joel Pressman and Claudette Colbert—attending the opening of Tallulah Bankhead's new stage play in Los Angeles.

split. They resorted to elaborate finesse. Tyrone went vacationing to Mexico and sent ardent wires to a stock girl at his studio. Janet threw herself into a new picture and designer Adrian discovered she was his one love. Now neither Tyrone nor Janet has a big moment. What happened? In the beginning theirs was a rapid, consuming attraction. Janet vowed he was every man she had ever admired rolled into one, and then some. He was so overwhelmed—she had been his boyish dream girl. They wanted to marry. But dat ol' debil Hollywood slowed 'em down. His studio had lifted him from the nowhere; he certainly owed loyalty in return. Janet, lifted from obscurity a decade earlier, real-

Acme





Screen's first lady Smilin' Through! Right, Norma Shearer, leaving Mount Sinai Hospital, New York, where she went for rest and observation, gave cameramen a chance to make this gay picture of health and glamor.

ized his first obligation was to his employers. But even though there were reasons why it was best for them not to marry, theirs was an emotional bust-up. They loved with their hearts, not with their heads. They quarrelled because they wanted to, not in any passive fashion.

BARBARA STANWYCK continues to have the darndest luck—outside of rating Robert Taylor, who's considerable compensation. She was ill during the entire filming of her last picture, but it was scheduled to be shot and so, as usual, she managed to carry on without a single sigh of complaint. Three days after the last scene was made Barbara felt like her real self again, definitely okay. But came the mood to go dancing and painting the village with Bob and — hi-ho — *his* vacation! She couldn't ask him to stay put on his nearby farm when he'd been dreaming of a trip for months. She couldn't go along. So Barbara smiled from ear to ear and saw Bob off at the Burbank airport. He flew to Seattle, and from there took the boat jaunt to Alaska. He invited Don Milo, his stand-in and college room-mate, along.

BABIES are *in* in Hollywood. In fact, they're important enough to gum things up at the ace glamor plant, M-G-M. In the good old days no top feminine star in her

The seal of confidence keeps secret what is being said, left, but you can see that George Raft and "Slicker," who shares the spotlight with him in "Spawn of the North," are not letting professional jealousy disrupt a real palship.

right mind would have quit the screen to have another baby just after tangling with a potent rival. Yet Margaret Sullavan, having given Joan Crawford lessons in acting in "The Shining Hour," will be a mother again the first of the year and she believes her fans will wait while she takes time out. Margaret, incidentally, grabbed a record for her tiny daughter Brooke by flying her across the continent at the youngest age the airplane companies had encountered. Robert Young has been carrying on for fathers at Metro. The other evening he was slated for night work. The whole company was ready and the director had given Bob last-minute instructions when a wild-eyed messenger dashed in with news that Bob's three-year-old daughter had been in an auto accident. The show

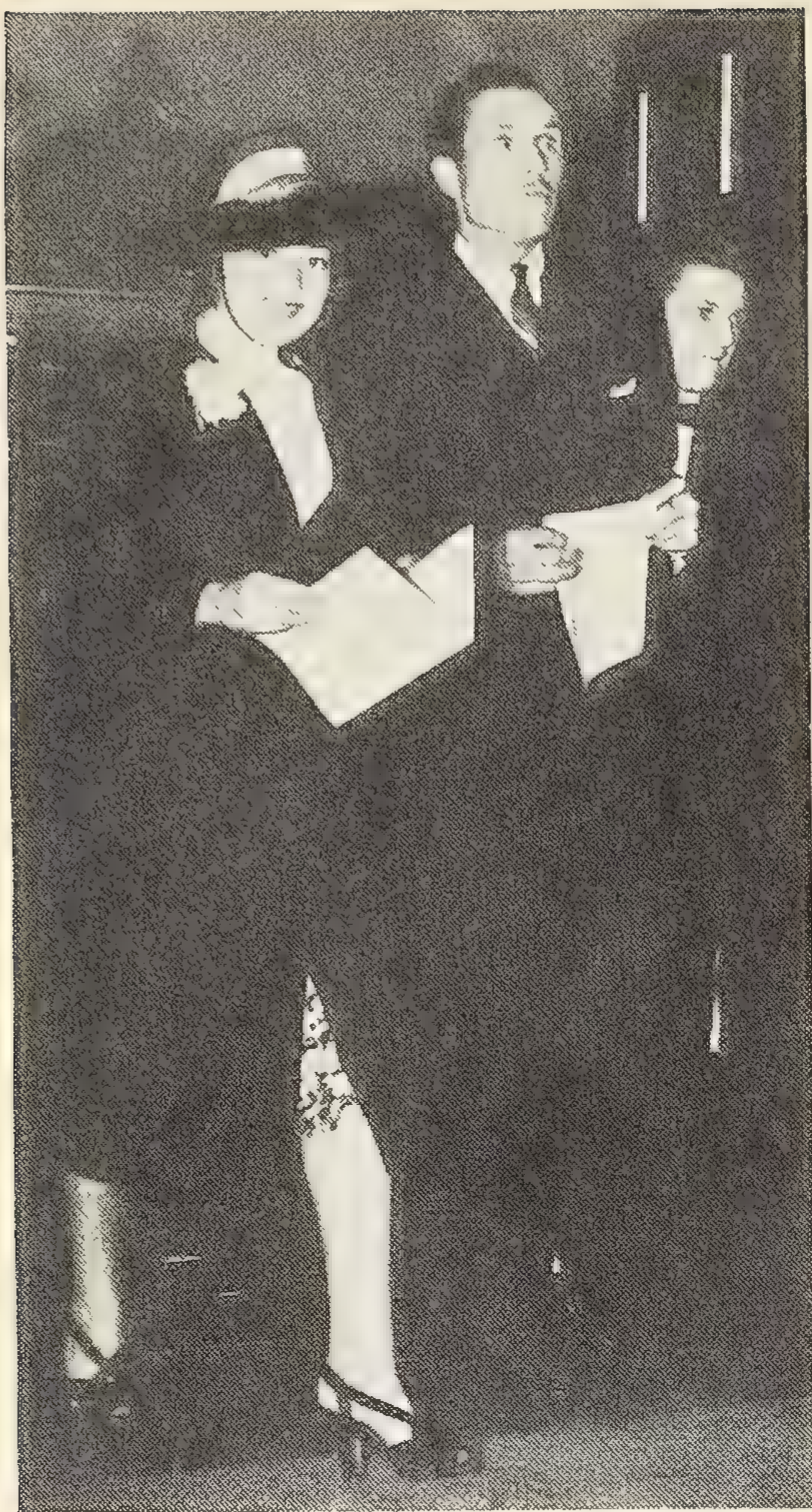
must go on? Thousands of dollars of overhead per minute and all that? Yeh? Bob walked off that set so fast he was like a cyclone. Not until he had gone to the receiving hospital and learned for himself that the injuries were minor did he return. Amusingly, Sullavan, Young, and Melvyn Douglas—who's just become a dad for the third time—have all been working with Joan Crawford. Now Joan regrets more than ever that she has been denied—motherhood.

THANK - heavens - it's - still - Hollywood dep't.: Lucille Ball, originally brown-haired, went platinum when she hit Hollywood. She darkened to a golden blonde a year ago. Now that she's risen to leads she is "one shade darker than originally,



Home! Simone and Mama Simon hold a happy reunion as the little French girl is greeted by her youthful mother at Le Havre, France. Simone will devote herself to pictures to be made in her homeland, after a somewhat stormy Hollywood career. Right, Frances Farmer and her husband Leif Erickson, back in Hollywood after a season on the New York stage, will appear together in a Paramount film.





Olivia de Havilland, squired by Billy Bakewell, is photographed as she enters the theatre for one of Hollywood's important film previews.

with a little more gold to it." Oh well, you figure that out. Anyway, her fiance, director Al Hall, gave her a lynx coat and she was so-o-o thrilled she insisted upon wearing it in her new picture! June Lang got notice Saturday that she was to leave Sunday for England to make a picture there, so she did. She is through dating middle-aged millionaire A. C. ("Blumey") Blumenthal because, as her representative puts it, "she was never engaged to him because he is a married man." Peggy Fears still won't divorce him. Nancy Kelly, who did sixty-five films when a kiddie, is seventeen and Tyrone Power's heroine at the moment; both her ma and pa are along with her on that Missouri location trip—not because they doubt Nancy's ability to take care of herself, but just on account of they're plain

old-fashioned about the chaperone thing. The surprising fact about the new gal, however, is that she never saw one of her childhood epics. She says neither mom nor pop will keep her from seeing herself in her love scenes with Tyrone. Movie stars are traditionally non-political—they daren't commit themselves for fear of offending half their fans. So what? So Melvyn Douglas, Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gloria Stuart paraded down the Boulevard the other evening as Democrats, endorsing a local candidate for the state assembly.

LOOK who's back! Garbo, and if you are still curious—and she is banking on that—she's going to make two expensive pictures for M-G-M. The final title on the first one, now starting, hasn't been decided upon. But Garbo's made sure that there are a number of lighter moments. She doesn't want to be regarded as a museum piece. When she has proved that she isn't passé—of course, all she really need do is wave her salary check at the doubters to make 'em swoon!—she'll go right into "Madame Curie." Irene Dunne wanted to enact this wonderful woman and once had a contract with Universal to do so. Irene told me she was in Kentucky when Universal decided to turn the story into cash; sold it to Metro. She was on the long-distance phone for several days attempting to dissuade them. "But after all," she explained to me, "I couldn't afford it myself!" The M-G-M scenarists are ecstatic because they have come across an actual quote of Madame Curie's. Said the noblest Polish lady of them all (honestly): "I want to be alone." A set-up, say the boys, for Greta. Think how she'll read that line. What pathos she'll pour into it! P. S.: As you no doubt know, Garbo is still unwed, although Stokowski remains her favorite companion. They write, phone, and telegraph constantly.

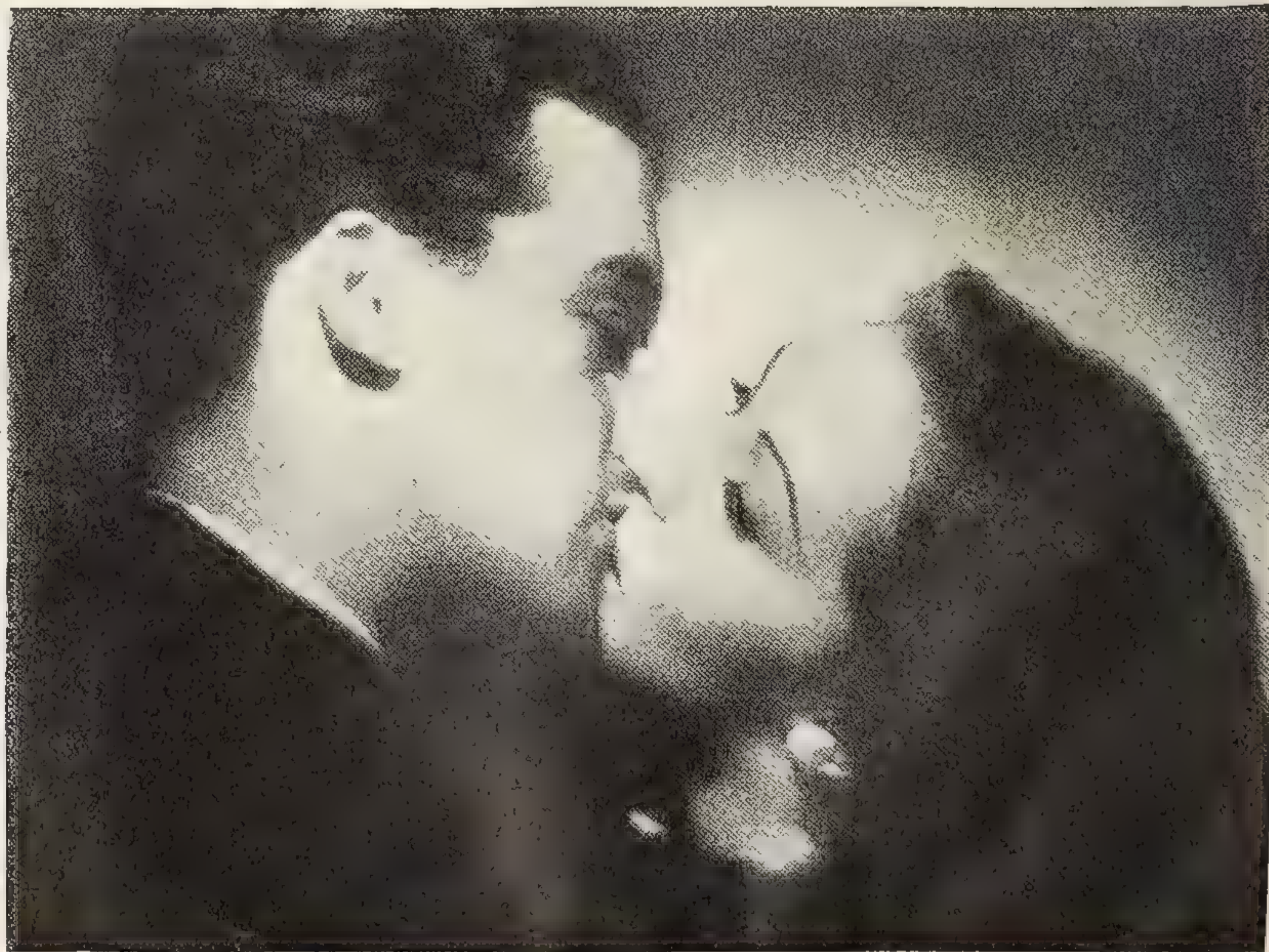
IS IT true what they say about Hedy? Yes—and no! It depends where you listen. Here's actual lowdown on Lamarr in Hollywood. It's so that she is just as gorgeous in person. But even if she was the most luxurious flower of all Europe, she isn't a siren now. She's romantically

A visit to the studios is never dull—you see such interesting people! Such as, left below, Jimmy Cagney greeting his co-star Pat O'Brien, who plays the rôle of a cleric, in "Angels with Dirty Faces." And, right, Richard Greene in a romantic close-up kisses Nancy Kelly in a scene for "Submarine Patrol."

faithful; she's economical. She's modest and she is appreciative. While she was waiting those six long months for her big break it was Reginald Gardiner, actor, who rushed her. Today all the big shots—including Howard Hughes—are phoning her. Hedy still is dating Reggy exclusively. Once a rich wife, she drives her modestly-priced coupé herself and rents an unpretentious furnished house. Her companion-housekeeper does all the work therein. "Of course," muses Lamarrvelous, "I'd like a place of my own design, and a swimming pool." Then she adds thoughtfully, "I have to earn the money first!" She will build as soon as possible, for she considers rent receipts an extravagance. But she accepted no alimony from the millionaire husband she left behind in Europe and she is, so far, on a small salary. Hedy's been going to parties continually, so don't call her in the morning when she's trying to catch up with her sleep. The town's lionizing her and she's too grateful to say no. She's fondest of visiting Merle Oberon and Norma Shearer. She thought it was fun to combine a mink coat and slacks, in typical Hollywood style, until she overheard herself being panned for such garb.

ANNE SHIRLEY wanted to recapture the precise glow of her wedding supper, so she asked John Payne to take her dinner dancing at the Trocadero on the night of their first anniversary. What did he do but prove himself the perfect husband! He invited the entire original bridal party, and asked one and all to dig up the same duds they'd worn on the 1937 wedding day. Some of the girls had to do a lot of research. Then he insisted that Lee Bowman be treated as the guest of honor—because it was at Lee's house that Johnny first met Anne. She told all of us repeatedly that Mr. Payne thinks of everything, and evidently he does! He thought of a platinum and steel cigarette case for her, embroidered with diamonds. Hardly the absent-minded, cold wife, Anne eventually admitted over demi-tasses that she'd presented him with a very complete set of luggage. "Now," she sighed, "if we can only take a honeymoon trip somewhere!" What price success!

JACK OAKIE had planned to take a good long vacation in London to forget. But an offer from Fox decided him to work and forget. He had climbed onto the wagon, and he'd reduced his waistband astonishingly. He'd starred in three pictures RKO expected to be a series. Then his beautiful wife, Venita Varden, decided to leave him. She said he had such a violent temper and was so jealous that she was on the verge



of a nervous breakdown. During his spectacular slimming regime he refused to step out or to let her step without him. Her mother and the Oakie maid backed her up. Jack was so hard hit he persuaded his studio to cancel his contract, which had several years to run. And did you ever know that he was crazy about Joan Crawford years ago when both of 'em were in the same chorus in New York? Funny that they'd become stars, rarely run into one another in Hollywood, and then go blah with their marriages at the same time!

LUISE RAINER has suddenly risen in Hollywood's estimation. She won the Academy Award twice in succession, of course, but she wouldn't comb her hair into coiffures and she had Art always on her mind. She was so given to her impulses that the lady interviewers threatened to ban her from the public prints—Luise gave three stories on her happy marriage and cut Clifford Odets out of her life before the poor editors got into print! But now she can, like little Audrey, just laugh and laugh. For the world-renowned sculptor Feliz Weiss has travelled seven thousand miles just to make a bust of her. Before you crack wise and bet it will be a bust, know that F. Weiss has sculpted Europe's greatest, including both King George V. and the present King George VI. of England. He sculpted the Duke of Windsor, too. It was his version of the present king that was used on the cover of the official coronation program last year. He had met Luise abroad and thinks she has the most sensitive face he has ever seen. He cabled clear to Hollywood, asking if she'd sit for him. When he arrived she was involved with a picture, but she hurried home for an hour's posing each evening before dinner.

SOMETIMES Joan Crawford thinks she'll have to develop the patience of a saint. She finally made up her long-standing quarrel with Jimmie Fidler, because his radio audience was a bigger weapon than any she could muster. Now she's wondering about Hedda Hopper, the actress who's turned columnist. Hedda gleefully announced that Joan came to the Charles Boyers' elaborate housewarming with Jimmy Stewart. Actually, Joan was at home getting her beauty sleep—she never goes out nights when she's making a picture and she certainly intends to look her best in this long-delayed new one. Besides, Jimmy's never asked her out so she really feels pretty silly. "I hope he didn't mind," she confided to a friend. (There's something about Jimmy that brings out hopefulness in all the Hollywood women!)

Joan's only been out with Cesar Romero so far. He's a magnificent dancer, which could be said for neither of her husbands. As for Franchot, he has been as content as could be under the circumstances. Living in an apartment in Beverly Hills, he stags it or joins still-married couples as the jolly kibitzer at the local night spots. He likes to stay up late, but had to Be Aware of Joan's Public when he was married to her. In a few weeks Franchot will be back on the New York stage.

GENE RAYMOND is either going to have to change the color of his car or hire a business secretary. Being the dynamo type, he picked a bright green shade for his motor. Jeanette agreed that was keen and, naturally, she is proud that he's as adept in business investments as he is at acting. But it seems that Gene's important affairs take him to a certain office on Sunset Boulevard, and so regularly that local fans have taken to awaiting his arrival and exit there. The other afternoon when Gene came out there was such a crowd as has never been seen in the neighborhood, and the more eager Raymondites shoved him right back through the glass door of the office. No one was injured but Gene, who had both hands cut by shattering glass.

GLORIA STUART can't forget Carmel, California, for there is where so much has happened to her. When she graduated from the University of California and married an artist, they settled in Carmel and Gloria acted in little theatre plays there. Last month she enjoyed her third wedding—to her second husband—in Carmel. Her first marriage, founded upon ultra-modern principles, was a bust. When she and Arthur Sheekman, the scenarist, discovered each other they decided there was a lot in old-fashioned home life. Only they eloped to Mexico and recently they got to mulling over the legality of Mexican weddings. "Good grief!" exclaimed Gloria, aghast at the very notion of a flaw in the ceremony. So the Sheekmans bounced up to Carmel, where they took vows once more in the house of a friend. But Arthur had to rush back to Paramount to stir up a new screen plot; Gloria remained for a while, said she wouldn't be cheated of her half-honeymoon.

Hollywood supplies the world's demand for romance. Left below, a new love team for the screen: Joel McCrea and Andrea Leeds live up to the rôles chosen for them in "Youth Takes a Fling." Right, Humphrey Bogart and Mayo Methot, not acting, are seen signing their new private-life contract.



Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, at a Hollywood skating rink take a turn at the sport Sonja Henie has made more popular everywhere.

CLARK GABLE is positive where he's going to end up now. He believed he'd be a rambling rolling stone, that when his long-term contract was finished he'd tour the world. Maybe he will. But headquarters will be half-an-hour's drive from Hollywood. For the past year he has been renting a ranch-house owned by former director Rex Ingram, as an experiment. He has found he likes the San Fernando Valley so well that he's bought acreage nearby and when he gets around to it he'll build the comfortable rural home he'll retire to. He expects to breed horses on his land, rather than raise oranges like the neighbors are doing. While you're reading this, incidentally, Clark is on a hunting trip. He should be heading through the wildest wilds of Idaho any moment now.





Party poses: Shirley Ross wears a black bow in her top-knot of curls. Opposite, Eleanor Powell uses an evening lipstick studded with brilliants, and below, Ruth Hussey shows an exciting eau de Cologne and lipstick to match.

Off to the Party!

Recipe for a good time—mood, make-up and manners. Here are tips

By
Courtenay
Marvin



handsomest man of the evening and be the whole pivot of attention, submerge it in the idea of a good time for all, and see what happens.

To help you in this good-time-for-all idea, try to be fresh and rested for the party. Easier said than done, I know. But there are ways. The beauty mask is your first aid. There are all kinds. Many have a cream base and are not the least bit drying. Then, there are many good ones you can make from food supplies right on your pantry shelf. One especially good mask I know costs but a few cents. Cleanse

your face well, then apply your mask. Usually, the trick is to lie down and relax for twenty minutes with the mask on, then remove. If you can't lie down, you can relax your face, at least, and go about your other affairs, such as your bath. These masks seem to give the face that lifted, freshened look, to smooth out tired lines, to clarify tone and give it a soft finish.

Try to take a little extra time for your bath. Adding a beauty potion to the water helps pick you up. There are all kinds of good things, from bubble baths, scented bath oils to perfuming, softening bath powders. There is also a simple starch product that makes water silky soft and leaves your skin like a baby's. If you have eau de Cologne or toilet water, use it over your body, after drying yourself, especially neck, shoulders and arms. It

A GAIN, night life begins in earnest. Parties, the kind you dress up for, are on the calendar. Now is a good time to watch your movies carefully. You can pick up smart and original ideas on a coiffure, a different way to wear a flower or a new design for an evening dress. If you will use your best sense of taste, movies are a splendid guide to individual style. To be safe, try to find your own prototype in a star. Watch her and her clothes carefully, as applied to your own needs.

Before we consider hair, make-up or clothes, here is a personality point worth more than a big bouquet of orchids or an ermine wrap. This is the business of getting yourself into a party mood. Work up a spirit of expectancy. Deliberately plan to enjoy yourself, no matter what, and see that others enjoy themselves. This is practically a failure-proof plan for a lovely evening. Though you may secretly long to walk off with the

is refreshing on your feet, too, if you expect to dance for hours in new sandals. A dusting of bath powder for good measure, and you feel like a party already.

Now starts the fun, the art work on your face. A make-up base is really essential. There are the creams, lotions and liquids that we know and two new forms well worth looking into. One is a cake, to be applied with a dampened sponge or cotton. This is a form of the product used in Technicolor pictures that gives the stars that wonderful evenness of face tone. The other is a foundation cream in stick form, very easy to use and very, very effective for added glamor.

Use a critical eye with regard to make-up tones for evening. Consider night lights, your type, and costume color. Yellow lights wash color from the face, but since most of the smart Fall make-up tones have a dash of blue, which gives depth, yellow lights need not worry us.

Do something about your eyes for evening! This is the hour for shadow, and it does lend a mystery and excitement to the eyes. Most of the evening shadows have a metallic or iridescent tone. This gives a luminous quality. Then there are gold or silver shadows to be applied over color. Use mascara subtly—preferably in the lovely evening tones of orchid, green-blue, green or blue, according to your eye color and the shadow. In exotic shades, this mascara and shadow should match for best effect. Apply these mascaras carefully, to accent lashes gently and to show up those tips, usually lighter than the root of the lash. This colored mascara is great for accenting the tone of your eyes, though just how, is not apparent to any but the trained eye.

If possible, do sit down to arrange your hair. Your other duties have exerted you, and you may be impatient at this point if you aren't comfortable. Comfortable, you can twirl or pin or smooth with patience. That hair is going up, probably, and a very good place for it, if you don't have to exploit bad points. Among these beauty hazards are a bad neckline, when the hair grows irregularly or too far down on the neck, to make that back hair always look straggly; too large or unattractive ears; too much height or a generally aging effect. If any of these hazards are yours, content yourself with an upward sweep at forehead and temples and a modified curl arrangement at the back. Many of us can bare forehead and temples, as I've suggested, but the shape of the head, plus the danger points mentioned, should control just how much head and neck we expose. Regarding hair off the forehead, the widow's peak is still a point of beauty. I've seen many of the stars accent this with an eyebrow pencil. You can emphasize that point very nicely. Pictured, is Shirley Ross with a black bow in blonde curls, charming with that simple black gown.

I hope you have to wait ten minutes for that escort or husband. This ten minutes will do your poise and beauty a world of good. It will give you time to compose yourself and gather your thoughts, so you won't run off without your gloves or compact. It will also give your make-up time to set, so a quick glance in your mirror tells you whether to add another suspicion of rouge and whether your lips are as radiant as you might want them. Retouch, if you must.

Try hard to make yourself an asset to the party. Help put life and lift into it. Remember, you're on parade now and by exerting yourself a little toward everybody, you make the kind of impression that makes the prize of the evening want to walk off with you. Obviously, you must be a super-person to be so popular.

Yours for Loveliness

A dramatic note
in new make-up



Left, Orchid Red by Rubinstein
Center, Pinettes for your curls
Right, new beauty kit by Elmo

Beauty from your
head to your toes



HELENA RUBINSTEIN has created a new color note in a make-up ensemble to enhance our beauty with cool-weather costumes. The tone is Orchid Red, a shade that is rich, yet femininely fragile and a perfect foil for costumes of violet to red or blue to violet, just what many of us will be wearing. Or try it with orchid pink, light cerise, crimson, raspberry and mulberry, difficult shades without proper make-up. Illustrated, are Orchid Red Nail Groom, perfectly matched in the Orchid Red lipstick, and delicate Creme Orchid Luminous Eye Shadow. Combine these with the same tone in creme rouge and Champagne Rose face powder. The effect is smart and striking. This Champagne Rose is a lovely powder, adaptable to all shades of skin. This is a real recipe for make-up chic.

FOR a satiny, lasting make-up use a powder base first. I think many of you who are searching for the perfect one will stop when you try Powd'r (no e) Base. I've heard high praise of it. This is a relatively new idea—solidified cream foundation in stick form. It spreads easily, is lovely in effect, lasting, protective and water-proof. It comes in a de luxe package in department stores. In chain stores, you find about three months' supply, simply packaged but the same fine product. It makes a great difference in your face.

MARY PICKFORD adds another achievement to her colorful career—the creation of her own cosmetics known as Mary Pickford Cosmetics. The whole group is pictured below. Miss Pickford's desire was to create exceptional quality at moderate prices. The packaging, in blue and white cameo effect, is beautiful. Cleansing Cream, Cold Cream, Tissue Cream, Skin Freshener, Beauty Soap, Powder, Rouge and Lipstick are included. Miss Pickford, petite, lovely and gracious, is certainly a splendid endorsement of the fine ingredients and principles embodied in her own products.

WITH the greatest of ease, Pinette Tuck C o m b s



Mary Pickford may well be proud of her new cosmetics

above, slip into your hair and hold it snugly and invisibly in place. They are small metal affairs, in hair tones, that grip tightly and give you that secure feeling. Particularly adaptable to the "up" coiffure, though there's a place for them on every head. Cunning and very, very convenient. Two to a card for a trifle.

THE new Elmo beauty kit looks like a smart handbag but is much, much more. For thirty years, these splendid preparations have been enthusiastically received. They combine quality and effectiveness, and once an Elmo user, always an Elmo user, I've heard. I like these preparations. In the kit are five for basic care, plus face powder, rouge and lipstick; also a comb and easel mirror. The kit is beautifully simulated black leather, peach lined and with gold-effect trimmings. Handsome, convenient and complete, as you see above.

WISH I could show you the new bottle of Campana's Italian Balm. A beautiful Ionic column in opal glass topped with soft blue. Extremely decorative and fits the home dispenser. This is the largest bottle of Italian Balm ever made. Make a note of this for Christmas giving. As you know, this is a fine lotion for protecting and softening skin, especially the hands. You will like this old friend in its new dress.

DON'T know where you'll find as much all-over beauty as in one package of Linit. It is fine for body and face skin. A Linit beauty bath softens, refreshes and refines. The Linit Magic Milk Mask, for face, is a treat to the skin. It brings a glow to the face, makes it feel and look fresh and young. Mildly stimulating, it helps circulation. Easy to mix and apply, this mask is a home idea that gets a big hand. It is quickly made by mixing three tablespoons of Linit with one teaspoon of cold cream and enough milk to make a firm consistency. Apply to your cleansed face and neck and relax for twenty minutes. Rinse off in tepid water and dry. A great picker-upper before important dates and a good bracer. C. M.



It's a wise pup that knows its own master, and this one knows Errol Flynn's pose is worse than his bite, so he's not worrying as Flynn shows us the news of man biting dog, to oblige the publicity boys at Warners.

"I'm No Prude!"

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forget it!" His apologies were abject, and they became fast friends. Which they wouldn't have done, I might add in parenthesis, had Jeanette really been a prude. She would never have forgiven him.

The girl went to Hollywood. Her voice was a sensation from the start. Lubitsch grabbed her, and used her in one ambitious production after another. By outward signs, she was doing all right. But something jangled within when Lubitsch—who, she knew, was her friend and meant well by her—greeted her as she walked onto the set with, "Hello, real estate woman."

"Why?" she demanded.

He grinned. "You walk like one. You come click-clicking in, all brisk and efficient—like a real estate woman, who has no interesting past."

"Must I have one?"

"You'd be a better actress."

"Oh, flapdoodle! You're not going to give me that old line about 'you have to be awakened, you have to live—'?"

"No. Just, you have to play sophisticated rôles, and you're not sophisticated."

"All right. If you're as great a director as they say, make me *seem* sophisticated."

She left her friend Lubitsch holding the bag. But every once in a while the thought of the real estate woman would return to haunt her with a vague unease. One night she was dancing with a power in the movie world. "Know what you remind me of?" he asked.

She sighed. "By the ominous note in your voice, I should say, nothing good."

"I always think of you as the singing governess."

"Am I supposed to be insulted or what?"

"Well, it's not a compliment."

"All right, I don't like you either, and no bones broken. Now, may I ask in all humility, why the singing governess?"

"Mind you, I like you on the screen. I think you're talented and have a beautiful voice. But—I don't know—there's something prissy about you, something that suggests the little woman at home, taking care of the children. And since you've no children of your own, it would have to be other women's children. Hence the governess!"

"Would dogs do?" inquired Jeanette. "I've got lots of dogs. I could stay home and take care of them."

"Never mind the cracks. I mean it. I can't make you out. You lack a certain sophistication, yet I know you're old enough

to be sophisticated."

There was "sophistication" come back to haunt her. Jeanette sat down with herself. Just what *was* sophistication, anyway? She remembered a man who'd said to her once: "You don't drink, you don't smoke, you don't use bad language. Have you *no* vices?"

She fixed him with a bland eye. "Oh, yes. I commit a murder occasionally or rob a bank. Just no *minor* vices."

Surely, to be sophisticated, you didn't have to do things you'd rather not. And was it so important that she *should* be sophisticated? She didn't want to jeopardize her career. Maybe she lacked glamor, sex appeal. Voice or no voice, you couldn't do much on the screen without that nameless something that clicked with audiences.

"Certain things offend me," she said. "Bawdy stories that have no point, familiarities from casual acquaintances. I don't *pretend* to dislike them in order to set myself up as a holier-than-thou. I just *don't like* them. And why should I make believe I do, for the sake of having someone I don't care a whoop about call me a good sport? That's cowardice."

"As for smoking and drinking, I don't enjoy either, and I think they're bad for me and my voice. I've been known to take a glass of sherry. But sherry makes my nose itch, and you can't be talking to someone at dinner, and rubbing away at your nose the whole time."

"I've always remembered a line in a show I once played. The mother of a girl who'd been drinking, said: 'Don't forget this—youth and health are about the only things that can't be preserved in alcohol.' I've got myself to look after. It wouldn't matter much to any of my so-called critics, if I got to looking haggard or my voice broke. It would matter a great deal to me. Therefore it seems to me, not prudery, but good sense, to let cigarettes and liquor alone."

"If I'd really been a prude—a model of decorum and bound to let the world know it—I wouldn't have gone to parties at all. I'd have stayed at home with my knitting or spent my evenings at women's clubs, safe from the danger of meeting men who might affront my precious dignity. But I *did* go out, I had fun, I made lots of friends. Far from trying to prove how angelic I was, there was a time not so long ago when I tried to impress Hollywood with how gay I could be—"

"To explain that, I've got to go back a bit to this sophistication business. It gnawed at me. And it gnawed most, naturally, when I began to realize that my screen standing wasn't so hot, that my career was going this way." Her hand teetered. "I thought

maybe there was something really wrong with me, and maybe I'd better do something about it."

By that time, of course, she'd got over being sensitive about her profession. She'd acquired sufficient perspective to gauge that childhood incident at its true worth. But she was still the daughter of her parents. There were still certain things she couldn't bring herself to do. So she put on an act. First, she began to dress with a careful eye to glamor. Then: "You've got to be gay and frivolous and very vivacious and never miss a chance for a snappy comeback," she told herself severely. But how create the impression that she was a changed woman, when she couldn't or wouldn't drink? She solved that puzzler by conspiring with bartenders. "Could you fix me a ginger ale with a slice of orange peel and a lump of sugar at the bottom, so it looks like a champagne cocktail?" It got so that when bartenders saw her coming, they'd say softly: "Getting your drink fixed up for you, Miss MacDonald."

She became so adept in the art of snappy comebacks that she developed a reputation for a caustic tongue. "You've got to grow some kind of armor when you're always on the defensive," she explained. "I thought the most effective weapon was something with a sting in it. You could always turn it into a laugh and take the curse off. Besides, I only used the method on men, so what difference did it make? They could take care of themselves." The wicked gleam in her eye faded, and for a moment she turned wholly serious. "Girls never baited me. They always gave me the feeling they were on my side. I'm a woman-booster. I think they're far more generous than they're given credit for being."

Just the same, she wasn't enjoying the experiment much. She found it increasingly irksome, as any honest person finds an artificial rôle. But she'd picked the baby up and now she didn't know quite what to do with it. Till "Naughty Marietta" wrote finis to any talk of a tottering career. Never had she given so brilliant, so merry, so wholly engaging a performance. As "Rose Marie" sent her stock shooting still higher, she laid the baby down with a sigh of relief and became herself again. What if they called her prude? Their opinion of Jeanette, the girl, had never mattered. Her career was safe. All Hollywood knew that any producer would have given his eyeteeth to get the prude's name on a contract.

She met Gene Raymond while she was making "San Francisco." Their engagement was announced during the filming of "Maytime." So the sentimentalists, forgetting their raves about "Naughty Marietta" and the rest, cried: "That's when she changed. Didn't you notice? Her voice was so much warmer in 'Maytime,' her acting had so much fire and depth."

To which Jeanette laughs: "Pooh! It's not so much a matter of love as of work and training and growth. I'd thought I was in love before. And while I know now that was only a shadow of the substance, the emotional experience I went through was real. I'd like very much to give my husband the credit, but I don't see how my voice and acting could have changed overnight."

Gene settles the question by slipping his arm through his wife's and taking a bow. "Weren't we wonderful in 'Maytime'?" he asks gravely.

"Marriage has made one change in the situation," Jeanette admits. "It's stopped all the speculation. People don't seem so critical, once you're married. As for me, I can go home to Gene. Gene understands me. He doesn't care whether I'm sophisticated or not. He doesn't think I'm a freak for not liking highballs. He knows I'm no prude!"

Hard to Handle

Continued from page 26

memories of Paramount battles, and besides, his price per picture has advanced steadily on the one-shot basis.

High noon at Jack and Charlie's oasis, or one-thirty Manhattan time, brings out the flora and fauna of the showshops, wireless programs and working press, the cynical lads and the glamor girls. It's breakfast to them, but a good show to everyone else. Menjou was the cynosure of all eyes and, taking it in his stride, he enjoyed it. The proprietors and two waiters hovered about, cooing suggestions. Menjou deliberated, then let go with a flood of French embellished with gestures, punctuated with thumb and forefinger in mid-air. Out of all this there finally evolved that *specialtie de la maison*, that *piece de resistance*, that truly Gallic delicacy, Hamburger steak!

In conversation he is staccato, enthusiastic, and candid without regard for tact. An opinion voiced by Menjou fairly bristles. "Laughton's new picture 'Vessel of Wrath' stinks . . . Greg La Cava is tremendous, brilliant . . . Dietrich is a doll who has to be manipulated by the director . . . Edgar Bergen is smart as a steel trap . . . Hollywood's fake romances hatched in publicity cubicles are foul . . . Bill Wellman is a grand artist . . . Zanuck is a genius at gauging mass reactions . . ." and so on. No halfway measures, no temporizing, no pussyfooting. A thing is putrid or magnificent; a performance is a wash-out or a triumph.

He's had nine hits out of the past ten performances, ranging from the madwagery of "Sing Baby Sing" to the legitimate characterizations of "A Star is Born" and "Stage Door" on through to such superbly satiric portraits as that of the star in "Letter of Introduction." He studies every script before accepting a part, consults his wife, agent, broker and golf partners.

He would rather be idle for three pictures than make one bad one. Not long ago he turned down a rôle that would have paid \$15,000 a week while it lasted. But he would have been killed in the third reel. Bad business, said Menjou. The picture would be sold to exhibitors on the strength of his name in the cast, then he would fade out before it was half over. Bilk the exhibitors? Not Adolphe!

He was offered the part of the city editor in "Nothing Sacred," that lusty haywire frolic that squared off Lombard and March. "I played the greatest editor part ever written in 'Front Page,'" Menjou explained. "It couldn't be topped. Besides, the part was a feeder." Adolphe avoids feeders. He likes to have the answers. In private life, he has them. He's canny, shrewd, and thoroughly disillusioned. He considers Hollywood and its magnates suspect, trusts nobody, believes nothing, and guides himself accordingly. He puts his savings into the stock market, rather than insurance, and claims he will come out all right. Statistics are against this happy ending, but Menjou is sure of himself.

"My agent Myron Selznick sends me the script when a part is up for me. I read it, considering the story, treatment and importance of the rôle. I don't care what kind of a part it is provided it will be remembered. Then I want to know who is slated to direct, because a picture is only as good as its director. Actors are just jerked around. The director tells the story. Of course the editing of the finished job is important, but the director usually sits in on that, too. Then there's the company making the picture. I want a liberal budget behind me. Shoestringing can step on a laugh, ruin

a whole sequence, bog down a critical scene."

He has kept his wife, Veree Teasdale, from accepting rôles in five pictures, measuring them by the same strict standards he reserves for his own decisions. He figures that he salvaged his own career when it was almost on the rocks by rejecting any more dress suit parts. "The cycle started by 'Woman of Paris' had run its course," he said. "I was due for a change." He smiled sardonically. "So Bill Powell came along and has done the part ever since. And how! You figure the paradox of it all. Of course he's a hell of a fine actor, not just six feet two, eyes of blue."

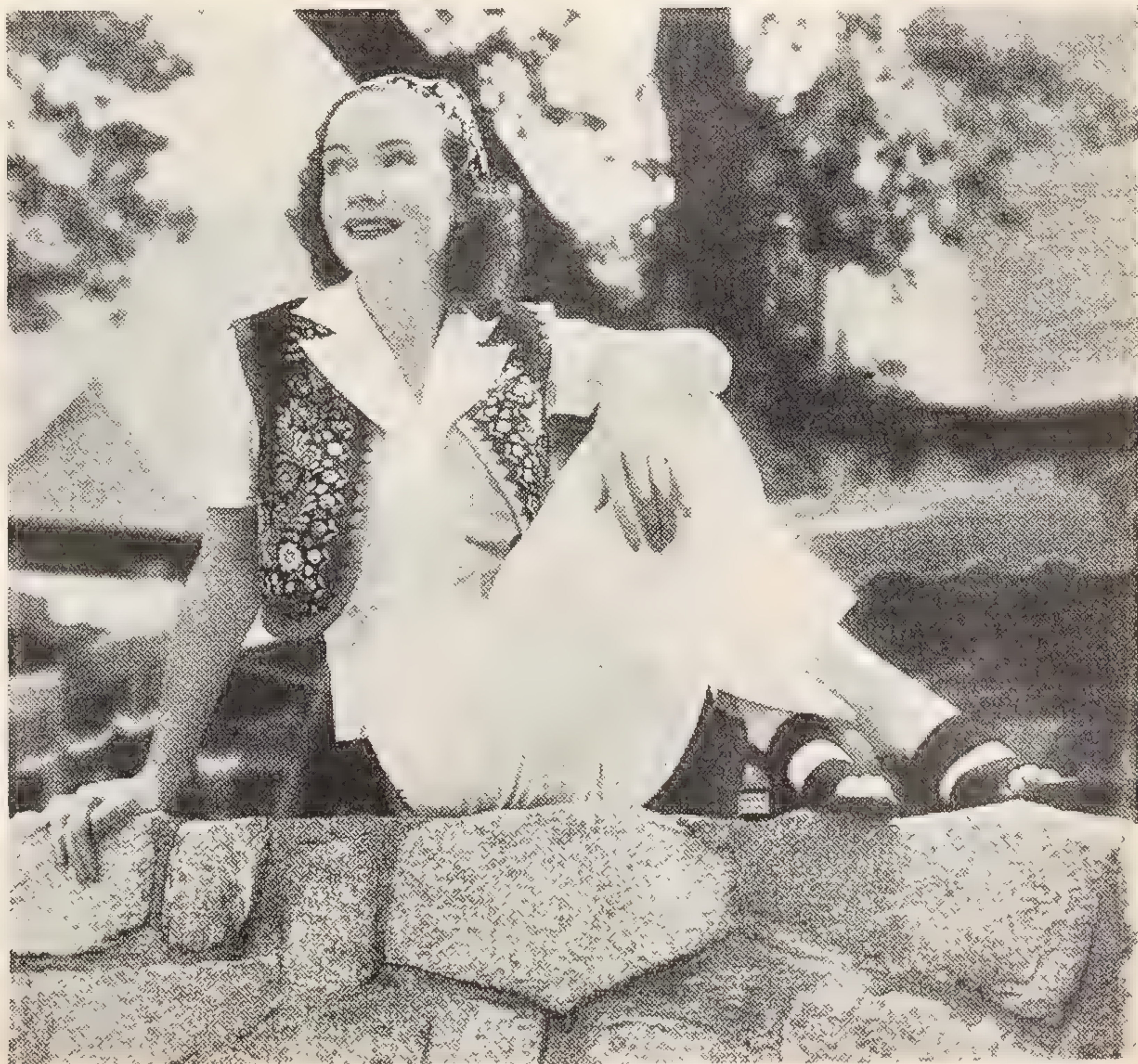
After luncheon as we walked up Fifth Avenue a taxi driver hailed Adolphe by name. "Hya, boy," called Menjou, waving graciously. A trio of shopgirls giggled up to him. They had just seen his new pitcher; could they have his autograph? As he signed he asked which picture she had seen. "His Secretary," she said. "Some other fellow," said Adolphe, disappointed but resigned.

One thing the despised title of Best-dressed Man did for him was to get him a job with Fashion Park, advising their designers on draping, lapel appeal, and other subjects dear to the heart of Lucius Beebe. "It paid \$12,000 a year," said Adolphe. "Why not take it?" At the same time Knox Hats had him on the payroll for \$5,000 a year, tendering sage words of advice on headgear. However, he swore that he had no part in foisting upon the public those little feathers in the hat-band. Recently he turned down an offer to sponsor a new dress-tie. He was to be photographed, gleamingly immaculate, in the Genuine Adolphe Menjou Bow-tie. But he declined with thanks. That sort of thing was dubious publicity, and definitely the sign of a slipping name, in his opinion. "Menjou ties, indeed," he snorted. "Every time a guy had trouble putting it on he'd curse me. No thank you, my friend."

He likes to tell about the agent he first contacted when he went to Hollywood in search of fortune. (The fame didn't matter; Menjou is a business man.) "He looked me over critically," Adolphe will tell you. "Then his expression turned sad, inexpressibly sad. 'My God, man,' he said, 'you're a totem pole. You have an eagle beak, bad eyes, no chin.'"

Every Christmas he sends the agent his latest photograph, inscribed Greetings from Hatchet-face.

Samuel Goldwyn's star, Sigrid Gurie, relaxes at Lake Arrowhead, outfitted in her own combination of very modern white slacks and a gaily embroidered peasant cap and bolero from her home in Norway.



The New Dons of California

Continued from page 25

equestrienne), who decided to go in for breeding and training race horses. "Marwyck" was purchased in the fall of 1936. Two miles east of Paul Kelly's ranch, its 160 acres are ideally fertile. Blue grass was sown, and before long stables that are the envy of every racing man who comes to California, as well as paddocks and fences, were completed. A famous stallion, "The Nut," and a dozen brood mares were imported and the whole business was placed in the capable hands of Harry Hart, noted horsebreeder from Kentucky, suh! A three-quarter-mile training track was laid out and soon thoroughbred "gee-gees" were thundering down the stretch—just practicing, of course!

Like the Kellys, neither Barbara Stanwyck nor her partners had thought of building homes "in the Valley." But constant trips to "Marwyck" convinced them that the locale was far too beautiful merely for occasional visits. Then too, Barbara's little son, Dion, loves the country. So, a few months after Kelly moved his family into their Northridge home, building was begun on two more structures. By last Christmas, two handsome residences had risen on adjacent knolls not far from the highway. On the "Mar" side live Zeppo and Marion—theirs is a charming "Yankee Colonial" frame house painted white with green shutters. On the "Wyck" side lives Barbara, with Dion, in a grey stone mansion—the replica of an Irish country estate that the star admired. Lawns are beautifully landscaped. Besides a swimming pool and tennis and badminton courts, there is a completely-equipped gymnasium—which Bob Taylor "borrowed" when training for "The Crowd Roars." Bob even built an outdoor fight ring, so he could train and tan at the same time.

This spring the pastures at Marwyck Ranch were lively with dozens of beautiful little thoroughbred colts. Its first three yearlings were sold recently to the Alfred G. Vanderbilt stables, which means that "Marwyck" is beginning to show a profit—and are the owners proud?

Obviously, Robert Taylor's interest in ranching was inspired—they both admit it



Let's visit Nelson Eddy on the "Sweethearts" set. Above, with Douglas McPhail and Betty Jaynes, ready for a "take." Right, wearing a gift tie, Nelson is greeted by W. S. Van Dyke.



—by Barbara Stanwyck. Hardly had Barbara seen the first paddock put in at Northridge that she got Bob to look the place over. The M-G-M star promptly purchased twelve acres two miles down Devonshire Street and began building what he calls a "Hideout." Bob has not yet given permission for even the studio to make pictures in the interior of his home. Those of the house itself that have appeared in print have been taken from the air or by telescopic lens from the road, but the accompanying photographs were made from the lands of his immediate neighbors. Taylor's home, of shakes and stone, is modest for such a famous star, but the stables—of similar architecture—are as large as the house. Besides being the proud owner of "Rokhalad," one of the most beautiful Arabian stallions in California, Bob also has a number of other thoroughbreds and some splendid stock horses. His favorite mount is a big black gelding which he rides over miles of trails in the "back country," 5000 acres of which are being held in perpetuity by Northridge as a private shooting preserve and park. Young Taylor has entered enthusiastically into the spirit of life in the country. He rides every day he isn't actually in production. Followed by at least two of his dogs—one, always, his gorgeous Irish setter—Bob gets off early, following the winding narrow trails up canyons, over mesas, through thickets and brush to the high country where there is always water and shade. There are conifers on the north slopes, for the mounting hills rise to the height of 3200 feet. Wild deer, quail—both mountain and valley—doves and rabbits abound here; also there are enough bob-cats and coyotes to make this section a hunter's delight.

Richard Arlen gives credit to his wife, Jobyna Ralston, for "selling" him on the "ranch in Northridge" idea. About nine years ago the Arlens built one of the first homes at Toluca Lake, just north of the Hollywood hills and the Los Angeles River in San Fernando Valley. At that time most of the surrounding lots were unoccupied, but Toluca soon became a thickly-settled region and Joby, who dearly loves the country, found herself with only a back fence—and a side ditto—separating her from her next-door neighbors. While motor-ing one day in Northridge, she "spotted" their present home, a hilltop house built

by the noted negro architect, Paul Williams. It took some time to convince her husband that her idea was practical but, with a view of the Malibu Mountains across the entire San Fernando Valley to the south, the San Gabriel Mountains with snow-capped "Old Baldy" on the east, and the picturesquely rugged Santa Susanas to the west, Dick weakened. When he saw the several acres of Valencia oranges in full bearing, the certain yield of enough money to pay taxes; and, last but not least, that most comforting of all rural possessions—pasture and stables for riding horses, the handsome head of the house of Arlen succumbed. The "Early California" ranch house which follows the contour of the hill on which it stands lent itself readily to enlargement, so already the architect is designing libraries, a suite for guests, and other additions to the "hacienda." "Breezy Top" ranch is ideally beautiful, as Dick, Joby and little Riccy will tell you. [Editor's Note: Since their unfortunate separation, we are told that the Arlens have agreed to divide their property. So well has Dick been "sold" on the Northridge estate that he, not Jobyna, will continue to live at "Breezy Top"!]

But everyone does not like a hillside home. In Northridge there are literally thousands of acres of orchards and grain and bean fields that appear as level as a table but actually slope sufficiently to afford ideal drainage. South of Devonshire Street, almost hidden by a healthy young citrus grove, is the modernistic mansion of director Josef von Sternberg. Silhouetted against a row of huge eucalypti to the west, the house itself stands in severely formal gardens and is surrounded—a strange complement to audaciously modern architecture—by a moat! Still further to the south lies Marsons Farm, the delightful "New England Colonial" country home of the celebrated columnist Louella Parsons and her husband Dr. Harry Martin. Architecturally, it is a gem of both beauty and comfort. The upstairs sleeping porch, running the full width of the house, was personally designed by Dr. Martin, who has proven himself as excellent an architect as he is a physician. By means of sliding panels the porch divides, Pullman-wise, so as to sleep four couples in perfect privacy. In a jiffy, day-

time sofas become comfortable beds! Indoors, the wallpaper and antique furniture are a breath of old New England, but the year 1938 is evidenced by the air-conditioning plant which maintains whatever temperature be desired, either summer or winter.

"Farmlake," home of Rowland Lee, the director, is situated on land that is partly flat and partly rolling, with its own private lake. Both residence and guest house are in New England farm style. The Lees are famous for genuine hospitality, the guest list of their recent two-hundred-place barbecue embracing the élite of Southern California's social and cinema circles.

Sam Harris, the stage producer, Truman ("Pinky") Tomlin, and Chester H. Lauck ("Lum" of "Lum 'n' Abner" and shining radio star of the Northridge colony) also own rolling terrain. Tomlin and Lauck have followed local custom in building their stables before their residences. "Pinky" now has a small stable where he keeps one horse, but he plans to commence his house soon. "Lum" and Mrs. Lauck expect to build their Northridge home shortly after returning from their present trip abroad. Their splendid well-stocked stable adjoins the Northridge polo field, but is solely for personal use. "Lum's" favorite mount is "Billy," a beautiful Palomino. Lauck is proud of having placed first in one of the Santa Anita races last winter; while "Billy" has a cup and several blue ribbons to his credit for carrying silver-mounted equipment so handsomely. That "Lum's" horses already are quite well-known in this California "blue grass" section is due largely to a young society girl, Mavis McMurtree. This past winter Miss McMurtree, an aviatrix and prominent equestrienne, introduced bi-monthly gymkhanas at Northridge. These invitational affairs were so successful that the First Annual Horseshow was held at Northridge in June, the arena being directly opposite Marwyck Ranch. This initial show exhibited the best horse-flesh and, in the Five-Gaited class, offered the highest purse given, during the season in California. Horselovers in general are already planning for next year's event.

Ted Fio Rito, noted orchestra leader, has the landscaping and planting done on a tract not far east of Marwyck Ranch, and



Time out to help young Terry Kilburn, his fellow player, study the script, left. Then Nelson rehearses a dance with the Beery and Berglund brothers, 2 sets of identical twins.

is said to be building very soon. His is a flat-topped hill commanding a superb view.

Clark Gable is the last of the new "Dons" who has purchased in Northridge. Clark has selected a beautiful knoll surrounded by thirty acres of barley land and framed on the west by a row of gigantic eucalypti. The site overlooks the polo field and offers a glimpse of the blue lake which is being stocked with bass and perch and is available to Northridge residents for boating and swimming. It affords a glorious view of the Valley and the San Gabriel Mountains as well. Those romantically inclined were quick to note that Carole Lombard, who months ago had purchased level acreage close to Barbara Stanwyck's, recently "traded it in on" a more rugged holding adjoining Gable's. Together, their parcels form what truly is a spot "such as dreams are made of."

Gable's house, for which ground is already broken and staked, will be low and rambling. That he chose acreage closer to the vast "back country" than did any of the other newcomers to the section is because Clark was already well acquainted with the riding and hunting facilities in the 5000-acre preserve. Those who know him well believe that Gable, like Taylor, expects to spend most of his free time riding the old trails of the Santa Susanas. He will enjoy Lime-kiln Canyon where it has literally proven easy to slip back into the time of the Padres. Just last winter, a cowboy riding the range in search of a lost steer (of which as many as three hundred graze on this part of the old estate) fell into one of the lime-kilns, from which, late in the 18th century, the Franciscan Fathers obtained lime for the plaster used in San Fernando Mission. Extricating his pony, fortunately uninjured, the puncher reported to headquarters which sent out a party to clear away the brush surrounding these historic ruins. Not all of the new residents have visited the kilns, but Clark Gable and Robert Taylor could easily act as guides to them were Northridge open to the public!

Perhaps—though many of these modernists may pretend that such had no influence on their purchase—the historic background of Northridge is one of the most interesting features of this section of California. Briefly, these 10,000 acres comprise the last

great holding of Rancho Ex-Mision de San Fernando. After the Spanish Crown had taken possession of California from the Indians, King Charles IV granted a vast tract in what is now San Fernando Valley to the Franciscan Fathers. After secularization in 1834, the Franciscans sold, with other lands, what is now Northridge to General B. F. Porter; and it is from the Porter Estate that the present purchaser receives his deed. The names of our modern "Dons" are only third in the chain of title!

Obviously, of no slight interest at Northridge is the immense B. F. Porter ranch itself, which embraces thousands of acres under cultivation. Citrus groves comprise some 3000 acres of Valencia oranges, lemons and grapefruit, while vineyards in two separate plantings are of rare French wine grapes. Field crops include 2000 acres of oats, alfalfa and barley. The manager of the ranch, Mr. L. E. Hadley, stands ready to offer his years of experience in advising embryo farmers on all matters of planting.

Kay Francis' Last Interview

Continued from page 34

ments. When that exhibitor organization blew off about certain stars being poison at the box-office Kay was the only one named who wasn't raging. She had no alibi, couldn't be induced to retort.

That is why Kay worked out her contract so diligently. "I'd be a fool to walk out, lose the money I've coming to me," she said to me when the pressure seemed most severe. She knew they'd never have agreed to pay her a big salary if she hadn't been worth it.

She didn't go into an act when she met me for her last interview. She could have. She might have taken the occasion so big. An illustrious, glittering Hollywood career like hers and, finally, "the last interview"! Certainly she could have been the great movie star for one last grand fling, could have attempted to overwhelm me with the drama inherent in the event. But Kay isn't silly that way. We met by appointment in a business office in Beverly Hills, the office of a mutual friend. There was no bother about a fancy background.

Not just because she was through being a star, either. It's a fact that Kay has never asked any writer to her home. She's given all her interviews in an absolutely business-like manner, sitting behind a regular desk at the studio. She never stalled or waxed vague. She told you right off she wasn't going to discuss her love life and you went on to something intelligent which she did care to discuss. She made no entrance for her last interview. There was no sweeping in absurdly chic, with profuse apologies for being late. Kay's not late for appointments. She was there before I was, sitting behind a desk knitting. She wore a gay print dress and a white sweater. Her hair was tied back by a narrow ribbon, and perhaps because she was knitting she wore horn-rimmed glasses. She didn't explain the glasses. That, in itself, is a realistic example of her poise.

She talked frankly. "My career is over," she declared without any melodramatics. "Why? Because I'm disillusioned about Hollywood? Oh, no. I am not cynical

about anything, least of all about life. More than anything else I've always wanted a full life. To me this means enjoying myself. It means a successful marriage. So I'm not going to hang on desperately to movie fame and lose what I really want. If I stayed on as a star I couldn't do what I want.

"I'm deeply grateful to Hollywood. Not for the 'fame,' which honestly hasn't meant much to me; I'm grateful to it for making me financially independent. That's what pictures have meant to me—security. I've been a business woman the ten years I've been a picture star. I didn't want a career particularly. I never imagined myself as an actress. I only became one because I don't believe a woman who can support herself should take alimony. My mother had acted and she didn't want me to experience the heartaches of the theatre. So I was terribly against this sort of a career, thought it a tough life. I still think it is. My mother was glad when she could quit; she's happy I'm through now.

"Hollywood has affected me, but it hasn't changed me fundamentally—I never thought any sort of career half as important for a woman, as being successfully in love. I began a career because I made a mess of first love, had to do something to change my life!"

Kay was educated in private schools and, while still sixteen, was married to the scion of a wealthy New England family. She had a fashionable church wedding in New York City, was blissfully positive she would be the perfect wife forever. They settled in a small town, in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where her husband had a supervisory job in a factory. She did all her own work, and was entirely content there for a year. When her husband was transferred back to New York their love began to crumble, little by little. His parents believed the young couple should start from scratch. After a while Kay decided she wanted a cook. She went out and got a job as a social secretary, to pay the cook's wages. And, gradually as too often happens, the love that had been so ecstatic became a series of quarrels that pyramided until there was a separation.

"I sold insurance, did publicity, even sold real estate. Then I decided to capitalize on my potentialities. I had the face and figure and flair for acting; I could earn a lot more money at acting."

So—Kay went to Paris for a divorce. Just before she sailed she fell in love at first sight, with a prominent Boston lawyer who was headed for political heights. He followed her across the ocean. A week after she returned he returned, too, and they were married. They kept it a secret. No one but her maid knew. She felt she could be an actress and a secret wife as well. It would be better for both of them if they apparently traveled alone. It was a deliriously exciting, mad romance of infrequent meetings. He hurried down from Boston and she hurried back from the road engagements she was getting. She learned that marriage must be based on constant companionship; at twenty-one she went to Paris again and secretly secured another divorce.

Kay had little difficulty in obtaining stage leads because she was such a striking, intelligent beauty. The most dashing men-about-New York adored her. She roomed with a girl friend and never saved a cent. "I'm the type who has to learn by bitter experience," she admits. "Before I came to Hollywood I was extravagant. Ridiculously spent my stage salary like water. The last play I did was with Walter Huston. We clicked in Chicago, so I was optimistic. We flopped on Broadway. I wasn't prepared. I got down to \$3.25, literally! I resolved I'd never do that again. Luckily, I was signed for pictures right then. It

WINNERS OF SCREENLAND SHIRLEY TEMPLE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE—Miss Shirley Davis, Juneau, Alaska.

SECOND PRIZE—Mrs. George A. Neylon, Hays, Kans.

THIRD PRIZE—Nina Murphy, Chicago, Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE—(12 winners)—Florence Miller, Phoenix, Ariz. Edward M. Parker, South Orange, N. J. Wesley S. Bird, Columbus, O. Virginia Karn, Rockville, Md. Dr. & Mrs. Ray Pierce, Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. Lynda E. Boxerman, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Adelaide Pelletier, St. Louis, Mo. Edyth Gordon, Atlanta, Ga. Janie Boswell, Monrovia, Calif. Robert W. McLaughlin, Cortland, O. Beverly Anne Burt, Salt Lake City, Utah. Elizabeth M. Browne, Dorchester, Mass.

FIFTH PRIZE—Darlyene Johnson, Cincinnati, O.

SIXTH PRIZE—Gloria Greene, Norfolk, Va.

SEVENTH PRIZE—Mrs. Janice Keyser Wilkin, Portsmouth, N. H.

31 ADDITIONAL PRIZES—Betty Farrell, Upper Montclair, N. J. Patty O'Reilly, Portland, Me. Mrs. Charles M. Smith, Easton, Pa. Mary Lou George, Oil City, Pa. K. Ann Chandler, Chicago, Ill. Dorothy Halberts, Irvington, N. J. Barbara Wittschen, Manhasset, N. Y. Freddie Glenn Pouncey, Waco, Tex. Jo Ann Schen, Manhattan, Kan. Mrs. George Pappas, Oklahoma City, Okla. Mrs. J. Bernice Keely, Craig, Colo. Doris McEvilly, Claremont, Ill. Lillian Keebler, Chattanooga, Tenn. Mrs. Herman Yeager, Little Rock, Ark. Pauline Ehrbright, Toledo, O. Betty Haase, New Orleans, La. Betty Graham, Westport, Conn. Eleanor Bolta, New York, N. Y. Mrs. Mary Cardinal, Roxbury, Mass.

Elizabeth Ann Emmons, Kennebunkport, Me. Patricia Bixler, Hiram, O. Carlene Potter, East Haven, Conn. Jean Taylor, Georgiana, Ala. Mary Clark, Detroit, Mich. Barbara Adams, Los Angeles, Calif. Louise Lippert, Sioux Falls, S. D. Mary Elizabeth Anderson, Arlington, Va. Kathleen Kiser, Miami, Fla. Myra Remley, Liberty, Mo. Shirley Aldrich, Fall River, Mass. Winifred Ann Caldwell, Rochester, N. Y.

took all I made on the first film, made out on Long Island, to keep me going. When I arrived in Hollywood, as a leading lady, I had less than \$100. I didn't borrow. I didn't ask for help. I realized it was my own fault that I was so broke. I determined to use my head from that time on.

"Many women have asked me for 'inside' business hints. Hard work, cooperation, intelligent dependence on your own ability and don't do what everybody else does, if you see it differently. Keep sex out of business. Use your head and not your heart.

"To me the movies were one more job. I never forgot that. The applause rolled in, but I pride myself I wasn't swayed by it. I have never been blown up over my own charm. I never expected the world to revolve around me. I became as proficient at acting as I could, an expert technician, because I wanted to be worth money to my employers. I never fought for rôles, antagonized them that way, because I never felt any rôle was beneath me. They were running their studios before I came along; it was their job to cast me as they saw fit. I have a temper. I can get angry quickly. Why not? Only dull women are always placid. But I never mixed temperament with business. I never indulged in professional jealousies, either. That's too feminine for an ambitious business woman! But I wasn't afraid to be definite, make business enemies if necessary. I took on responsibility for details. I avoided personal situations, made it understood immediately that I was not going to mix dates with business.

"I don't want to spend the money the usual Hollywood 'front' costs, so I just don't." Kay glanced up from her knitting. "Did I have opposition! But if I could earn money I had sense enough to save it. I had almost gone into a tailspin before I got this chance and I wasn't going to be stranded again.

"Perhaps most girls dream of fine motors, gorgeous gowns, rare jewels, of owning splendid homes and collecting art treasures. Maybe that's what Hollywood money means to them. It didn't mean that to me.

"I had to ignore a great deal of advice about 'front.' You've read how a star must pour out her salary. In some respects it's

so; in others, not so. I didn't have a chauffeur. I bought a Ford and I have driven a Ford all along. Every other year I'd trade it in, at the best bargain I could get. Now as to the elaborate wardrobe stars must have. I didn't go clothes-crazy because it wasn't necessary. I really have few clothes, because I can get by with a few. You don't have to spend lavishly to be well-dressed. You don't even have to buy in any complicated way; I just go out and buy what I need when the occasion arises. I refused to let the studio pose me in my personal wardrobe. I didn't mind posing in whatever they'd provide, but if I'd had my own things photographed it would have dated them and I'd have had to buy too much. And still I had a 'best-dressed' title hung on me! Which just goes to show, especially since I didn't seek it. They pinned it on me as an advertising slogan. That was all right so long as I could remain economical.

"I didn't idle around the studio. I gave my employers credit for being business men and, on my part, I tried to be shrewd when I could be. There was no talking me in or out of anything I didn't consider good business! There was confusion, in this regard, when I rented a frame cottage as my residence. It was small, had a plebian front porch and no landscaping. There was no projection room—if company wanted to see a picture I took them to a theatre.

"I think," said Kay firmly, "that I know what I want and can stick to it now. I don't think I have a permanent or brilliant place on the screen. That was transient. I'm not sentimental about my career that's over. I haven't saved old photographs or press clippings. The only souvenirs I have is a rave review of my performance with Walter Houston in 'Elmer the Great,' my last play on Broadway, the one that flopped. I've kept the critics' reviews of my first film, 'Gentlemen of the Press.' And one other memento—none of my interviews, but an interview with Houston in which he praised my acting ability.

"You know," she pointed out, "that I have never been glamor-made, that I've always considered glamor overrated. I don't attempt to be perfectly dressed all the time. I'm apt to dress incongruously

and that doesn't bother me. I'm long-legged; I like to tuck up my legs and sit on them. I don't mind trying glamor, but I've never let the mood stop me from doing anything more interesting. I use no make-up except lipstick. Those allure tricks, those 'props,' bore me, really."

"And so," I broke in, "you've no regrets at stepping out of the spotlight?"

"No regrets," she replied tersely. "I'll miss my friends at the studio. I had the same crews, the same prop boys and wardrobe women and electricians for years. But frankly, I'm lazy. I've worked long enough. And it's going to be such fun being just a woman again. I've gained nine pounds—oh, I'll be reasonable, but I won't have to diet strictly. I have no tennis court. I don't do a blessed thing for my figure. I've a bicycle, but do I bother to ride it? No! I want to drift, to avoid decisions. My life has never seemed dramatic to me, but it's been eventful with problems to conquer. I was fatalistic until I had to strike out for myself. But I have business ability, maybe, and so what. How can that compare with a happy marriage, for any woman?"

"I don't look back, don't mention my mistakes because I refused to be defeated by them. I never say, 'Oh, if I only had another chance.' Because harping on mistakes would make me bitter and bitter women are unattractive. I've brooded, and learned that only fools brood. I've been broke, and learned I needn't be. I've been afraid and lonely, but thank God I never considered myself a victim of depression or lost love. I've always had the hunch that I could find my way out. I'm having no difficulty adjusting to a non-Hollywood scale because I never let myself acquire false illusions. I will have the same friends, because

ness ability with the value of my own personality. I know I have to succeed in marriage purely as a woman.

"I have failed before. I hope I've profited by those failures. I know that love can't be just an impetuous youthful urge, that it can't be based on separations and secrecy. I know I can't handle a career along with a marriage. I know that I must create my own happiness. I'm not planning ahead. I'll never be a blind sheep, will never want routine and calm. I couldn't love a man who didn't make the most of his opportunities. All of which," smiled Kay, "sounds as though I adore to talk about myself. You Hollywood interviewers know. I don't. But maybe I'm reverting speedily to mere womanhood! I've been business-like, canny, for so long. Now I want to gamble on myself. I feel very gay. I'm ready to go places, do things. I'm not set in my ways or ideas. I'm emotionally matured.

"I don't know the thrill of association, of collecting, of living with things. All my life's been lived in hotels and apartments and rented houses. Already I love my house, love visiting my friends in their homes. I find that managing a home is a real art. And," she stressed earnestly, "I do think I'll be a good wife now because I sincerely believe love is the most important thing. I'm balanced. I think I know how to cooperate for a 50-50 partnership. I shan't be jealous. I won't be dominating. I think I've traveled enough so I shan't seem provincial.

"Now you know my story of what Hollywood meant to me, as a woman. Because that's what I am. Not a fantastic creature! And I have to hurry now, for I'm taking flying lessons from my husband!"

name was Loretta Young, in case you're interested.

"Now what I am curious about is this: what happened to her? You should know. I see someone called Loretta Young today, getting prettier with every new picture—poised, expensively dressed, perfectly beautiful to watch. Soothing to the eye with her flawless grace and assurance; soothing to the ear with her exquisitely modulated, carefully cultivated voice. But—that's all. She's a shadow, and when she vanishes from the scene someone else claims attention and I forget all about her. Some newcomer like Marjorie Weaver bounces on and with a bit of wholehearted, joyous abandon, captures the show. In 'Four Men and a Prayer' with all the masculine inspiration afforded by David Niven and George Sanders and Richard Greene, you were as lovely, as gracious, as gorgeous to look at as ever—but there was no warmth there. Disney's Miss Snow White had more substance."

I paused to catch my breath and steal a quick glance at Loretta. Surely Miss Gretchen Young who had fought her way around Hollywood since childhood, who had told directors and producers to go sit on a tack, surely she wouldn't take *that* sitting down. But she did. Meek as a mouse with an inferiority complex. "It's true," she said dismally, "it's true—but it really isn't fair."

Well, you know me, Soft-hearted Susie with the floy floy, the very minute anyone says something isn't fair I throw my banners to the wind and start on a crusade—and it's a pity too because no one ever enjoyed a cozy chair by the fire more than I. But I have known Loretta a long time now, ever since she was little more than a kid playing leads out at Warner Brothers, and suffering something awful because she had overheard the office boy call her "Buckteeth" and a director tell another director that she had the worst nose in pictures. (She developed a nose complex then and there, still has it today, and the fact that her youngest sister Georgianna bursts into tears if you tell her she has a nose like Loretta's doesn't help matters much.) And I've always felt very friendly-like towards Loretta because twice she rescued me from becoming the forgotten woman at a couple of glacial Hollywood parties. So if no one cares I'd like to get in my nickel's worth about Loretta, a swell kid if I ever saw one. Maybe I can help clear up what a lot of people are asking: what happened to Loretta? From "Life Begins" to "Suez." And there we have a gamut.

"It's so true," said Loretta in reference to the Open Letter, "but it is unfair because it should have been written to the studio—to the producers and the story and dialogue writers on my pictures. If I'm a shadow today, with no more substance than a Snow White, it's because they've made me that way. Why, I should like nothing better than to do another 'Life Begins' or 'Man's Castle'—I've begged for a script with a human, sympathetic part in it for me until I am blue in the face—but the studio won't give me one. And I'm no Garbo. I can't *demand* certain stories. There is nothing in my contract which says that I can choose stories. So naturally, if I want to collect my salary, and I do, I have to take what is handed me and do it to the best of my ability. I should adore doing 'Dark Angel,' 'Smiling Thru,' 'A Star Is Born,' 'These Three,' 'Jezebel,' but no, little Loretta has to draw 'Wife, Doctor and Nurse,' 'Second Honeymoon,' and 'Four Men and a Prayer.' Why, not even a Helen Hayes could win an Academy Award with any of those parts!

"You can't get blood out of a turnip and you can't wring hearts with passionate sincerity when you have such lines to say

ALICE in a Wonderland for ice skating! Sonja Henie as the heroine of the Lewis Carroll fantasy intervenes as TWEEDELEE and TWEELEDUM have a set-to in the novel ice ballet of Sonja's "My Lucky Star."



I never chose flatterers. There'll be no comedown in my living, because I never went very far up. Actually, I'll be a bit more elegant than when I was a working woman. I own a home! Before I had any idea of marrying, a year ago, I built a house for an investment. I'm not going to be tied down to it, for my husband and I plan to spend half our time in Southern California and half in London." Baron Barnekow, whom Kay is concentrating on from now on, is a good-looking airplane executive. They met at a party given by Countess Dorothy di Frasso last fall.

"Working has made me more self-reliant, more discriminating. It's broadened my outlook because I've been able to travel. It's no doubt enlarged my ego. But I think I can control that. I've never confused busi-

A Beauty Rebels!

Continued from page 51

men gulp. She wrung hearts with her passionate sincerity; she made everyone feel so sorry for her that it was hard to believe that she was really a well-fed prosperous Hollywood ingenue, just giving a performance. Yes, she was *that* good. It seemed to us as we watched that little girl grow up that she was going to be the best darn actress of them all. In 'A Man's Castle' she convinced us that we were right. There would be no stopping this girl. She was going places, gathering Academy Awards as she went. That girl's

as, 'Well, we're right back where we were. What are we going to do about Judd? Of course, if we were men it would be simple—I could shoot you.' That, in case you're interested, was my big scene in 'Wife, Doctor and Nurse.' If there's nothing to act you can't act. And if you don't think I'd like to tear into a 'Marie Antoinette' you're crazy!"

Now I happen to know that Loretta isn't talking just to hear herself talk. It has been five years since she made "A Man's Castle" over at Columbia, and that was her last sympathetic, human interest rôle. (By the way, she was "between" contracts then and chose that picture herself, that and "The White Parade," which just gives you a rough idea of the kind of pictures Loretta chooses when she has a chance to choose.) She really is fed up with all these artificial society girls trailing silver fox and hooley all over the screen, and comes the first of the year, when her present contract expires, it is the talk about town that Loretta will check out of the studio where she has been the past three years and sign with a new studio, with the definite understanding that she will be given pictures in which she really has a chance to act.

Now when Loretta discovered that she was not going to get a chance to be a Helen Hayes at Twentieth Century and saw a whole slue of smartly sophisticated comedies descending upon her in which all she had to do was to be cute and coy and artificial she said to herself, "All right, if I can't get what I want out of pictures I'll get the best I can. If I can't be human I'll be glamorous." And for better or worse, she went whole-hog on the glamor. Hers were the most gorgeous clothes ever seen on the screen, too mad for the likes of us, but gorgeous, and there was a change of wardrobe for every scene in the picture. Her hair-dos were sensational, and her hats the most eccentric in town. She became the nearest to an Ina Claire we have in Hollywood. She who started out as a poignant little person with a pathos that made strong men weep!

They tell me that while she was glamorizing herself on the screen she was doing a good job of it off screen, too. She chose her friends from the "right people" (a stuffy lot but awfully rich), she became a regular social butterfly, always escorted to the "right parties" by the latest glamor boy. They tell me that in the process of becoming glorified Loretta lost her sincerity, and most important, she lost her earthiness. They tell me all this and more. But I refuse to believe it. Loretta's got too much sense to become a Hollywood phoney, she's got a grand sense of values, and far better, a grand sense of humor.

If Loretta is the artificial girl she is accused of being how does it happen that only a year ago she did something so real and human as adopt a baby? And I can assure you that little Judy was not adopted as a whim or a publicity stunt. Loretta is wholeheartedly devoted to the little girl whose future looked none too bright when she was born into this world, and when you see the two of them together—Judy usually climbing over Loretta's head, which isn't always as coiffed as it is in pictures—you don't notice any lack of warmth. Her conversation, and I talk to her often, is not about Schiaparelli and John Frederics, but about Judy—what she said and did and how she banged her eye on the trunk. Loretta simply beams because she knows that Judy is the smartest baby in town.

When she went to New York on her last visit John Wayne's little boy, who simply adores her, asked her please to come back in time for his birthday party. Loretta promised that she would—but of course no one believed she would ever think about it again. But she cut her New York visit

short an entire week (and you know what fun movie stars can have in New York in a week), to get back to Hollywood in time for young Wayne's birthday party.

Loretta's background probably explains Loretta better than anything else. She has been in pictures ten years now, but is only twenty-four. When Mrs. Young moved her three beautiful little girls and her little boy (Georgianna came later) from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles they were all very poor, and Loretta's childhood wasn't exactly luxurious. There was always that need of money hanging over the household like a sword of Damocles. There wasn't enough for new shoes for Polly Ann, and there wasn't enough to pay the butcher, and Loretta (Gretchen at that time) being a sensitive child sensed all these things. Loretta was such a pretty, wistful-looking child with her big expressive eyes that Mae Murray wanted to adopt her and give her all the grand things that little girls should have, but Loretta didn't want to be adopted, although little more than a baby she was determined to whip that family, to whom she has always been passionately devoted, into shape and make them all financially independent. At fourteen she got herself a contract at Warner Brothers and soon afterwards started playing leads in pictures. Her two sisters were not as fortunate as she at getting contracts and for years at a time Loretta would be the sole support of that big growing family. She worked awfully hard, in any picture the studio wanted to put her in, because she had to have that salary check every week. During those ages when most little girls are going to prep school, giggling over their first dates, and having lots of fun at their first grown-up parties Loretta was working like hell. An unfortunate marriage when she was sixteen didn't help matters any either. In fact Loretta didn't have any childhood at all. So can you blame her now if she wants to go to parties, and do her hair up, and have dates, and catch up on all the fun that she had to miss all those years in the studio? People who wait late to play always play hard—but they get over it.

When Twentieth Century-Fox offered her a contract three years ago she took it because the salary was good and it meant that financial independence she had been struggling for. When they would not write "choice of stories" into her contract she had a pretty good idea what she was in for. It was a choice of continuing her "artistic" career or of becoming well established in a monetary way—and Loretta like any sensible person chose safety. But now, fi-



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as SERGEANT BALLANTINE in "Gunga Din."

nancially independent for the first time in her life, she is ready to do everything to become an actress again—to take up where "Life Begins" and "A Man's Castle" left off. It won't be long now before we'll all be "sorry" for Loretta again. Me—why, I've just placed an order for several dozen handkerchiefs.

The Dead End Kids

Continued from page 31

Doncha know what that means. That's French for jail." He's reformed now, and like all reformed characters, inclined to be pious. "People's screwy, speedin' along, not knowin' they could be dead the next minute."

By and large he hasn't taken to the youth of Hollywood. "The kids here are nuts, always lookin' for an argument." At which point Huntz could contain himself no longer. "Yeah, you're drivin' along, mindin' your own business, 'n' they yell, 'Yah, lookit the Dead End boys with the long hair.' so you yell, 'Wotsamatter? You wise guys? You wanna fight?' So right away they back down. 'Wotsamatter, can'tya take a joke?' So if ya fight, they yell, 'Tough muggs, just like on the screen,' 'n' if ya don't fight, they yell, 'Wotsamatter, ya yella?' So what the heck, what ya gonna do, I'm askin' ya!"

Huntz is a guileless youth, of few subtleties. He says what's in his heart, and you can make what you like of it. His father, dead only a few months, was general manager of an air conditioning company. He was also the family disciplinarian. Huntz had to be in by six, eat his dinner, do his homework. "If I got through, I'd ask my father could I go on the street. 'NO,' he'd holler, so I'd say, 'O.K., O.K.'"

He was one of sixteen children, eight of whom are living. His mother wanted him to be a priest, but a kid in his school was in radio, so Huntz decided he'd go into radio too, just to show the other kid up, which he did. He was one of those sent by the Professional Children's School to try out for "Dead End," and was given the part of *Dippy*. He lives in Hollywood under the guardianship of an older brother. He likes to read murder stories, "because suppose there's a murder on sumpn, an' you're gettin' the blame for it. How're ya gonna get out of it, if ya don't know sumpn about this murder racket?" He thinks anyone's crazy who drinks, especially a kid, "because if you're drinkin' an' drivin' a car, they'll put you in jail for six months an' break your contract. Then what've ya got? A hangover."

Sure he likes girls, whaddaya think he is?—but he doesn't plan to marry till he's 35. He had a brother who married at 19, and after a while he got to be an old crank. However, he thinks his little niece is the best kid in the world, and he carries her picture in his wallet. He said he wanted to be a civil engineer.

"He wants to be a producer," interposed Gabe coldly.

"Yeah, but don't write it. Sure, I wanna be a producer in my own mind. That's where you're the boss, what the heck! Anyhow, look what's talkin'. Wadda you wanna be? A director!"

"Sure, in ten years, maybe twenty. I got a coupla things to learn yet.—Say, is this really gonna be in the paper? We talked a million times, but we never saw anything we said in the paper yet!"

Billy Halop and Bobby Jordan have something in common too. They both like

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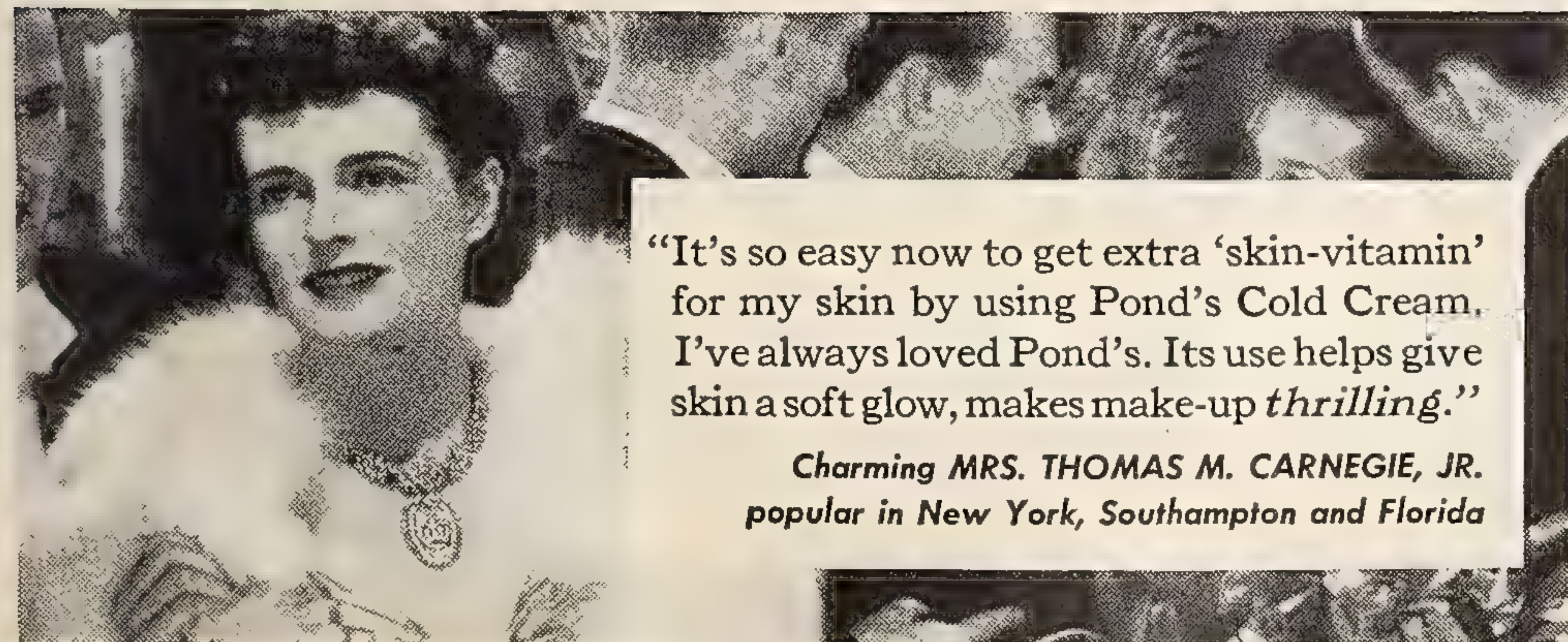


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Judy Garland. Billy, two years Bobby's senior, has the edge. He and Judy have been "going steady together about seven months now." Billy's serious minded. He reads sociology and politics. "My ultimate aim," he tells you, "is to be a director, and meantime I want to act." Mr. Kingsley heard him on the air—he's been in radio since he was four—and sent for him to read a part. They tried him out for *Spit*, "but I didn't like it so well, because it wasn't a sympathetic character, so I never put much schmaltz into it. Then they gave me *Tommy*."

His father is a lawyer whose practice keeps him in New York. He makes flying trips to Hollywood, while Billy, his mother and sister go east every four months or so. "It's hard on mother and dad, being separated, but they think it's worth the sacrifice to help my future career."

What he thinks of people who identify the Dead End kids with the parts they play is revealed by the following incident, told with quiet scorn. "I was eating here in a tearoom one day, and a lady came over and said: 'Do you eat with the rats in New York?' I just walked out, and left my chicken there and everything."

He likes Judy because she has "a personality that's different and she's on the square." He takes her to parties and the movies, and they always see each other's previews together. "We just had a big fight, because I wouldn't take her to the Rollerdrome. I hate that place. That's how Bobby came to take her. Oh, we patched it up all right. I don't worry about Bobby. He's sort of guessing, but Judy's really my girl. Of course, it's more or less just a friendship. We're kind of young."

Bobby has no illusions about whose girl Judy is. This is a triangle which is wholly in the clear. "I told Billy I was taking her to the Roller Derby, and he said, 'Well, what can I do about it?' I thought that was nice of him. Just the same, we're going to a show next Sunday. Billy can stay home and read that book. Maybe he's not afraid of competition. Neither am I," said 15-year-old Bobby tranquilly.

He's the wistful-looking one who played *Angel*, the bootblack. Highspirited as the rest, there's still something gentle about him. Which comment, if he reads it, will cause him to hold his nose. His mother used to be a dancer, his father is a garage foreman. They're both in the East now, trying to get rid of the house they live in. When they do, they'll come out to California for good—Bobby hopes. "Depends if my luck holds out." Meantime, an older sister looks after him.

He too was attending Professional Children's School. For two weeks, because of odd jobs in radio and modeling, he hadn't had time for a haircut. "We got a day off today, mom," he said one morning. "Right after school we'll get that haircut." That was the day the Dead End call came. "You're playing *Angel*," said Mr. Kingsley, "and letting your hair grow." He hasn't had a real haircut since, and by now is immune to the catcalls of "When ya gettin' yer permanent?"

Bobby is the only one of the boys for whom California has been a shining but inaccessible goal. "What for? I'll give you three guesses. They have pictures, sunshine, and beautiful women. I wasn't interested in the last two—not then." He spotted a newspaper item, to the effect that Mr. Goldwyn wanted to buy Mr. Kingsley's play for the movies, and that Mr. Kingsley was asking \$165,000. He informed the others. They agreed that the guy was screwy, but they hoped he'd get it. He got something like it.

Bobby would like to be an actor, if he can. If not, he has a yen for deep sea diving. He doesn't trust the press. "Things

never come out the way you say 'em. I might say Bette Davis was swell in 'Jezebel.' It comes out, Bobby Jordan's in love with Bette Davis."

Bernard Punsley, a few months Bobby's junior, is the youngest of the lot and about as tough as a St. Bernard puppy. With an accurate sense of the inappropriate, Mike Curtiz calls him "the mad Russian." He hasn't grown up to girls yet. He'd rather tinker with his model railroad, or read a western or detective story. His eyes are innocent and his grin is bashful. He



Elizabeth Palmer, movie newcomer with new curled coiffure.

pals with his father. They play golf and go to the fights together. His cousin, a theatrical agent in New York, told him about "Dead End." It was his mother who persuaded him to apply. "I thought it was too much bother and waste of time. My father sided with me. He said: 'You take a chance on having a flop, and you miss a lot of school.' But my mother wants me to be a doctor, and she figured the money would help with my education."

He tried out for *Dippy*, and they cast him as *Milty*. Even when the play was a hit, it never occurred to his people that Bernard might earn his living as an actor. His mother still wants him to be a doctor, "because acting's too unsteady." He's open-minded. "It all depends on what happens."

The Punsleys refused to be separated. Bernard's father, in the clothing business, came out with his wife, his son, and his daughter Joan, to look for an opening here. Bernard is still homesick for his grandmother. He wants to go back at least twice a year to see her. "She felt so bad, my mother didn't want her to come to the train. But she came, and she cried. You don't feel so good when you see your grandma cry." His fingers twisted. "You know?"

Leo Gorcery is the oldest and most mature. Mature not only in proportion to his years, but by any standard. He has a self-knowledge that men twice his age might envy. It was Leo who played on stage and screen the unsympathetic part of *Spit*.

His father was an actor. It never occurred to the elder Gorcery to look for talent in Leo. He concentrated on David, a younger son. "I don't blame him," says Leo. "I'm bad enough now, but I was an awful lot messier-looking at 14. Big black freckles, so fat I couldn't see my feet, a smile that was more of a smirk or a sneer—still is—the kind of face you look at once, and you've had enough."

He was graduated from George Washington High School, and earning \$6 a

week as a plumber's apprentice. One day he was delegated to take David down to the theatre to try out for "Dead End." In the wings he came on a boy, studying his script. The page held only four lines. Leo, tired of looking at them, asked: "When are you going to turn the page?" "I don't have to. That's the whole part," said the boy, and walked off. Presently the stage manager, mistaking Leo for the other in the semi-darkness, touched him on the shoulder, and said: "Here's your cue." Leo walked on. He knew the lines, and added a bit of business of his own. The tryouts over, they sent for him. "Would you be interested in a part?" "How much dough in it?" "Forty a week." "I'm interested," said Leo.

He's been called the orneriest of the "Dead End" kids. There's nothing ornery about him. He grew a shell early to cover his sensitive spots. "I was such an ugly kid. Nobody made fun of me openly, but I always felt, the minute I turned my back, they were saying things about me. Kids're funny that way. When I was 14, I couldn't get a girl to go out with me. Even now, I have to know a girl three months before I dare put my arm around her. Not because I'm such a terrific gentleman. I'm just afraid she'll repulse me."

He fell in love at 16. His family moved away from the neighborhood, and he couldn't promote the carfare to visit his girl. So he took it out in writing verses. "I'm sentimental, and afraid of showing it, so I put on an act. The act covers a lot of territory—self-consciousness, inferiority complex, and all the rest. People expect me to be tough, so I tell them about the time I knocked over a bank. Not because I'm so crazy to play up to them, but to hide the complex. I know that's the kind of thing I can get away with. If I used a three-syllable word, they'd think I looked it up in the dictionary yesterday, and was trying to be smart. When they ask me places, it's because they think I'm amusing to have around. That doesn't help the complex either. The only time I speak my mind is on an occasion like this, when I'm alone with someone who doesn't have to be amused. Don't for Pete's sake think I'm being sorry for myself! Nuts to all that! I have enough interests at home to overcome what interests I lack outside. I'm crazy about my family, don't give much of a darn whom I meet and don't meet, because they'll always come first."

He assumed responsibility for the family when he went to work in "Dead End," and has kept it ever since. His older brother is on his own. His mother, David, and his four-year-old sister Audrey are in California with him. David is under contract to Universal. His mother is the apple of one eye, Audrey of the other. Last Christmas he had \$300 to spend, and \$250 went into gifts for them. He "lugs around a bunch of insurance for them. As long as I can take care of them," he says quietly, "they'll be taken care of."

A gleam of the humor you see on the screen lit up his eye. "Mom's my slave. She has to be there. If I call up at 6 or 9 or 12 and say I'll be home in half an hour, she has to be there and sit with me while I eat. Once in a while I get big-hearted and send her away on a week's vacation. But I don't like it. I hate to come home to an empty house. Sometimes you don't appreciate those things when you have 'em. I do."

That's how Gorcery is. This is how he thinks the public wants him: He was haled into court recently for speeding. The clerk read a rather lengthy charge. "What's that?" murmured Leo. "Abridgement of 'Anthony Adverse'?"

"Three days," snapped the judge.

"I served it," Leo said, "and it served me right."

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NEW TROPIC SHADES

Are Stars' Children Spoiled?

Continued from page 65

chauffeur) and he can bring his gun. He's a pretty good aimer. Are you a good aimer, Mookie?"

"Not so hot," I said modestly. "And I don't believe Sam could get off to go with us."

"Yes, he can, too," Rick averred. "He always gets off when I want to go somewhere. He takes me everywhere I want to go—when you're busy," he finished hurriedly.

I considered this new holocaust that threatened me. But my meditations were not to continue for long. As we turned from Ventura Boulevard into Highland, Ricky grabbed my arm in excitement, almost precipitating a collision with a truck. "We'll pass a fort on this street," he yelled. "There it is, too!" he screamed, bouncing up and down on the seat. I glanced hurriedly out the side window and beheld the monstrosity the Hollywood Legion Post erected some years ago. It looks not unlike a modernistic fort.

"I guess," Gary opined, "that was built for Custard's last stand. Was it?" he inquired as an afterthought, in a tone that asked for confirmation rather than information.

"Well, no," I stammered. "I'm afraid that was built after Custard was gone. That was built after the World War."

"Did you fight in that war?" Rick interposed, abandoning Mr. Custard without a qualm or a requiem.

"In a way," I admitted modestly. "I was a flier."

"How many soldiers did you kill?" Gary demanded skeptically.

"Yeah—and how many Indians?" Rick seconded him.

"Now, look, fellows," I began in a conciliatory tone. "You know I'm not very blood-thirsty. It's one thing to *play* you're killing people and it's another thing to really, truly kill them. Suppose you had been enemies and I had killed you. How do you think your mothers would feel?"

"I'm going to be a fireman when I grow up," Ricky announced. "It's not so dangerous."

"I'm going to be an ice-man," Gary informed me. "They have all the fun." I glanced at him quickly but his face was grave and there seemed to be no hidden meaning to his words.

We stopped at the LaBrea Tar Pits. "The last time we were out here," Ricky bragged, "Mookie told me all about *Bre'er Rabbit* and *The Tar Baby* from Uncle Remus. Do you know about them?" he taxed Gary.

"No-o-o," Gary admitted reluctantly and then delivered the squelch elegant: "But I know all about Ligarotti and War Admiral and Seabiscuit and Rocco. Do you know about them?"

"They're not important," Ricky shouted in a rage.

"They are, too," Gary maintained stoutly. "My daddy says they make history."

We came to some cement reproductions of prehistoric monsters, the skeletons of which have been excavated from the Pits. The boys inspected them with interest. "Could those wolves beat that big bear?" Ricky inquired.

"I suppose if there were enough of them," I answered.

"Let's play a game," Rick suggested, and turned to Gary. "You can be the bear and I'll be the wolves," he announced. So Ricky hid behind the wolves and Gary went over and clambered up into the bear's lap. Presently some weird sounds emanated from the two groups. Considering the size

of the animals their voices seemed pitifully inadequate but neither of the young Disneys who were bringing back to life these animals, dead these thousands of years, seemed to mind. Originally it was to be a struggle to the death, to establish once and for all the supremacy of the wolves or bears. The battle didn't last long, due to the fact that the combatants were about fifty feet apart and it was impossible to get them to assume any position other than the sculptor had moulded them in. The conflict came to an abrupt end when a caretaker rounded a corner suddenly, saw what was going on before the boys saw him, and let out a ferocious roar that sent the Voices of the Wolves and the Bear screaming to me in terror. Their spirits, as well as their thirst for gore, rose as soon as I had explained that it really wasn't any wild animals they had heard.

"We'll play Indian," they exclaimed suddenly and in absolute unison, although Indians had not been mentioned since Mr. Custard had been disposed of.

"We haven't any guns or tommyhawks or feathers or Indian suits," I tried to discourage them.



Wide awake Jean Rogers is featured in "While New York Sleeps."

"Well, we can *play* like we have," Gary advised me. So we hid in the bushes and for what seemed like all the eons of the world a series of staccato yelps, of war cries, of interminable bang-bang-bangs rent the air. Occasionally one of the heroes suffered an imaginary wound and an armistice had to be declared while the wound was bandaged. Unfortunately, there was no "pretending" about the bandaging. When I had torn up two handkerchiefs for bandages, a truce was declared while we drove to a nearby drugstore for some real bandages—"the wide kind."

"What'll we use for blood?" the practical Rick demanded. By this time nothing mattered any more. I was filled with despair and a feeling of hopeless certainty that Joshua re-incarnated, had appeared on the scene and ordered the sun to stand still again. I hastily purchased a bottle of red fruit dye. The druggist, when I had explained to him the uses to which the bandages and dye were to be put, noted my haggard appearance and helped me out to the extent of bandaging both Indian fighters' heads and then liberally dousing the bandages with the fruit dye. The boys

surveyed themselves in a mirror and howls of delight rent the hitherto peaceful atmosphere of the drugstore.

We returned to the wars with renewed vigor, which in the case of my two charges had been fortified with chocolate sodas. Vainly I had tried to explain there were no chocolate sodas when people fought Indians. The war continued (literally) for hours. It seemed to me we must have killed twice—yea, *thrice*—as many Indians as ever trod the surface of our fair country. How they ever managed to congregate in California for this awful carnage I couldn't fathom. But there they were. Every time there came a lull in the fighting Ricky or Gary would discover a regiment coming now from around the corner, now from Wilshire Boulevard.

I had long since sunk into a half coma. My bang-bangs were entirely without spirit. I gazed about me with lack-lustre eyes, wondering what I had ever done to deserve all this. Suddenly Rick held up his hand for silence. He peered out of the bushes cautiously and struck a listening pose. Apparently he was satisfied with what he saw and heard. He relaxed and grinned. "I guess that's all," he announced. "We've killed everybody but each other."

A glance at my watch showed that it was half past twelve. We had been fighting Indians since ten! Lunch was unpacked and we fell upon the cold chicken, potato salad, jello and cake the Arlen cook had put up for us. As I cleaned up the last remnants of food and stuck the box into a trash can, a pleasant languor descended upon me. I glanced hopefully toward my guests. "How about a little nap?"

"No!" Gary thundered. "We can sleep at home."

"Let's go to the beach!" Rick suggested.

As we reached the curb the boys broke away from me simultaneously. Before I could catch my breath they were half a block away yelling orders at the driver of an ice-cream wagon.

"Now, look here, fellows," I began sternly. "You've just had lunch and all that good jello and cake—"

"Chocolate," said Gary to the driver.

"Strawberry," Ricky ordered.

"Raspberry," I muttered.

On the way to the beach we passed the Carhay Circle Theatre. "Snow White" was still playing there and in front of the theatre was a miniature reproduction of Prince Charming on his horse.

"Look!" Rick shouted. "There's Prince Charming on his charger."

Gary gave the Prince a hasty once-over. "My daddy says that horse is nothing but a selling plater and couldn't run for peanuts," he vouchsafed.

"Well, he's not going to get any of *my* peanuts," Rick averred.

The beach was a continuance of the performance at the Tar Pits. The Voice of Authority might speak but no one in his party listened.

At half past four we started home. As we passed the hills Rick had yearned to climb, he reminded me: "Don't forget we're coming here one day. I'll bring some chicking and ice cream and lollipops and bananas and cream and popsickles and—"

"An' you don't have to take the twins, either," Gary held out as a special inducement. "They can stay with Eve."

We dropped Ricky off at home and I watched him go skipping jauntily through the garage. A few minutes later Gary was vociferously protesting to Eve that it was long past time for his nap and, anyhow, if he slept in the afternoon how could she expect him to sleep at night?"

"Was he good?" Dixie inquired anxiously.

"Good as gold," I murmured weakly. "Have you got about a quart of Scotch handy?"

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Paris

Continued from page 67

anxious to find out how she liked working in the American studios. "What a machine, a clever machine, it all is, my dear," said she with a sigh and wide-open eyes. Efficiency, plus, was her opinion. She was very cagey about going into details and I am wondering if all was really well with the director and associates. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was a charming co-star and that was all we could get out of her. Perhaps she was too used to the leisurely pleasant ways of French studios to fall suddenly into the more stern conditions of Hollywood. Here in Paris, according to law, the studios start work at noon and stop on the stroke of eight at night, with always an interval around four-thirty for tea and drinks. No work at all on Saturdays and Sundays. So, you see, one's art remains more one's art under such easy-going proceedings!

Though Darrieux was a bit veiled as to her studio opinions she was most chatty about the living conditions and the doings of the little set of French players out in Hollywood. They evidently form a little clique of their own and seldom mix with outsiders. In her opinion a star cannot live as she likes, as in Paris, but is forced to put on a show and live as a star. A simple little bungalow would not do—a big villa with a swimming pool and gardens simply *must* be the background for the star according to her idea. "Why, my dear, the life is exactly five times more expensive in Hollywood than in Paris," said she with shrugs of shoulders and blinking eyes. "Why, a steak in the restaurant costs a dollar and a half, and that without the fried potatoes!" To throw a party she found cost a very great deal because the champagne comes from France.

She told of the vagabond life of Annabella, who moved four times since arriving in Hollywood, and when Danielle left she moved into her Mexican villa. Fernand Gravet and his charming wife Jane Renourdt live very simply and quietly in Westwood. Mireille Balin presented a peculiar situation. A beautiful and popular star in France, she suffered such acute homesickness that she returned to Paris without making a single film. She recovered immediately and is her old radiant self again in the Paris studios and pulls a long sad face at the mere mention of Hollywood. Danielle started work shortly after her arrival here on "Katia" under the direction of Maurice Tourneur, who has made films in America.

Britain sent her King and Queen on a state visit to Paris and all the world seemed to be lined up along the Champs Elysees to view the spectacle. Hollywood, not to be outdone, was well represented by a few Queens of her own. The crowds while waiting for the sight of the Royal couple accompanied by the French President and Mme. Lebrun were highly entertained by watching the glamorous ones from Hollywood. These, my dears, were in the persons of Grace Moore, Marlene Dietrich, Gladys Swarthout, Madeleine Carroll and, as already mentioned, Sonja Henie. Surely a representative galaxy from the famed city of the films. Mere men in the gathering were Eddie Cantor, Darryl Zanuck and Adolphe Menjou.

It is two years since Grace Moore has been in Paris and she was overjoyed to be here once more. La Moore's visit this time is of a more serious nature than many of her previous Paris excursions, for she is to make a film version of "Louise," the famous opera of Charpentier. As Grace has already sung the title rôle in America and France, she will not have much in the way of work to learn the words and music. She will make an English as well as a French version, so that America may enjoy the film without being so highbrow as to claim familiarity with the foreign French tongue.

After a few conferences with the director, Abel Gance, a visit to Charpentier, the aged composer, and, of course, a look-in at the Paris dressmaking shops, Grace dashed down to her villa in the mountains back of Cannes. No doubt she will be hob-nobbing with the Duke and Duchess of Windsor before she starts her film work. As the picture will be shot in and near Paris I'll be on the sidelines very often to watch, and listen to, the going-on. All of which I shall report to you later. For leading man, Grace will have that great French tenor, Georges Thill, who has sung the rôle opposite Miss Moore at the Metropolitan in New York and the Opera Comique in Paris. Very often Grace has spoken of her desire to film "Louise," and the touching story with its picturesque scenes of Parisian life should make a splendid screen production.

Madeleine Carroll was in our midst again, a decorative figure at most of the smart parties, as well as a most efficient ambassador from Hollywood in behalf of the Walter Wanger picture "Blockade," in which she co-starred with Henry Fonda. Through Madeleine's persuasive presentation of the case for the film, "Blockade," temporarily withheld from exhibition in

Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero are bringing the best Hollywood has in the way of romantic acting to the newest picture in which you will see the Dionne Quintuplets, 20th Century-Fox's "Five of a Kind."



French theatres, was given an official OK for release. She is going in for unsophisticated pleasures these days, if one may judge from pictures Paris newspapers published showing Madeleine treating a lot of youngsters to a Punch and Judy show in the Tuileries Gardens.

Two adorable little creatures who have made good in pictures here will be descending upon Hollywood before long or I miss my guess: One is vivaciously charming Monique Rolland, and all the light comedy gals had better look to their laurels. Blonde, with huge gray-blue eyes, she is personality plus. When she was last filming at Courbevie, just outside Paris, I used to haunt the studio to watch her do her stuff. Courbevie is where the greyhound racing is so popular, but when Monique was at the studio I had no interest in the bounding hounds. Her English, or rather American, is very colorful and she babbles away, regardless of grammatical errors. She is busy settling in a new apartment near the Arc de Triomphe. When overseeing the workmen and decorators she would use Georges Carpentier's Bar as an annex, for it is almost across the street. That popular ex-boxer's bar is quite the popular meeting place of stage and screen stars with the charming Georges officiating as host. The petite Monique has signed for Hollywood and received the traditional dollar-bill as advance payment for good luck. She carries that dollar-bill everywhere and is sure it will bring her all she hopes for. No doubt just as she is installed in her new home she will have to lock the door and set off for that golden California. She is most interested in the bungalows out there and is already planning a pale green boudoir!

The other candidate for early recognition from Hollywood is a wistful, sensitive and brilliantly talented little creature named Michele Morgan. Just as Danielle Darrieux got her start by appearing opposite Charles Boyer (in "Mayerling"), so has Michele got Charles to thank for choosing her to play opposite him in "L'Orage"—"The Storm" in English—the French film Boyer made on his last visit to Paris. When watching Michele in scenes with Charles at the studio I thought "that girl is going far and high." Evidently a few million French fans thought the same thing, for after the picture was released she was immediately starred and co-starred. In each picture Mlle. Morgan has evidenced great progress and depth of feeling. Michele was delighted with the Hollywood offers, but she felt she would like to develop a bit more before essaying the flight to the top of the film world, which, of course, is Hollywood. At the ripe age of eighteen she certainly has the time to wait before that great voyage to California. You should all see her in "Quai des Brumes" with Jean Gabin when that film reaches America. Michele reminds me, in looks only, of how Joan Crawford would like to have looked when she was Morgan's age. I hope you know what I mean. There is none of the ooh, la, la, in her make-up, but Michele packs a whale of a lot of sex appeal in her charming, wistful personality.

The man who looks as though he were born right in the middle of the Boulevards of Paris looked in on us and we were all glad to see our old friend, Adolphe Menjou. Just a sort of holiday jaunt to show the missus around this Paris of ours.

A bit of news was wafted over to me from Switzerland. It seems that Marlene Dietrich, on one of her visits to daughter Maria, decided to give a party for Maria's schoolmates there. There were ten small tables of young guests. On each table was a big cake and on each cake was a portrait of Marlene in colored icing! Can you imagine slashing a knife through one of Marlene's placid blue eyes in helping yourself to a tid-bit of cake?



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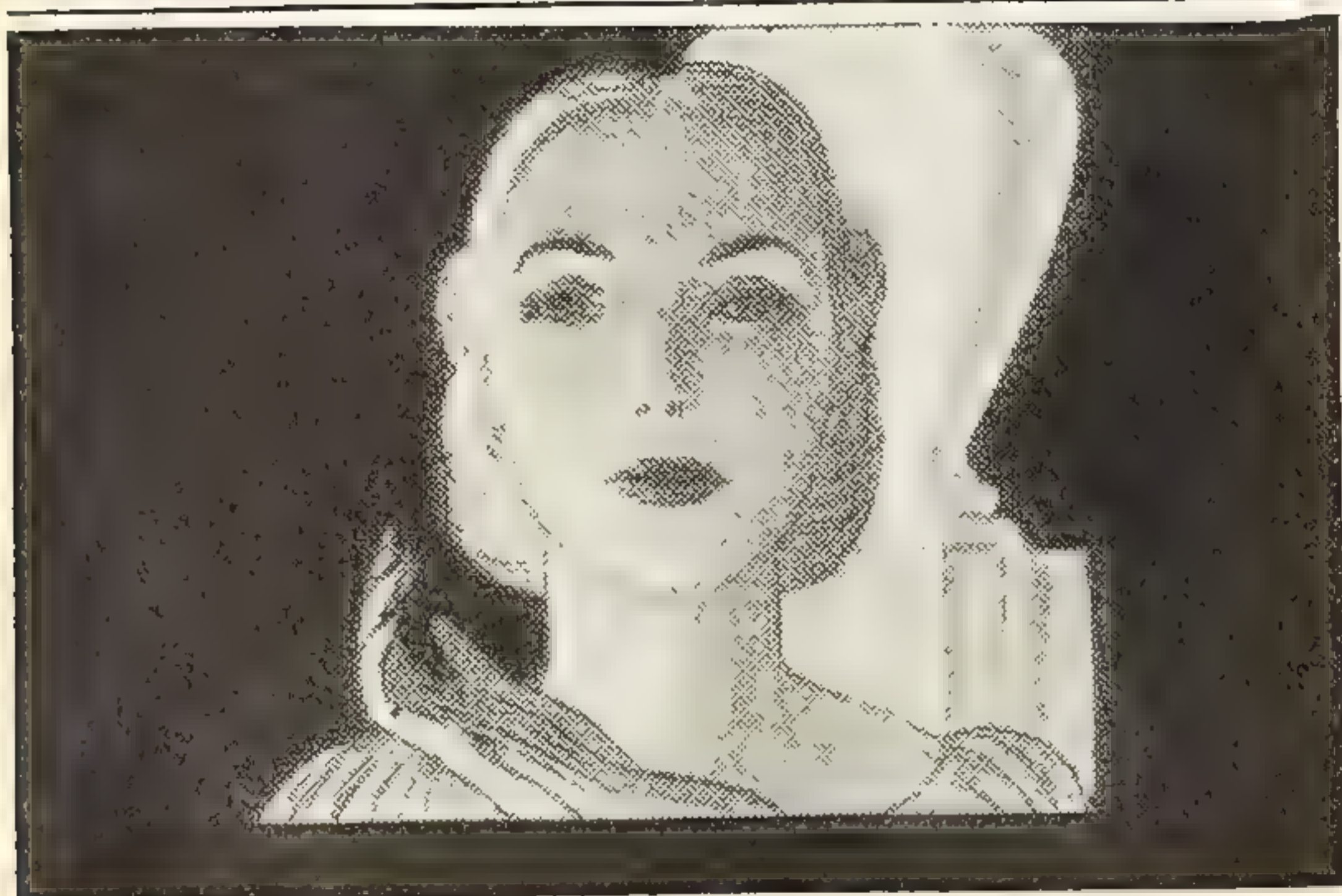
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They're Still Riding High

Continued from page 71

up in the saddle in Oklahoma. He wears his ten-gallon hat on all occasions, no matter how sartorially elegant he may be from the neck down. And Buck is one of the people whom you will encounter doing his stuff amid the caviar, orchids, and silver fox capes at the Trocadero. Buck likes his night life, and takes it with zest. He, too, ranches with the best of them in San Fernando Valley, with his wife and his young daughter, Maxine. He has a rambling, Spanish house, and adjoining gardens and corrals for the accommodation of various horses, dogs, monkeys, and birds. He collects saddles and guns, and what in the world he's going to do with them, he can't imagine.

In all his twenty-one years in pictures, he has never had even a bit in a picture which wasn't a plain, unadulterated, rip-snortin' Western, but he takes his work as seriously as does a Hepburn or a Crawford. He never misses one of his previews, and agonizes all the way through, because he can see so many places in which he might have been better. He conscientiously sees all the pictures of other important stars, too, and studies their work, analyzes direction, lighting, and photography.

His most restful periods, as a matter of fact, are when he is working. He is usually out of doors, somewhere on location, and whenever he isn't engaged in pursuing the villain, or saving the beauteous lady, he sits himself down with a sigh, eases his boots a bit, and looks around for someone to swap yarns with him, preferably yachting yarns. For Buck is an ardent yachtsman, and will sail for Honolulu at the drop of a sombrero.

He is a congenital "joiner," and is an honored member of the Shriners. I suspect him of enjoying the costumes. But he also takes his fan mail and the boys' fan clubs very seriously. He is genuinely concerned with furnishing the youth of the country with clean and thrilling entertainment, or, as he put it to me, "something that'll help 'em learn to keep their noses clean—you know—give 'em some ideals." When Buck speaks of the youngsters who make up the majority of his public, you definitely get a glimpse of a man who thinks he has a duty to fulfill, who believes that he has a certain niche in the general scheme of things. But he is bewildered at the number of women who write him fan letters.

A lot of our present big shot male stars had their first training in westerns: Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Dick Arlen, Randolph Scott, to name a few. I don't know whether it was their cowboy tendencies which caused them to make good Westerns, or whether those early pictures reacted on them. Anyhow, they all take their ranching and their silver-mounted saddles very seriously today. They even drawl, in off-screen conversation, most convincingly.

It was when Hollywood had almost lost track of Arlen completely, (he had been doing Paramount Westerns for so long), that an executive of that company confided to me that Arlen was worth more actual round silver dollars to the stockholders in a year of ki-yi-yipping on a cayuse pony, than a Chevalier, a Dietrich, or any of their other stars. And Hollywood had almost forgotten that it ever knew Dick Arlen! Remember Tom Tyler? Tom is a Polish gentleman; an excellent weight-lifter. He had to be taught to ride before he could essay Westerns. But Tom was good, once he had got the hang of the boots and saddles.

George O'Brien, now, has reversed the process, as has Bill ("Hopalong Cassidy")

Boyd. O'Brien, son of San Francisco's Chief of Police, traveled far and wide, enjoyed many a dramatic rôle on the stage before he essayed pictures. He was dramatic as the dickens in Murnau's "Sunrise" with Janet Gaynor, some years ago. And now look at him! He's as rootin'-tootin' as the best of them, and he loves it.

But off the screen, he is a trifle more chi-chi than most of the wide-hat boys. He has a home in Beverly Hills, and one at Malibu. He has a pretty wife (you remember Marguerite Churchill), a three-year-old daughter, and some evening clothes. He gives dinner parties, and sometimes goes to the opera. But he follows the tradition of the outdoor stars in that he neither drinks nor smokes, and that he works out in gym every day.

Bill Boyd, too, came up through a succession of stark rôles, after an apprenticeship which included working as an orange picker, oil well driller, automobile salesman, and grocery clerk. Cecil deMille discovered him, and, before Bill knew it, he was emoting all over the place in "The Volga Boatmen," "King of Kings," "Two Arabian Knights," and other epics of the silent screen. Some outdoor pictures came his way at last, and he discovered his real forte. He has been *Hopalong Cassidy* for so many moons now, that lots of his fan mail comes addressed that way. Bill's drawl is real—he hailed originally from Oklahoma. He seems to have a very easy time of it. He works six months of the year, and loafes the other six, ably assisted in this latter part by his wife, the former Grace Bradley. You must be tired, by now, of my telling you that these birds have ranches in San Fernando Valley; but they do; and Bill is no exception. He and Grace ride identical white horses, with identical silver-trimmed saddles, but "The Valley" takes little note of these things. It is full of Western stars cutting such didoes. Boyd has some more ranches, too, scattered here and there, and he raises things on them. He never goes to night clubs or fashionable Hollywood lunch spots, and he prefers bright shirts and large hats. He does own some evening clothes, and his wife tells me that she has them taken out of their moth bags and brushed and sunned frequently. His proudest boast is that he has never used a stand-in or a double in a picture, no matter how trying or how dangerous the scene.

Jack Holt has probably played more types of adventure and outdoor heroes than any other actor on the screen today. He always returns, eventually, to some rôle which requires a Stetson hat. I asked him about it, and he grinned. "I've played cowboys, explorers, big game hunters, aviators, motorcycle cops, and army officers," he told me. "There is nothing so romantic, it seems, as the American conception of the early cowboy. I think it's partly that everyone loves horses, and partly that the costumes are so colorful. No one can look romantic wearing a parka or an aviator's helmet and goggles. There is no chase as exciting to the average person as a chase on horseback. It's not only small boys who like Westerns. Quite a slice of the audiences of those pictures are dignified, grown men who have never realized their youthful dreams."

They are all nice fellows, these cowboy stars, as two-fisted, hard-riding, and physically fit as they appear on the screen. They cut no capers on the Boulevard, neither do they roister on the Sunset Strip. They ride their ponies, twang their guitars, tend their ranches, and rarely hit the news with scandals or divorces. And, with pictures supposed to be in their much publicized doldrums, these Western stars loom, to producers, as the rocks of strength they have ever been.

Merle, The Demon Photographer

Continued from page 69

the snow acted as reflector quite nicely, didn't it?

"I like this one of Kay Francis with the St. Bernard at the hospice. He's the dog they send out to find those lost in the snow. He took quite a fancy to Kay.

"We were all there for Christmas and everyone behaved like a kid. I had a terrible time on skis, they all teased me, but I got along well on skates, and I loved the toboggan. Sylvia Fairbanks took this shot of Doug and me starting down, with my camera, and I can't remember who made the one of the three of us skating. That wasn't with my camera, but you can see I was about to click the shutter myself.

"Do go to St. Moritz, if you haven't been! You feel like a new person, so relaxed, so unworried. There's a great sleigh to take you wherever you want to go, if you aren't hiking; they serve luncheon at the edge of the skating rink; everything is so very gay."

Some of Merle's happiest times have been shared with the elder Fairbankses. "We lived next door at Santa Monica," she recalled, "and we had so many lovely times together. I'm sorry I forgot my camera so often when we were there, but I have a few shots of parties, none so very excellent because people would wave or move, not remembering that it wasn't a home movie camera."

She wrinkled her brow over the stills, and picked out one of herself with the John C. Wilson's—Noel Coward's manager, you know, and his wife, the Princess Paley.

"This is what I'd like to get, if I could only stop to bother. See how clear it is. Plenty of light and yet none of us with his eyes shut. Now in this one of Errol Flynn in his car on location, I should have noticed that the sun was glinting on the metal around the windshield, but of course I didn't! Good of Errol, though, isn't it? I was up on location visiting David when



Glenda Farrell and Randy Scott, on "The Road to Reno" set.

they made 'Charge of the Light Brigade' when that was taken."

One of Merle's favorite shots is that of her hostess at an English country house, where Merle recuperated from her serious motor accident last year. "I like the daffodils and the misty woods and the dogs. It's so very English!" she commented. "I had a marvelous time there, being the languid, interesting invalid with everyone waiting

on me," she smiled. "I felt like someone in a novel, and every day I thought it was time for the big dramatic scene to come along. But the big drama must have been the accident!"

She closed the album. Her dark eyes twinkled under the oddly tilted black hat that topped an Alice blue scarf wound over her curls and around her neck. "I must go," she apologized, with a pretty smile. "The girls must be starving. You don't mind?"

The crew drifting out from the "pick-up shot" they had been making, called after her:

"Class in photography dismissed? Take my picture! Look out, boys, there goes Merle Oberon, with her deadly camera!"

Hollywood Fashion

Continued from page 29

worn "green boots and seven miles of silver fox" buys many of her studio clothes for her own use. Miss Chatterton and Miss de Havilland have both bought many screen clothes for their personal use.

Tallulah Bankhead, who can go anywhere she pleases for her clothes, recently went to much trouble to get the consent of Mr. J. L. Warner for me to design the gowns she will wear in her new stage play, "I'm Different." These incidentally, are to be "lady's clothes."

There are some things Miss Hawes doesn't know about Hollywood. People live more sanely here than in New York. Many of the greatest creators in all lines work here. It is no longer a world to itself. It comes dangerously near being the world of art, letters, and perhaps of fashion, too.



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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

liked them. Mr. Ziegfeld was very fond of caviar on ice, and our butler used to make delicious chicken livers served on small pieces of toast. Now I frequently serve tomato juice, pineapple juice, even pomegranate juice, before dinner.

"If men are to be catered to, I believe we'll have mushroom soup. Most men like that, and it is good. If women are being favored, bouillon of chicken or veal, delicately flavored and served with a dash of whipped cream on top, will usually be appreciated."

MUSHROOM SOUP

Add 1 tablespoon of beef extract to 1 quart of water. Thicken with 2 tablespoons flour, stirred into 2 tablespoons of melted butter. Let simmer, stirring; add 1 can of mushrooms (cut in slices) with their liquor. Heat 1 quart of cream in double boiler. Add just before serving and season to taste.

"A good salad is a green or vegetable salad, according to what you can get at this season of the year, served with a delightful dressing. Brunswick dressing is nice—hardboiled eggs with a little salt, mustard (Gulden's), paprika, pepper, with tarragon vinegar added slowly, and then half a cup of olive oil, added a little at a time.

"If your guests are men, you may be sure they will like steak, broiled and served piping hot; or roast beef or roast lamb, beautifully cooked. I always serve two green vegetables with the starch vegetable. Women like chicken, but very few men seem to prefer it. With the salad, I like to serve a small cheese roll, or cheese-sticks, or some tasty bite that adds flavor to the salad. After a heavy meal, I believe it is wise to serve fruit or ices as dessert. I always try to make this a pretty dish. If you are having tangerine ice, for example, put it back into the tangerine, and have pieces of the orange skin glacé and decorate the top with them. Or, if you like, you might have tiny green sugared mint leaves. If it is pineapple ice, use the pineapple as container and glacé bits of the fruit for decoration. Serve from the pineapple. Glacé grapes are delicious, and look quite lovely served on ice."

GLACÉ GRAPES

2 cups sugar
1 cup boiling water
1/8 teaspoon cream of tartar

Put the above ingredients in a smooth saucepan (not too large). Mix until sugar is dissolved. Then boil without stirring until syrup begins to look yellow. Wipe off crystals that adhere to sides of pan. Remove pan from fire and place immediately in pan of cold water to instantly stop boiling. Then remove from cold water to pan of hot water to prevent hardening during dipping. Take up grapes separately on long hat pin. Dip in syrup until well covered, remove and place on wax paper. They will keep one day only and may be prepared with success only in dry weather.

A dinner at Billie Burke's is a beautiful affair, like a meal on the stage. The dining room was done by Adrian; and no stage or screen set was ever lovelier. There is turquoise linoleum on the floor, with a huge cream-colored woven rug over it; the drapes are turquoise, so long that they lie on the floor. The furniture is silver-painted, the chairs have turquoise leather seats, and the table top is of turquoise composition that is proof against liquid, heat or cold.

"It's so lovely I don't use table mats be-

cause I hate to cover any part of it," confided my hostess.

In the turquoise-and-silver buffet, Adrian has designed spaces into which potted plants may be set, and today these were pink-flowered geraniums.

The serving table and glass cabinet are of silver. "I had the cabinet painted to match the set. It's a sort of piece-by-piece set. Adrian first designed the table and four chairs, then as my salary grew he added four more chairs, then the buffet, and last the serving table!

"Here are the Napoleon plates we use for dessert. Each one has the likeness of a member of the Bonaparte family on it, hand-painted, and quite marvelous likenesses, too."

There were crystal elephants on the table, their trunks pointed East. "They must always face East, you know, something to do with Mecca, I suppose. When we were in our last house, the doors in the dining room were West, so when we entered there were all the elephant rears on view!"

Elephants were Mr. Ziegfeld's prize collection, and there are elephants everywhere—a huge china one in the library, a great white porcelain one in the garden, big as a dog, a tiny jade one on the table bell, glass quartz, metal and wood ones in parades, in couples, singly and in groups.

There are almost as many pictures of Patricia as there are elephants—Patricia in Florida in 1925, dressed like a small boy in knickerbockers; at three, in baby white; a figure, a head, a profile; Pat growing up. There's a bronze bust of Mr. Ziegfeld in the hall and a portrait upstairs, and everywhere there are things presented to him by celebrities, or dainty figures given to or collected by Mrs. Ziegfeld (as she is never known). There's a wee frog orchestra on a shelf in the living room; a Dutch boy and girl in silver, containing respectively pepper and salt, in the dining room; dozens of dancing maidens, coquetting damsels, etc., in the cabinet in her upstairs sitting room. This is another pastel room, with a silk divan, French desk, cabinet and chairs painted in medallions.

Miss Burke's bedroom echoes the pastels, with a quilted rose satin bed and delicately draped dressing table; but Pat's bedroom furniture is in dark wood, her colors are more decided. She has a unique dressing room in blue glass. The playroom in the basement is Pat's, too. A place equipped with games, card tables, music, comfortable couches. Pat is a definitely different individual—but the house reflects its mistress—Billie Burke.



Ann Miller's smart coat combines Hudson seal and black Persian.

London

Continued from page 66

C. Aubrey Smith—as the autocratic *Colonel Burroughs*—and tall John Clements as the temperamental young officer hero, *Harry Faversham*. You'll probably remember John as the Russian commissar who saved Dietrich's life in "Knight Without Armor."

He is playing the part originally scheduled for Robert Donat but that gentleman is so busy making up for all the time his asthma kept him out of the studios he wouldn't have been free for months anyway. His next assignment is to play for M-G-M's British unit again in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and he's already soaking himself in the part of the lovable schoolmaster, coached by his little red-haired Scots wife Ella as usual.

I wonder whether there is something about red hair which attracts handsome dark-eyed actors? When Don Ameche arrived on vacation some weeks ago I noticed his pretty Honore has light red hair too, swept back most severely. Don assured me he was going to have the "quietest possible time. I've made five films in succession and I'm just worn out." And how does that boy get rested in London? Well, on the day of his arrival at noon he and Honore, all in blue with a white-spotted veil over her sailor hat, jump into a taxi and stay out sightseeing until four in the morning. Then they get up at three the next afternoon and at midnight I find them enjoying real English fried steak, mushrooms and beer at a West End restaurant.

Eddie Cantor came across the Atlantic for a fortnight as well—"Yeah, I'm Mister Dionne in slow motion"—though he only brought two of his five daughters, Janet and Natalie. High spot of the irresistible Eddie's visit took place in the stately brown and gold restaurant of the exclusive Dorchester Hotel where you can generally see Royalty eating. As Eddie was lunching he suddenly espied Darryl Zanuck across the room and the dignified atmosphere was rent by an ear-splitting yell. "Hello, Toots! Come on over."

Grace Moore spent a few days at the Dorchester recently but dainty little Gladys Swarthout and her husband Frank Chapman chose a quieter, smaller spot when they came to do a round of the London concerts. Another singing visitor from California is Kenny Baker, who is playing *Nanki-Poo* in the screen version of the classic Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "The Mikado," now being shot at Pinewood Studios.

I met George Sanders in the flower-gardens at Pinewood the other afternoon, studying the script of the new crime thriller in which he's going to be villain there. Amusing to hear George tell how he left England for Hollywood solely and simply because he had a hunch he could act for the films though he didn't know the first thing about them. Most amazingly his hunch turned out right, as you know.

Still another returned native is Robert Morley, who says it took him weeks to persuade Hollywood executives he really meant it when he wouldn't sign any long-term contracts—they thought he was holding out for a bigger salary and offered it to him, so impressed were they with his work in "Marie Antoinette." Now Bob is down beside the sea in Cornwall, acting in the little repertory theatre with a tin roof and hard wooden seats which he started at the village of Perranporth. He told me he would probably go back to Hollywood for just one film this winter and voted for Mickey Rooney as the best actor there. I thought maybe he was wise-cracking but Bob sincerely meant it and said even

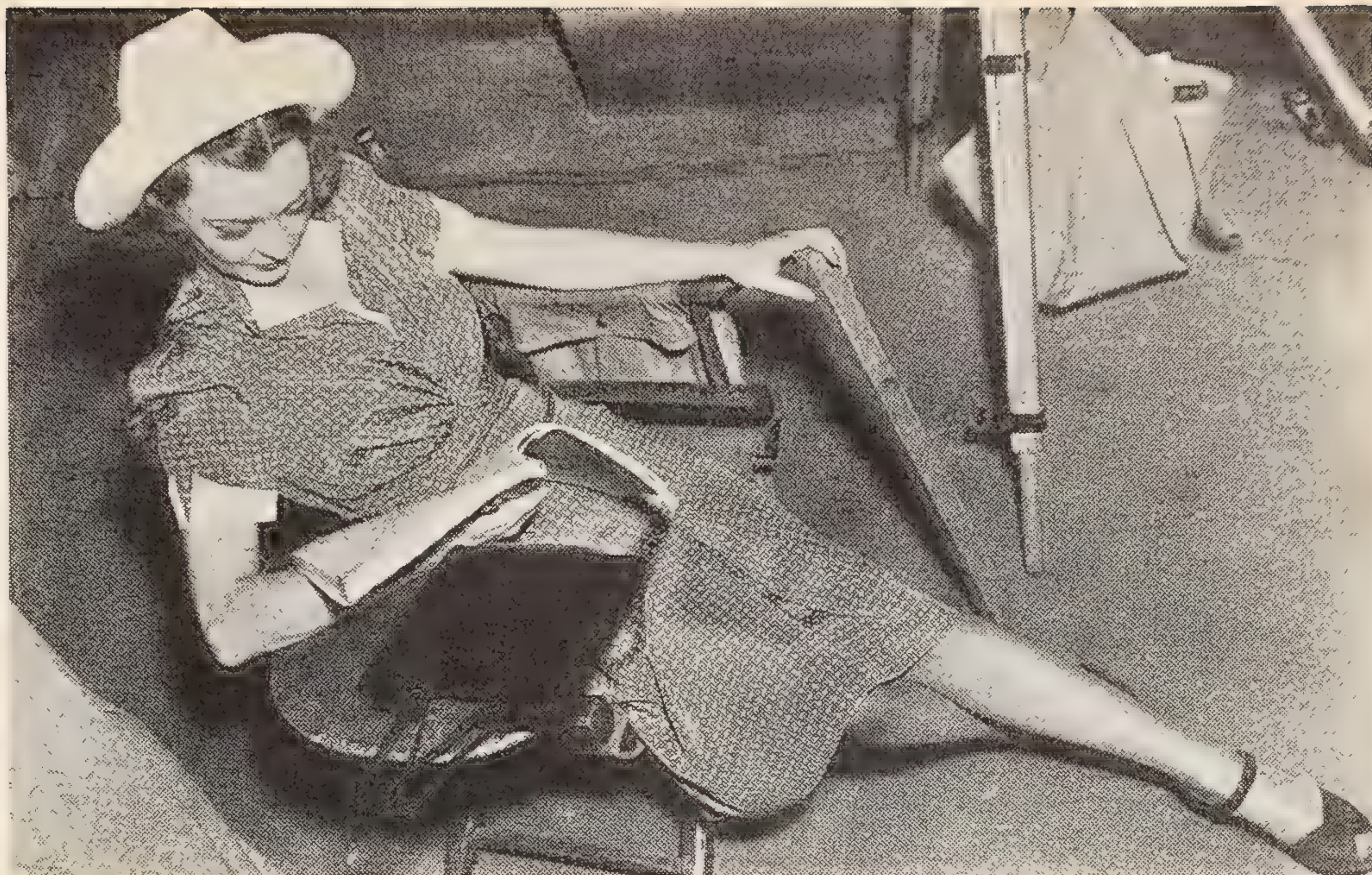
Norma Shearer agreed the boy is the best surefire star bet of the younger generation.

Sonja Henie's big brother Leif flew from Oslo to London to meet the skating star when she arrived for her annual vacation not long ago. "What will you do at home in Norway?" I asked her. "Feesh!" she answered with the dimpled grin. She is having a wonderful new log house built for her high up in the Norwegian fjords, looking down on the sea, and nearby is a stream where Sonja can tickle the trout to her heart's content. She does the job practically too, in rubber waders and some old tweed slacks. In the meantime she was looking suitably glamorous in green satin, silver fox cape and orchids.

Green seems to be a fashionable color nowadays. Vivien Leigh was wearing it in chiffon at a smart premiere, sitting with a party that included tall monocled Conrad Veidt and his wife.

Irving Asher has just joined the Korda administration and when I went to call on him in his new modernistic office with the cream walls and animal-patterned curtains he showed me an amusing book received from Patric Knowles, whom he discovered. It was a miniature scenario entitled "A Knowles Production. Starring Michael Patric in Kid Skeeter-Weight" and the baby's very first photograph accompanied it. Incidentally, John Lodge has just become a proud father too. His daughter is Beatrice Anna and has his dark brown eyes. Margaret Lockwood, who acted with John recently, sent her a sweet wee white wool jacket knitted by her own fingers. The girl can do anything with needles as well as act, and behaves so very modestly that one Hollywood executive to whom she was introduced said afterwards, "I don't believe that dame's in films at all!"

Margaret is just back from her honeymoon and delighted with her wedding gift



Glamor concentrates. Andrea Leeds memorizes her dialogue for "Youth Takes a Fling."

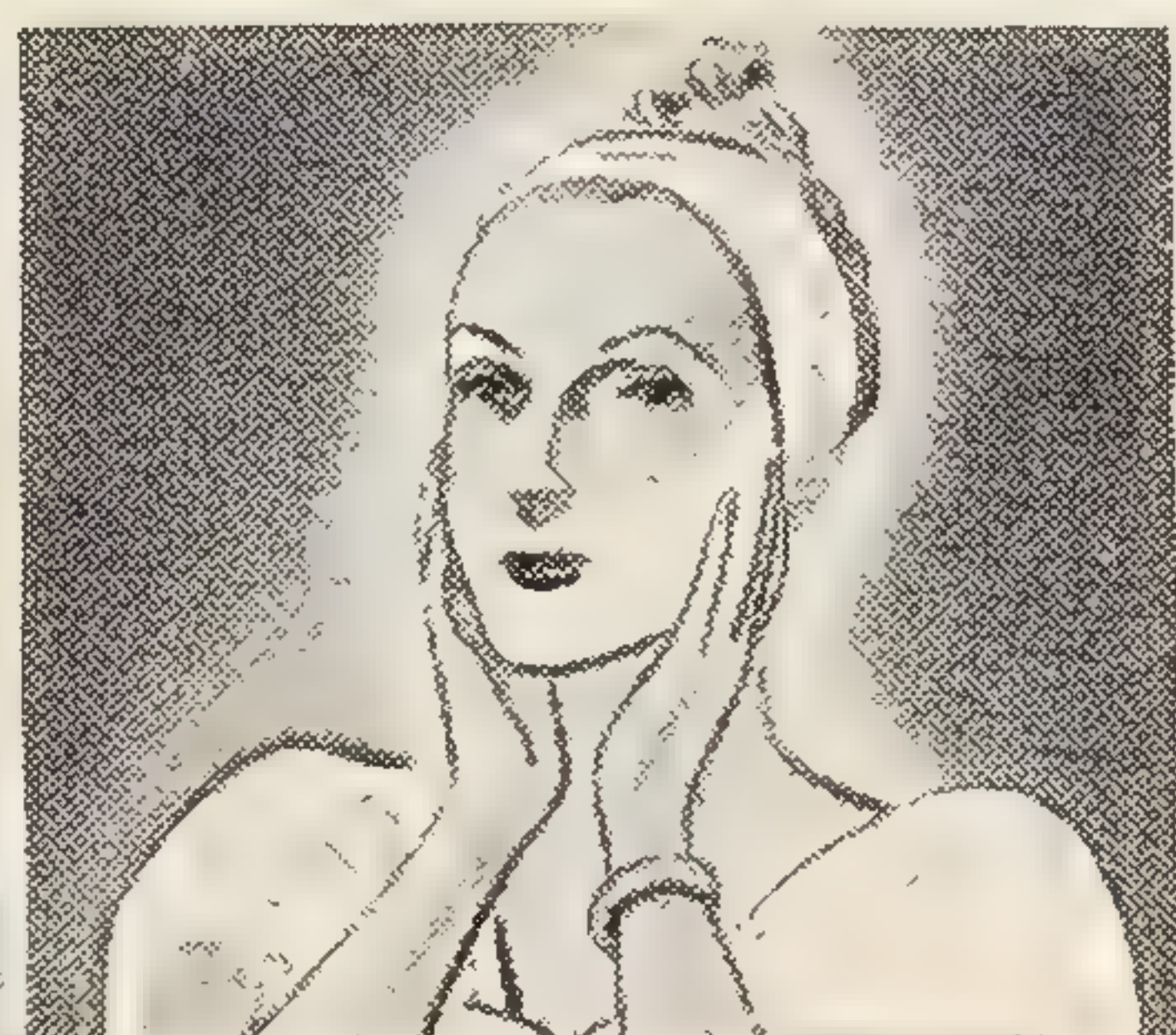
from Will Ffyffe, the old Scots actor who played with her in "To the Victor." It was a lovely china model of a sheep to remind her of that film. Her next picture is to be "The Blue Lagoon," all about the boy and girl brought up together among the natives on a South Sea island. I hope Dorothy Lamour won't sue for copyright when she sees our brunette Margaret with long floating hair and a silk sarong too! Michael Redgrave will complete the tropical romance team and Will Ffyffe—yes, two f's to start are correct—is to play the beach-comber doctor. Though he has only lately

taken to filming, Will has been a famous vaudeville character player for many years.

Sylvia Sidney spent most of her month's vacation here at the St. James's Theatre where Luther Adler was playing on the stage. Her new rolled-back-from-the-face hairdressing and blue-rimmed spectacles certainly make the little star appear much older and less vivacious than she used to be. Does she wear those checked wool suits and heavy shoes in New York, too? I saw her buying lots of new English books to take back home and nobody else in the big stores apparently recognized her.

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Ed Sullivan spots the

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READ SILVER SCREEN

When Stars Are Strangers

Continued from page 61

At this point, lunch arrived. There was a concentrated dive for the chicken sandwiches.

"My mother thinks you're just swell." Olivia between munches.

"She does? That's swell of her!" Jimmy between munches.

"Course we *all* like you a lot!" Olivia. Jimmy just grinned. Then, "You're my favorite actress, too."

Olivia looked pleased, but she answered slyly, "Listen to him hand out the blarney!"

Hurriedly, embarrassed, Jimmy added, "No, I mean that!"

"Now about this interview," I began.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Jimmy. He turned to Olivia. "Now the first question is—" He stopped and looked at me. "What was the first question again?"

"It's—it's—"

"I know now! Was there ever any boy you were interested in when you were a kid?" Again to me. "That's it, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

Olivia smiled at both of us. "I liked all the boys. In fact, I was what is known as a first-rate tomboy. Between the ages of six—"

"What was that last remark?" asked Jimmy.

"I just said, 'Between the ages of six.'" "That's what I thought you said." Jimmy looked somewhat puzzled.

"Now that that's cleared up," Olivia continued, "on with the story. I even went through the stage when I fought with the boys. I remember once when five different boys on bicycles heckled me all the way from school. When we got near the creek, I turned on them. With true de Havilland courage, I took them all on at once. When I left, they were all in the creek, surprised and somewhat banged up. I then rode home on one of the boy's bicycles."

Jimmy just stared at her in amazement. "Gee! That's wonderful! How do you think up such things?"

"Surely you have such memories," said Olivia.

"Nothing like that," answered Jimmy rather downcast.

"Come on now," pumped Olivia, "think of something!"

For a while, Jimmy just pondered and digested his past. Then, somewhat uncertainly, "Well, during the war, some chums of mine and I amused ourselves by playing war in my home; made trenches in the back yard. Naturally, we were all generals. We had the girls in the neighborhood as Red Cross nurses. My dad sent me helmets from France, so we used those to advantage. I remember that my favorite girl friend at the time—the red-head—he nodded in my direction—"was a nurse. I had it fixed so I would get wounded and have her as my nurse. While I was lying down in all my best acting agony, she gave me castor oil."

Olivia started to laugh. Finally, she managed to ask, "And what happened to your romance?" "It just sort of did something to it, as I recall," answered Jimmy.

"I've something to tell you," said Olivia after a while. "I saw you once before, you know."

"Where?"

"In a restaurant. I was eating soup. You were sitting at the next table and you gave me the giggles. I never did finish that soup."

"Was I wearing something peculiar?" asked Jimmy, confused.

"No. You covered me with confusion by

staring at me. But I've liked you ever since that time."

"That's a help anyway," Jimmy answered, grinning broadly.

"Jimmy," I began—oh yes, I was still there—"what did you do on your first date?"

"Oh, I took my red-head to the movies. I was about nine."

"How about you, Olivia?" I asked.

"Well, my first date was at 16. You see, I wasn't as mature as Jimmy. I didn't go out with boys at nine."

"Well, maybe it was ten or twelve," hurriedly put in Jimmy.

Olivia merely gave him a charming smile. "My escort was a boy I had known since we were six. We went to the movies to see Jeannette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier in 'The Love Parade.' I remember that was the picture because I tried to wear my hair in a braid like Miss MacDonald's in the picture."

"What did you think of your escort?" I asked.

"Oh, he was very charming. He used to throw rocks at me. He wore a canvas upside-down hat and he played a ripping game of Old Maid."

"But, Olivia," continued Jimmy, "I worked in the theatre where I took my red-headed friend. She couldn't sit with me because I was in the projection room, and she wasn't allowed there."

"I suppose you had pals too," I said to Olivia. "Did you ever happen to be a Red Cross Nurse?"

"I was never a nurse, unfortunately. But a group of girls I ran around with when I wasn't with the boys adopted the name, 'The Fearless Five.' We had it all planned to blow up a dictator. We were going to fill the furnace with gas—the furnace to his palace, that is—and put him to sleep."

"By the way, Jimmy," I continued on my merry way, "for the sake of the record, where did you live as a kid?"

"Indiana, Pennsylvania." A guilty look.

"I beg your pardon?" commented Olivia.

"I said, 'Indiana, Pennsylvania.'"

"That's a new one on me," said Olivia.

"It is on most people, except those in Indiana, Pa."

"Back to the subject now," I went on, like a bloodhound. "Were you ever bawled out by girls, Jimmy?"

"Sure."

"What for?"

"For forgetting things, such as not sending flowers when I should have. Forgetting to arrive on time. Forgetting to call when I was to be expected at the girl's home."

"And yet girls are just as forgetful," commented Olivia in a more serious vein. "I've been scolded for that and most everything else from men. And don't kid yourself, Jimmy, men are just as easily upset over little things as women."

"Now that we're on the subject of what each of you has learned about the members of your own sex by association with the opposite clan," I began, "I think we can go into this further—if you don't mind."

"Go ahead. It's getting interesting," said Olivia, as she took a sip of milk.

"I'm getting in the mood to talk, so don't let me get out of it," remarked Jimmy.

"Well then, Olivia, what do men dislike in women?"

"Men *like* women to be neat, but they *dislike* women who are too personal. And, naturally, men can't stand catty women. As for us, we like to pretend the man is bossing us. We like the attention they give us at such times."

"Speaking of catty women," began Jimmy, "I've known some pretty catty men. I've observed *that* at different times I've been out with women. Boy! Some of the gossip men can dish out! They make their female companions look sick when

it comes right down to it. As for us men, we don't like irresponsible women, or women who are forgetful or conceited—as a general rule. However, I have known men who dote on conceited women. They seem to give certain men a feeling that it is an honor going with them, and lots of us are fools enough to believe it is an honor."

"What have you found, by your observations, that a woman must be, to have most men like her?"

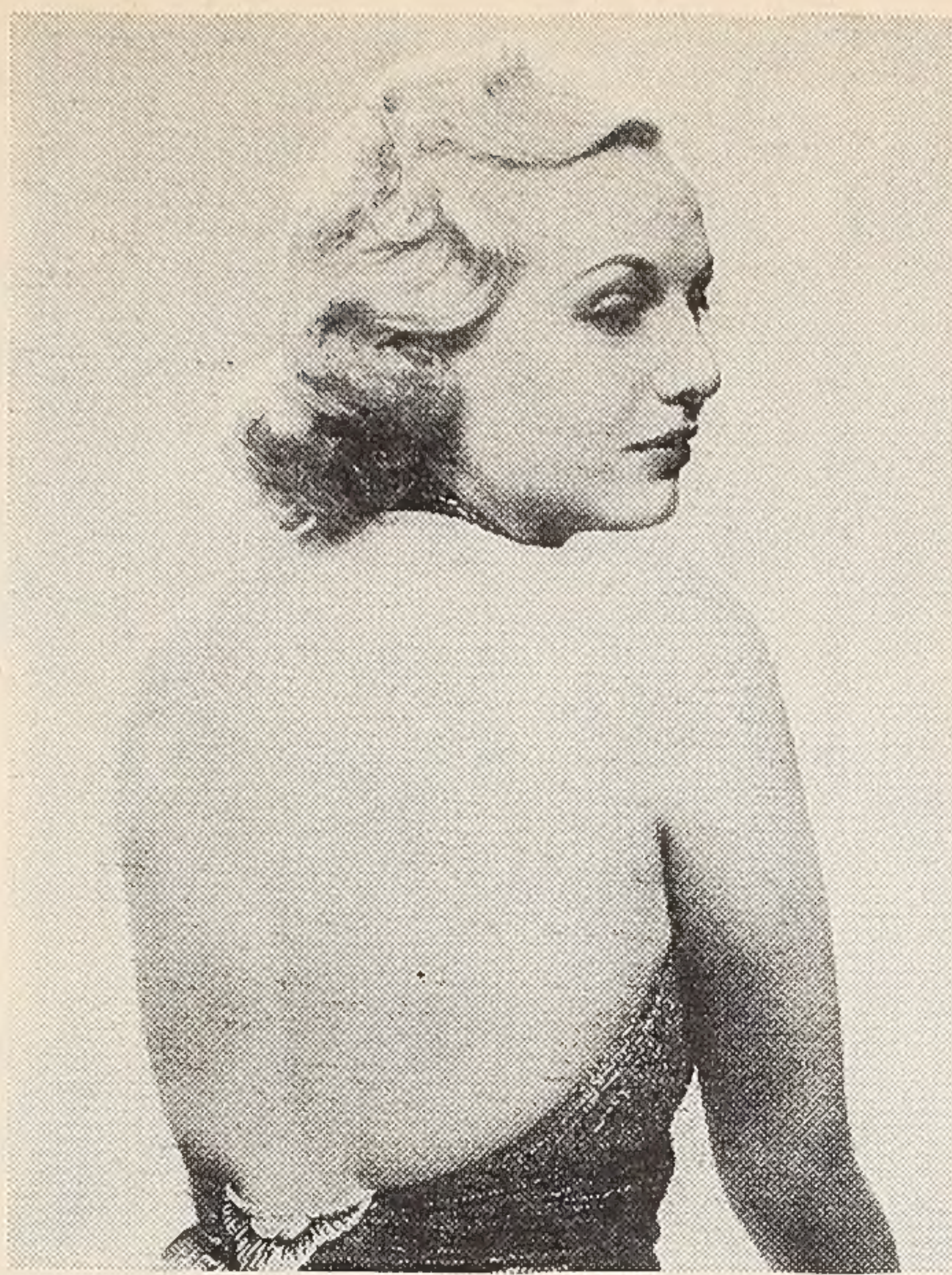
"I know that often some friends of mine and I get together and play cards or just talk. Inevitably, the conversation runs to various women we have met or gone out with. The general consensus of opinion is that we men do not like affected or artificial women, and we abhor possessive ones. Yet I have known several men who like to be pinned down. Different women I have met often cast hints that the surest way to hold many men is to make them toe the mark. They say it gives a lot of us the feeling that the lady who is doing the pinning is definitely and assuredly ours. I can't vouch for that idea personally, for I just won't go with a possessive woman, but I suppose it does work in many cases."

"That works both ways, Jimmy," said Olivia. "I've heard countless men say that it doesn't pay to be too easy on women—that women will take advantage of them if they don't give the impression that the man is the boss—and what he says goes. We like to be bossed, though, so it's all right."

"Well, do you think then that it is easier to be the kind of girl women like by noting masculine preferences?" I asked Olivia.

"Yes, I think it is. Men are perfect barometers when it comes to registering the faults we women have and often overlook."

"That may be true," argued Jimmy, "but I don't believe anyone should think, con-



Portrait of an actress whose star is rapidly rising: Gloria Dickson.

sciously, about being what others want you to be. If you're thinking you must act in such a way so someone will like you, you can't be natural. You've seen a lot of people who say, 'Oh, you must hear Johnny's funny story. Tell it for us again, Johnny.' And after much coaxing Johnny tells it again. And each time he tells it, it becomes flatter, because he is expected to be funny. See my point?"

"Yes, I do," said Olivia. "And I think you've got something there, Jimmy."

I glanced at my watch. Time was going all too quickly. The only thing for me to do now was to get in all I could in the space of about five minutes left me.

"Olivia, what are your rules of behavior?"

"To try to be agreeable in a natural way, never to appear as though the young man who is escorting me is very privileged to have my company, to observe what he likes and to be as cooperative with him as possible by not insisting on doing something I like when I know he would not enjoy himself, to converse with him on things that interest him, to avoid all talk of women's clothes and very personal talk, for invariably being too personal will spoil a good friendship in the long run. Those are my rules."

"Your turn, Jimmy."

"What Olivia said can apply in my case—that is, try to please the lady I am with by giving her little courtesies, to make it a point—but not an obvious point—to see that she enjoys herself, to avoid all things that might give the impression that I am trying to demand things of her, never to make the conversation run along the 'I did this, I did that' line. Let her talk too—but not too lengthily, for conversation is, after all, a 50-50 proposition. But the main rule of all, with me, is—'Be natural and don't think about acting too hard to please anybody.' If I tried to do the right thing, I'd end by making a mess of everything and doing the very things that would offend the lady."

I knew the interview was progressing too nicely. Something was going to happen to end it. I just felt it. It did. A call came for Olivia. She was due on the set at once. She shook hands with Jimmy. "I hate to leave. This has been such fun!"

"I'd like to stay longer too," returned Jimmy. "This is the first interview I've enjoyed in months. From now on, I'll be interviewed only with you, Olivia."

"I think that's a grand idea too," Olivia smiled.

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Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.



Claudette Colbert in a gay scene from her next film, "Zaza," with Bert Lahr.

Hollywood Wedding

Continued from page 63

THE STORY SO FAR

Dick Ramsey, screen idol, and Jean Taylor, leading lady, become engaged for publicity purposes in accordance with their studio's wishes. However, they are forbidden to marry, and their elopement and actual wedding is kept a secret even from Jean's mother. Dick has had a flirtation with Ruby Lloyd, cabaret star. Jean, as a mere girl member of a stock company, had married an actor, but the marriage was soon annulled, and later both Jean and her mother learned that the man had died. Ruby, intent upon breaking up what she deems to be merely a growing friendship between Dick and Jean, goes to the actor's house at night. She has heard Jean will be there, and she has seen Jean give money to a man near a downtown hotel. The man was the actor Jean had married and whom she thought dead. His reappearance was a shock, and Jean, helpless to find another way out, had given him money he demanded on threat to ruin Dick Ramsey by detrimental publicity. Ruby goes to Dick's study, and, reclining on a divan clad only in her lacy lingerie, awaits the return of Dick and the visit of Jean.

talk to him tonight. The older woman's voice was anxious and trembling over the phone. Dick said, "I'll see her tomorrow, mother," and hung up.

Jean was ill. It was an illness of the spirit and not of the body. To her mother's anxious inquiries, she answered, lightly enough, that there had been a story conference and that she had been detained. She had a bad headache and would try to sleep it off. Her mother accepted that and went to bed, content that Jean was safe in her own room. And in her room, flat on her bed, Jean lay, fully dressed, while anger and a raw jealousy heated in her and scorched up her tears. There was no misunderstanding the import of Ruby's pres-

ence in Dick's home, in his arms; and she thought of the two perfect days they had spent together, on their brief honeymoon.

When he came to her lot bungalow, the next day, before they went on the set, she was quite calm. His flaring anger was halted by her infinitely remote smile. He closed the door. "Jean," he said, "you've got to listen to me. If I have to have Toto corroborate my statements, it will be pretty bad; but—I didn't even know Ruby was in the house! When I came in, I found her just as you saw her, in the study, waiting for me."

"Please!" she begged. "I don't want to talk about it." She was at the limit of her emotional endurance, and she didn't want to break, in confession, before him. She strove for self-control. "We both have careers to think about—suppose we go on, and forget? I'm willing to carry on, if it will help you, Dick."

"You insist on rubbing it in, don't you?" he snapped. "Use your head, Jean! Would I have kept Ruby in my study the way she was? Couldn't I have hidden her? Do you think I'm witless fool enough to let anyone surprise me in a situation like that if it was premeditated? I swear to you, Jean—"

"Dick!" Her voice trembled. "Don't! Not now!" Her thoughts sped to Myles Tracy. What was the use of saying anything now? Myles would leave town and that was the end of that; she would let her heart bury its dead, and they would go on.

"Jean, you and I can't afford to lie to each other. I wouldn't lie to you, dear. Can't you believe that?"

She didn't answer him, just sat there, her eyes brooding. After a long, thoughtful pause, he said: "I can't stand this! I'm going up on the set."

On the set, once again in his arms, the ardent words of a great writer on both their lips, her heart seemed to expand until it was on the point of bursting. Unconsciously, she drew away. She was taut with a brittle excitement, fighting the invasion of his insidious eagerness to woo her with another's words. And she was riven by a hard shame that her heart should respond.

Director Markel growled: "What a love scene! Looked like an illustration for the Battle Hymn of the Republic! That was a polite sparring match, with about as much

warmth as there is in a ton of snow!"

They tried to recapture the essence of earlier scenes, but only they knew why this was impossible. Love couldn't leap the high barrier of their difference.

Their public appearances, together, suffered a relapse, but this was not noticed greatly because there were many showers for the bride-to-be, and pre-nuptial entertainment in their honor, by their friends. Walters was busy stuffing the hungry maw of publicity with stories; their pictures flooded the press everywhere. Whenever they appeared together, they were, apparently, the devoted lovers. Only Glassman and Markel and Walters, viewing the rushes, nightly, shook their heads and wondered what was missing from the still beauty of the scenes.

"Looks like," grumbled Glassman, "the spirit has petered out of this thing. Those last scenes have no sizzle."

Walters frowned. "Suppose," he suggested, "that you give a swanky week-end party for the engaged couple, Markel? I think this torch-bearing needs a little public spot-lighting to speed it up. It may have soured, in private."

Glassman said, with sudden apprehension: "Say—you don't think—"

"Hardly ever—not if I can help it," broke in Walters. "You know—propinquity? The old stuff?"

"Okay," agreed Markel. "Who'll we invite?"

"Everybody," said Walters. "I need new pictures, new dope for the press, so make it a party to end all parties. Celebrities—everybody stays for the week-end. Throw Dick and Jean together more. See? Let's go! I'll play it up."

Jean was a good enough actress to carry her personal shipwreck with a light touch and a smile, even if she couldn't fool the camera or Markel. No one else guessed her bitter unhappiness.

The party, at Markel's home, in Malibu, was heralded days before it was to be held. Markel, wizard of direction, dean of Hollywood directors, was throwing the biggest party of the year for the new team that was making film history.

Dick called for Jean and her mother, to take them out. He was attentive to Jean, devoted to her mother, who had poured out a devotion to him surpassed only by that she lavished on her lovely daughter, of whom she was inordinately proud.

Jean had been, during the past week, assailed by doubts as to the meaning of Ruby's appearance in Dick's study. She wanted to believe Dick's explanation, but she couldn't conceive of any girl deliberately appearing that way—and that was what Dick contended.

"She came to see me, certainly," he said. "I didn't invite her—I didn't know she was there. Somehow, she learned that you were coming—maybe she listened to your phone conversation with Toto—there's an extension in the study—and she figured she'd make it look as bad as possible. I suppose she had some idea that if she broke things up between us, I'd rebound to her. Fat chance!"

There was a dance the first night of Markel's house party, and an expensive orchestra played for the hundred or more guests who filled the spacious home. Almost half of them were staying over for the week-end. Celebrities were thickly underfoot; reporters and camera men swarmed. Jean was almost relieved when one of the servants approached her and told her that she was wanted on the phone.

No misapprehension clouded her flower-like face as she entered the library, where she was shown. It was only after she had heard the thick voice on the other end that she stiffened with fright. It was Myles Tracy, and he was, palpably, very drunk.

(To Be Continued)

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FELLAS. SHE'S
MY GIRL FOR
THE EVENING!**

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COSMETIC SKIN the Hollywood
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DIRT AND STALE
COSMETICS
MAY MEAN
COSMETIC SKIN.
REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP

I USE COSMETICS,
OF COURSE, BUT
I NEVER HAVE
COSMETIC SKIN. I
USE **LUX TOILET
SOAP** REGULARLY!



**9 out of 10 Hollywood
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



*A new smoking pleasure
for millions*



Up-to-the-minute...
mild ripe tobaccos and
pure cigarette paper...
the best ingredients a
cigarette can have...

*that's why more and more smokers are turning to
Chesterfield's refreshing mildness and better taste*

They Satisfy ..millions